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MEMOIRS
OF
RICHARD WHATELY.



“BIOGRAPHY is allowed on all hands to be one of the most attractive and profitable kinds of reading.”—ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, in the *Quarterly Review*.

MEMOIRS
OF
RICHARD WHATELY,
Archbishop of Dublin.

WITH A GLANCE AT HIS COTEMPORARIES & TIMES.

BY
WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK, J.P.,

AUTHOR OF

"LADY MORGAN, HER CAREER, LITERARY AND PERSONAL;" "THE LIFE,
TIMES, AND COTEMPORARIES OF LORD CLONCUBRY," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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PREFACE.



WHILE these pages were finally passing through the press, I have seen it announced that Miss Whately has in view a memoir of her distinguished parent, to be written with the ability and filial reverence of which those who know her can well believe she is capable; and although some persons might exclaim, with perhaps questionable gallantry, "*Place aux Dames*," and decline dividing the labour with her, I am of opinion, on conferring with some valued friends of the late Archbishop, that the circumstance is not sufficient to warrant me in suppressing the many facts, anecdotes, and other matter which were entrusted to me for publication; and without going so far as to assert that his Grace ought to

have nine lives, like the marvellous cat* of the Rev. Joseph Whately, yet it may not be too much to say, that two books, viewing the Archbishop from two different points, containing facts and recollections wholly different, and in no way likely to clash, are not too many to illustrate a character which occupied so large a space in the public eye.

In the words of Sterne, “the world is
“large enough for you and me.”

That two memoirs on the same theme may

* The wonderful adventures of this cat would form in themselves an amusing volume. “This cat,” says Doctor Whately, “was known, not merely once or twice, but habitually, to ring the parlour-bell whenever it wished the door to be opened. Some alarm was excited on the first occasion that it turned bell-ringer: the family had retired to rest, and in the middle of the night the parlour bell was rung violently: the sleepers were startled from their repose, and proceeded down stairs, with pokers and tongs, to intercept, as they thought, the predatory movements of some burglar; but they were agreeably surprised to discover that the bell had been rung by pussy, who frequently repeated the act whenever she wanted to get out of the parlour.”

with propriety be written, we have on the authority of Archbishop Whately himself, who, not quite satisfied with the life of Bishop Copleston by his son, produced, in 1854, "Some Reminiscences of the Life" of that eminent prelate.

"The editor of the Memoir," writes the Archbishop, "has, indeed, industriously collected many particulars of what had taken place when he himself was a child, and even before he was born; but much of what came under my own immediate knowledge may naturally be expected," &c. &c.; and Dr. Whately proceeds to justify his labour.

Moreover, a letter from Oxford has appeared requesting "any illustrations of the inexhaustible fund of wit and humour which was perpetually flowing from the late Archbishop."* The following pages furnish, I hope, a satisfactory answer to the request. My book does not pretend to be a thoroughly

* "Notes and Queries," 3rd Series, iv. 433.

exhaustive Biography ; yet I am not aware of any important omission.

Although I cannot say that I was at the Archbishop's elbow through life, as Boswell was at Johnson's, yet some able men who possessed that great advantage, but whose names I am not at liberty to disclose, have supplied the deficiency, by placing at my disposal much valuable memoranda and notes.

And perhaps it is better, after all, that Richard Whately, like other eminent men, should not be viewed too closely. It is often as well to view a mountain from a distance. Attempt to scale its summit, and you may be tripped by ugly stones, cut by sharp rocks, or stung by the briars with which it occasionally bristles.

KILMACUD MANOR, STILLORGAN,

Co. DUBLIN,

June 12, 1864.

ANECDOTAL MEMOIRS

OF

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN England and France were fighting, and George the Fourth lay in his cradle, there lived at Nonsuch Park,* Surrey—a place not less remarkable for the natural beauty of its situation, than for proud historic associations—a young cleric named Joseph Whately. One day Jane Plumer—wooded and won—came home his bride. She was the daughter of William Plumer, Esq., of

* Henry VIII. began the building of Nonsuch Palace, which was subsequently occupied by Queen Elizabeth, and Anne, queen of James I. We also find it settled on Queen Henrietta Maria, and afterwards leased to Algernon Sydney. Nonsuch Park was the favourite residence of Queen Elizabeth, and here it was that Essex,

Ware Park, Herts, an able, uncorrupted man, who, during eight-and-thirty years of a venal era, represented with fidelity his native county.

Nor had the Whately family been undistinguished. Among other contributions on their part to Church and State, we find Charles Whately, a Fellow of Oxford, who published prayers and sermons, but is now chiefly remembered for a tract impugning

on his return from Ireland, first met the frowns of her displeasure.

"Nonsuch Palace and Park were granted in fee, anno 1670, to George, Viscount Grandison, and Henry Brouncker, trustees, probably, for the Duchess of Cleveland, who became possessed of this estate. Her grandson, the Duke of Grafton, alienated Nonsuch, in 1730, to Joseph Thompson, Esq., uncle to the Rev. Joseph Whately, whose widow sold it to Samuel Farmer, Esq. Mr. Farmer has taken down the house which was inhabited by Mr. Whately, and has built on its site a handsome Gothic mansion."—*The Environs of London*, by the Rev. Dr. Lyson, A.M., F.R.S., vol. i. (anno 1810), p. 115.

The Burleigh Papers, vol. ii. p. 795, mention that Henry, Earl of Arundel, into whose hands Nonsuch passed, left it to his posterity, and that Lord Lumley conveyed it to the Crown in 1591. The same authority adds that this, and other information, is derived "from the papers of the Rev. Joseph Whately, sometime proprietor."

the orthodoxy of Bishop Hoadley. Then, again, there was William Whately, "the powerful Puritan preacher of Banbury, "who," says Wood, "laid such a foundation of faction in Stratford-on-Avon as "could never be removed." This divine, who occupied a prominent niche in the late Archbishop's ancestry, is traditionally recognized as "the Roaring Boy of Banbury," and highly distinguished himself, as well by his written as by his oral performances. The great number of books in which his fame and name figure is, perhaps, the best attestation of the important part which he played in his time.*

The Whately family had their Doctors of Physic as well as their Doctors of Divinity. And in the "Literary Calendar" of 1815,

* For particulars of William Whately, see Beesley's History of Banbury, p. 267; Clarke's Marrow of Ecclesiastical History, p. 929; Mede's Life, pp. xlii—xlvii.; Christian Library, vol. xii. p. 251; Clarke's Lives of Divines, pp. 318, *et seq.*; Fuller's Worthies, vol. iii. pp. 4—22; Notes and Queries, Second Series, vii. p. 69, &c. His epitaph is quaint:—

"It's William Whately that here lies,
"Who swam to's tomb in's people's eyes."

the various medical works of Dr. Thomas Whately, then a leading physician, are enumerated. These take a wide range, from "An Account of two extraordinary Polypi removed from the Nose" (1805), to "Observations on Necrosis of the Tibia" (1815).

Thomas Whately, grand-uncle of the subject of this memoir, besides being a political and miscellaneous writer of mark, acted efficiently as private secretary to Lord Suffolk and Berkshire, and subsequently filled the office of Secretary of the Treasury during the first American war.

The Reverend Joseph Whately having accepted, under Bishop Bagot, a prebend of Bristol, he removed to that city, and occupied a house there, which is still pointed out. The prebendary and his wife sometimes came to London during the season, and in Cavendish Square, on February 1st, 1786, Richard, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, was born. He was the youngest of eight children, most of whom died "unsung," though neither "unwept nor unhonoured." He had four sisters, of whom Lady Barry, relict of an eminent physician, is the only

survivor. The Rev. Thomas Whately, Rector of Chetwynd, and the senior by fifteen years of the late Archbishop, is also still alive. William Whately officiated for some time as a vicar in Berkshire; and Joseph, who, having assumed the name of Halsey by royal sign-manual, and represented St. Alban's in two parliaments, prematurely died some five-and-forty years ago.

The family connections were respectable and influential. William Plumer, the brother of Mrs. Whately, married Jane, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. George Canon Hamilton, and niece to James, Earl of Abercorn.* A sister of Mrs. Whately became the wife of Dr. Cornwall, Bishop of Worcester. William Plumer, Archbishop Whately's grandfather, acquired in 1746, conjointly with his brother Richard, M.P. for Oxford, and Lord of Plantation, the immense estates of Walter Plumer, a gentleman who had represented Aldborough and Appleby in successive parliaments.

* There was a double connection between the Abercorns and Plumers. Anne, daughter of John Plumer of Blakesware, Herts, married, in 1711, James, seventh Earl of Abercorn.

Under the care of a Mr. Phillips, who kept a school in Bristol, and was always referred to by Dr. Whately as a skilful and judicious teacher, exercising much influence over his pupils, Richard Whately received a comprehensive course of general instruction. At the age of eighteen he was placed in Oriel College, Oxford—the then great school of speculative philosophy—where his originality at once attracted attention. But he did not rise like a rocket. His undergraduate course is said to have been quiet, and it does not appear that he obtained the much-coveted honour of a double first. He, however, obtained a double second in the same year that Sir Robert Peel, Bishop Gilbert, and Dean Conybeare were firsts. John Keble, famed in later life, as author of the “Christian Year,” was in the same class with Whately, and won a double first at the age of eighteen. He is well remembered in Oxford as the “Boy Bachelor.”

From the hour he entered Oxford, Whately was, as we have said, remarkable for a certain amount of originality both of thought and action, which sometimes amounted to rank

eccentricity. "His ways were often unusual," writes one of his most distinguished associates. "He had very great points of character; but a mere eulogy is not history."

In the scholar's race Whately more than once tripped; but he at last made good his footing, and turned the corner cleverly. In 1808 he graduated, and in 1810, having produced a valuable English essay, "What are the arts in the cultivation of which the ancients were less successful than the moderns?" won the twenty-guinea prize.

The choice of a profession was now the question. It is impossible to doubt, from the deep thought evinced in his able lecture "On the Influence of the Professions on the Character," that the adoption of the clerical was other than the result of mature consideration. We do not think that Whately was likely to have been unduly dazzled by the many brilliant minds which flung their light around him and had already fired the ambition of numbers who soared merely to fall.

A brilliant constellation shone there in those days. We have but to mention the names of Whately, Copleston, Newman,

Davison, Arnold,* Keble, Froude, Mant, R. Wilberforce, Spencer, Hawkins, Hampden, and Pusey, to rekindle many an old glow, and awaken many a fond association. With all of these progressive geniuses Whately ran good-humouredly the race of emulation. To John Henry Newman he was specially attached; they worked and won together; and when, a few years later, Whately became principal of St. Alban's Hall, his vice-principal was Dr. Newman.

The utterly opposite courses which these eminent scholars took in after-years is exceedingly curious and interesting to trace; and it has been well remarked, as "more strange
" still, that the very oppositeness of these
" courses should have brought the old asso-
" ciates face to face again in Dublin, the one
" in the Palace, the other in the Catholic
" University, looking at each other from
" opposite sides of St. Stephen's Green."

The latter in a prefatory note to the first volume of his Sermons, cordially avowed his obligations to Dr. Whately's writings and

* See Appendix.

conversations. These views he declared extended or confirmed his own.

In 1811 the highest honours which it was possible to confer, unless the provost's chair of Oriel, reached Whately in the shape of a fellowship, and in 1812 he became a Bachelor of Divinity.

In estimating the value of these triumphs, it must be remembered that Whately, even at this early period of his life, was beset with enemies, who first reviled him as an impudent pretender, and at a later date stigmatized him as an object of grave suspicion.

His Master at Oriel was Edward Copleston, the subsequently famous Bishop of Llandaff. The vigour, clearness, and precision of thought which was a specialty with Dr. Copleston, he at last succeeded in engrafting on Richard Whately, who, in dedicating to him his great work on "Logic," many years after, proudly records the "advantages which " he derived from Dr. Copleston's instruction " both in regular lectures and in private conversation." Of this invaluable intercourse the future Archbishop seems to have made ample notes ; and he repeatedly declared, both

in print and in private, that this memorable "Logic," on which his fame mainly rests, contains quite as much of Copleston as of Whately.

Indeed the latter went so far as to say, in dedicating the "Logic" to Copleston, "Should you ever favour the world with a publication of your own on the subject, the coincidence which will doubtless be found in it, with many things brought forward as my own, is not to be regarded as any indication of plagiarism, at least on your side."

But on such points Dr. Whately was too generous. An old Oriel man who knows what he writes about says, "You are right in thinking that Dr. Copleston was the first defender of logic in Oxford, though Whately gave him more of the credit of his own work than he merited." With that generosity of mind which is often an attribute of true genius, those eminent men were always forcing on each other whatever fame or merit had been respectively awarded them by the world. Dr. Copleston, writing to Dr. Whately on the 3rd of February, 1837, in acknowledging a kind note says, "It has often happened to me to receive the most

“ grateful acknowledgments from those on
“ whom I had least claim ; but no case has
“ exhibited a greater disproportion of this
“ kind than yours. If it be a general truth
“ that *qui docet discit*, how forcible must it
“ be, when ideas have been transplanted from
“ my mind to yours, and have been received
“ back in a state of fructification, of which I
“ had no prospect when I reared them in my
“ own ground ! ”

Doctors Copleston and Whately had many views in common ; but there was this difference between them, that the former had by nature an extraordinary plenitude of mental gifts, beneath the load of which he languidly pursued the tenor of his way ; while the go-ahead taste and talent of Whately was in a great degree acquired. His early college career had been unpromising, and the honour of a double first he never attained. Copleston was so precocious a genius that while yet in his teens, we find him elected to the dignities of Scholar and Fellow. Whately, like Demosthenes, who strove and strained till he burst the strings which tied his tongue, laboured with Herculean energy,

and eventually smashed the obstacles which had threatened to retard his progress.

It is quite true that Copleston's genius produced much fruit of rich and ripe scholarship; but his fertile mind was teeming with luxuriance, and they may be said to have dropped without an effort from him. His works might be compared to the mellow fruit which, from sheer excess of luxuriance, falls, at the slightest touch or breath, from the generous arms of a nectarine-tree.*

This great man's weakness, indolence, he was not able to the last hour of his life to shake off. Writing to Archbishop Whately, 3rd February, 1837, he says, "My natural
"indolence and variations of health, and
"increasing cares of a practical kind, will, I
"fear, effectually stifle many an embryo
"plan which I once hoped to develop and
"communicate to the world. As I am now
"entering on my sixty-second year, the

* Once dropped, he forgot all about them. "I have
"found more than once," writes Whately to Copleston,
"that ideas which I distinctly remembered to have
"received from you, have not been recognised by you when
"read or repeated."—Dedication to Bishop Copleston,
Logic, p. v.

“ improbability of ever carrying them into
“ execution is increased ; but I now and then
“ look over my common-place book, and find
“ a stock of materials which ought not to
“ perish without an attempt at turning them
“ to some account. The thought which
“ composes me under these meditations is,
“ that I may leave them as a bequest to you,
“ and that you will probably extract from
“ the rubbish something of value. For some
“ years, however, if I live, I shall please my
“ fancy with the possibility of doing it myself.
“ Your intellectual monument is already suf-
“ ficient, but I know you will yet enlarge
“ and adorn it.”*

If Copleston was life-long shackled by a certain amount of indolence, Whately, on the other hand, from his earliest youth, battled and balked all temptation to sloth. He knew that indolence begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains ; and he never spared

* Dr. Copleston never carried out his intention “ of doing it himself,” and the MS. duly came into the hands of Dr. Whately, who “ turned it to account,” not only as a separate publication, but in availing himself of its pith and point in notes to his “ English Synonymes,” and other works.

either the sinews of his strong mind, or the muscles of his strong arm; and when, as sometimes happened, a headache overtook some unusually severe intellectual effort, the writer of these lines has seen him refresh himself by cutting down a tree or digging up the earth.*

In 1819 appeared "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte," the title, though not the aim, of which seems to have been suggested by Horace Walpole's "Historic Doubts on Richard the Third."

Some persons with a superficial knowledge of the object of this and other apparently trifling performances of Dr. Whately, have taken them up as a piece of light reading. But, to quote one of his own felicitous illustrations, such persons in stooping to pick up a stone find that they have caught the point of a rock. The object of the Napoleon pamphlet was to show the fallacy of sceptical criticism in general, and of the German Neology in particular. Dr. Whately used to say that at the time he published this pamphlet the

* During these operations he generally stripped to his shirt-sleeves.

heresy of the German Rationalists had formidably penetrated Oxford ; and it has been recently asserted by one of his chaplains that even Dr. Pusey was tinged by its progress.*

It is easier to tear down than to build up ; and it has been said that so ingeniously are the arguments devised and stated, that the

** Note contributed by an old and gifted Oriel man.*

“ Dr. Pusey never was really tinged with Neology. “ He was ever a hard theological student, by family, I “ think, a Whig ; by his father’s influence and example a “ zealous, high-principled member of the Anglican church. “ Dr. Lloyd, theological professor, afterwards Bishop of “ Oxford, advised him to go to Germany, to attend the “ Hebrew lectures in its various universities. He came “ back a good Hebrew scholar, and a friend of various “ German professors, with whom he had made acquaint- “ ance. He was sanguine about the reaction to “ orthodoxy, and took the part so far of the German “ universities. Moreover, he came back, if he had not “ taken them there, with somewhat free views of the “ inspiration of Scripture. However, the patristical “ reading to which he turned his mind after 1832-1833, “ led him to higher views about inspiration ; and, some “ years back, he retracted some things he had said in “ 1828, or shortly after, in controversy with, I think, Mr. “ Rose of Cambridge, who had, in a series of lectures, “ attacked the German theologians. This is all. Few men “ have been in a time of transition so steadfast and con- “ sistent from first to last as he.”

reader rises from the perusal half-inclined to doubt whether Napoleon the Great ever existed, or the battle of Waterloo was ever fought. "Dr. Whately," remarks Mr. Blacker, "attained his object, which was to show "that it is possible to give a philosophic "denial to the most notable facts of history, "as well as to the doctrines of the Christian "religion, and the statements of Revelation." But it would seem that Dr. Whately himself caught the contagion which he aimed to subdue.

"His mind," remarks an acute analysis of his character, "had an originality of its "own, not such as would create a new, but "shake to its innermost fibre the crazy portions of an old edifice of thought. But "the originality, it is to be observed, is confined simply to the process of demolition."

These "Historic Doubts" appeared anonymously, at least under the pseudonyme of "Konx Ompax," a name from the old Cabala. Much of its great success was doubtless owing to the mystery which at first enshrouded the author. "Concealment," said Whately, when alluding to another literary

effort long after, “concealment is the great
“spur to curiosity, which gives an interest to
“investigation. The celebrated ‘Letters of
“‘Junius’ would, probably, have long since
“been forgotten, if the author could have
“been clearly pointed out at the time.”

The actual history of Napoleon Buonaparte consisted, according to Dr. Whately, of a great number of incidents, not only very improbable of themselves, but attested by evidence to which suspicion must attach. His argument appealed to even printed records:—“The principal Parisian journal,
“the *Moniteur*, in the number published on
“the *very day* (in the year 1814) on which
“the allied armies are said to have entered
“Paris as conquerors, makes *no* mention of
“any such event, nor alludes at all to any
“military transactions, but is entirely occupied with criticisms on some *theatrical*
“*performances*. Now this may be considered
“as equivalent to a positive contradiction of
“the received accounts.”—Page 79, 13th edition.

The “Historic Doubts,” which has run through thirteen editions, Dr. Whately long

intended to supplement by a tract upon the evidence of the Old Testament, from which he would have essayed to show that no fiction, however carefully constructed, could stand the test of critical investigation. He intended to take De Foe's great work as an illustration, demonstrating by internal evidence that "Robinson Crusoe" could not be true.

A portion of the "Historic Doubts" unavowedly satirizes the paradoxical logomachy of Hume, when that notorious freethinker undertakes to impugn miracles and deal with Christian evidences.* Hume's plausibilities well needed exposure. The *Edinburgh Review* for September, 1814, p. 328, pronounced his "Essay on Miracles" "a work" "abounding in maxims of great use."

* Whately uniformly handles Hume roughly; and Gibbon not less so. "Gibbon," he writes, "affords the "most remarkable instances of that kind of style, in "which the assumption of the point in question is never "stated distinctly, but some other proposition inserted "which implies it. He keeps it out of sight (as a "dexterous thief does stolen goods), at the very moment "he is taking it for granted. His way of writing reminds one of those persons who never dare look you "full in the face."

Some of the Oxford divines whose scepticism Dr. Whately had sharply ridiculed, were, ere long, gratified by detecting in his discourses some profoundly original and even startling views, and which, without going so far as a certain impugner of the Pentateuch, proved that Whately's doubts were not confined to Napoleon Buonaparte, and that it was possible for even an extinguisher to take fire.

“ He talked and wrote as no man had ever
“ talked or written before on the banks of
“ the Isis,” records a high authority, “ unless
“ it might be some doubting doctor of the
“ Middle Ages whose very name has been most
“ happily suppressed by his pious survivors.
“ All that he said and wrote went to make
“ people think for themselves, to value truth
“ for its own sake, to be content with no
“ prescriptive reasoning, to be just, generous,
“ and public-spirited. His was a sharp and
“ almost violent reaction against prejudice,
“ sophistry, bigotry, and all the shams that
“ had substituted falsehood for truth and the
“ part for the whole. But he unsettled where
“ he could not re-arrange ; he disturbed where
“ he could not calm ; he raised doubts, which

“ he was content to see working their way ;
“ and even his friends compared him to the
“ fisherman who lashed the stream with his
“ pole, but had no net to secure the fish as
“ they swam away. But wherever he went he
“ was easily and always master of the situa-
“ tion ; his talk was a rapid and overwhelming
“ stream of argument, quotation, illustration,
“ which it was impossible not to admire. It
“ was all the same whether in his old common
“ room, among the friends of his youth, or in
“ companies where he was regarded as a
“ heretic and a false philosopher.”*

It may be said of Richard Whately that he made few friends, and many enemies. “ If
“ you want to have enemies,” says an apothegm, “ excel others ; if you wish for friends,
“ let others excel you.”

Old Oxonians tell that Whately, during his daily “ Constitutional,” always grappled with and mastered the subjects which he afterwards produced so effectively. The “ Elements of Logic ” is said to have sprung out of a “ Constitutional.”

* *Times*, No. 24,686.

In these rambles he was generally attended by three uncompromising-looking dogs, the heads of which, if it were possible to draw together in shamrock form, would forcibly suggest Cerberus. Richard Whately found, or thought he found, in the society of these dogs far brighter intelligence, and infinitely more fidelity, than in many of the Oxford men who had been fulsomely praised for both.

In devotion to his dogs, Dr. Whately continued true to the end of his life; and during the winter season might be daily seen in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, playing at "tig" or "hide-and-seek" with his canine attendants. Sometimes the old Archbishop might be seen clambering up a tree, secreting his handkerchief or pocket-knife in some cunning nook, then resuming his walk, and after a while suddenly affecting to have lost these articles, which the dogs never failed immediately to regain.

That he was a close observer of the habits of dogs and other quadrupeds we have evidence in his able lecture on "Animal Instinct." Dr. Whately, when referring to

another subject, once said not irrelevantly, "The power of duly appreciating *little* things belongs to a great mind: a narrow-minded man has it not, for to him they are *great* things." His canine companions were soon destined to give place to others of a more sociable and ennobling character.*

While Dr. Whately's predecessor in the see of Dublin, Dr. Magee, was obliged, in deference to a silly statute, which forbade the Fellows from marrying, to pass off his

* Dr. Whately was of opinion that some brutes were as capable of exercising reason as instinct. In his "Lectures and Reviews" (p. 64), he tells of a dog which being left on the bank of a river by his master, who had gone up the river in a boat, attempted to join him. He plunged into the water, but not making allowance for the strength of the stream, which carried him considerably below the boat, he could not beat up against it. He landed, and made allowance for the current of the river, by leaping in at a place higher up. The combined action of the stream and his swimming, carried him in an oblique direction, and he thus reached the boat. Dr. Whately then describes the cat elsewhere noticed, and adopts the following conclusion:—"It appears, then, that we can neither deny reason universally and altogether to brutes, nor instinct to man; but that each possesses a share of both, though in very different proportions."

wife as his mistress, and call her "Mrs. Moulson,"* no such necessity hampered Dr. Whately, who, in 1821, led to the hymeneal altar Elizabeth, daughter of William Pope, Esq., of Hillingdon, Middlesex. Babes and books followed in rapid succession. On the 24th October, 1824, we find Dr. Copleston writing to congratulate him on the birth of his third child. Ere the year 1821 was out, he republished, with a new commentary and appendix, an able work on Predestination, by Dr. William King, a former Archbishop of Dublin, who is also remembered for an erudite performance on the Origin of Evil.†

* Memoirs of Thomas Moore, edited by Lord John Russell, vol. i. p. 37.

† It is not quite creditable to the Protestants of Dublin, that not only are Archbishop King's ashes unsurmounted by a stone, but all trace of their position in Donnybrook graveyard has been lost. The *locale* of Archbishop Magee's remains, in Rathfarnham, are not even indicated by a brief inscription. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Doctors King and Magee were really the only two prelates of mark who ruled the Established Church in Dublin. In glancing over the long list of Archbishops since the Reformation, one is forcibly struck by this fact. A consistent organ of Irish Protest-

Dr. Whately was on three occasions chosen Select Preacher to the University of Oxford. In 1822 we find him preaching with vigour and effect eight Bampton Lectures. The subject was a curious one—"The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in matters of Religion."

"The principle, whose use and abuse in the concerns of religion forms the subject of the ensuing discussions," he said, "can hardly be said to have any well-established and precisely appropriate name in our language, and is, in fact, most commonly denoted by the French expression, *esprit de corps*; 'party spirit' being a term seldom employed but in an unfavourable sense; while 'social feeling,' again, or 'philanthropy,' would convey too wide a signification—the principle in question being a certain *limited social feeling*, distinct from that which connects together all mankind."

antism, the *Mail*, says: "Dublin can cite from her long catalogue of Archbishops no very eminent name. The Church is not shamed, though she has been injured, by the feeble succession of her Dublin Metropolitans."

About the same time he preached and published five sermons, inculcating obedience to the laws; descanting on national blessings and judgments; on the use of human learning in religion; and pronouncing Christ to be the only priest under the Gospel. Dr. Whately took credit to himself for having in one of these sermons anticipated the great revolution in religious opinion which afterwards swept Oriel clear.

Dr. Whately essayed to prove that there is, under the new law, no real priesthood, no priesthood for offering sacrifice, except that of Jesus Christ. On this question the Rev. Dr. Murray, Professor of Theology in the College of Maynooth, entered the lists with him.

“ As divisions unavoidably exist, and the
“ war of creeds must be carried on, and con-
“ troversies flourish, it is pleasant to have to
“ deal with an opponent like Dr. Whately.
“ You find yourself at once in decent
“ and rational company with him. It is not
“ fist to fist, and bellowing to bellowing, and
“ rant to rant, and abuse to abuse; but it is
“ mind to mind, and argument to argument.

“ You cannot open his books without seeing
“ that they are the productions of a thinking
“ and fair-minded writer—however erring—
“ of a philosopher and a gentleman. It is
“ pleasant to meet a man of this stamp even
“ as an opponent and in the thorny ways of
“ controversy, though it were pleasanter to
“ meet him as a friend and on our own side.
“ I do not think I could conclude these
“ volumes more gracefully than by a brief
“ examination of a favourite argument of his
“ against the Roman Catholic idea of the
“ Christian Priesthood.”*

Dr. Whately completely disregarded the graces of gesture in the pulpit. In his work on Rhetoric he lays it down as a very important principle that the orator should, in speaking, by concentrating his attention exclusively on the creations of the mind, entirely forget the outward man and manner. It does not appear that he had any objection to such gestures as came naturally and instinctively ; but he deprecated, in the

* For the argument the reader is referred to “the Annual” published by Bellew, Dublin, p. 411, *et seq.*

strongest manner, all studied effect. Of this fallacious principle Dr. Whately was, in his own person, the intrepid illustrator, and the penalties attending its indulgence more than once overtook him. A distinguished ecclesiastic tells us that all Oxford was on one occasion convulsed with suppressed laughter by the way in which Dr. Whately unconsciously permitted his outward man to run riot in the pulpit during an extempore address. His thoughts had never before rolled forth in such vigorous volume. "I specially remember one sermon," observes our informant, "during the delivery of which he worked his leg about to such an extent that it absolutely glided over the edge of the pulpit, and hung there till the conclusion of his homily." Time tamed this restlessness, and of late years Dr. Whately became almost impassive in his preaching. To the last day of his life, however, he held that "all disregard of self is so amiable, that unconsciousness seems to be almost a virtue. In the pulpit, it is quite: an ambassador from heaven should not dare to be thinking of himself, and trying to

“be a fine man, when he should only be
“thinking of his message.”

But it was as a stern reformer of discipline that Dr. Whately is chiefly remembered at Oxford; and we are not surprised to hear, unless by a chosen few, he was more feared than loved. Copleston, vigorous in thought, but indolent in transfusing thought into action, put him forward to bear the brunt incidental to many needful changes, which required the application of Whately's muscle. Like the man who, surveying a battle from the safe summit of a hill, exclaimed, “’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,” Copleston, peering from his study window, placidly watched Whately as, with the club of a Hercules, he struck down abuses, while his leg kicked conventionalities out of the way.

CHAPTER II.

IN 1822 Dr. Whately had a pulpit of his own to preach in, and a parish wherein to practise what he preached. He accepted the pastoral charge of Halesworth in Suffolk, and Chediston in Norfolk, with its three thousand sheep, and temporalities of four hundred and fifty pounds a year. A writer in the *Saturday Review* is of opinion, that when Whately was presented to this living, Oxford felt that it had got rid of a nightmare, and might go to sleep again in safety. While at Halesworth he would seem to have known more of the plagues than of the "recreations of a country parson." Rector Whately wanted on one occasion to divert a footpath. Probably he did not know what a violation of all bucolic notions of right he was contemplating. His churchwarden came

to him, half in alarm, half in triumph, to tell him that "the sense of the parish "was dead against him." Whately was a little amazed, but made up his mind to his discomfiture; went to his vestry meeting mainly to say so; talked the matter over, *more suo*, with a good deal of geniality and just a little "chaff;" and it appeared that the "sense" of the parish consisted, after all, of a bumpkin sort of landowner, a gossiping apothecary, and three patriots fresh from the public-house.

The friendly intercourse which subsisted between Whately and Arnold at Oxford was not interrupted by the removal of the former to Suffolk. Arnold about this time was offered the head-mastership of Rugby, and it is recorded of him that he travelled specially from Laleham to Halesworth, in order to elicit an expression of opinion from Whately as to a condition which had been tacked to the proffered office; namely, the compatibility of his views on the priesthood with admission to priests' orders.

The intercourse between the families of Whately and Arnold was still closer—being

domestic and daily. Arnold's affection for Whately may be best gathered from little facts. Writing to Serjeant Coleridge, Arnold says :
“ You will be glad to hear of the birth of my
“ eighth living child, a little girl, to whom
“ we mean to give an unreasonable number
“ of names — Frances Bunsen Trevener
“ *Whately*.”

The simplicity and quietness of Dr. Whately's pastoral projects, labours, and cares, during his retreat at Halesworth, contrast curiously with the elaborate plans, wearing worry, and profoundly wide work of his after-life. To either or any destiny he was equal ; and he could, with as much energy and ease, bend his mind to write pamphlets about a haystack, which some rural miscreants had burned, as though he were unfolding his logic and learning in charging the clergy of a vast archdiocese on the most intricate questions of Church and State policy. In these homely homilies — sometimes addressed to agrarians — he labours, as it was always his plan to do, not so much to awaken emotion or remorse by appeals to the conscience, as to convince

the intellect and punish the wrong-doer in the pocket or the paunch.

“One,” writes Whately, “who has not
“taken so forward a part in such outrages
“as to be selected for punishment as a ring-
“leader, yet will be a marked man ever
“after. No one will like to employ him,
“when any steady and deserving labourer
“or servant can be had; and when in dis-
“tress, he will be the last to be relieved, and
“will have the scantiest portion of relief.
“So that if men would but look even to
“their interest in this world a little beyond
“the present day, you may show them that
“riot, and plunder, and violence will not
“answer in the long run.

“Point out to them how forward the
“gentry have been in your neighbourhood
“in contributing to the supply of the poor,
“with fuel and food and other necessities
“at reduced prices; and that all this is
“likely to be put a stop to, if the poor
“commit acts of violence and plunder.

“Hardships occasionally must be suffered
“by some in every country; there never
“was, or can be, any country entirely

“ without distress. There are countries,
“ indeed, where none are rich; but no
“ country where none are poor. It is the
“ duty of those who have the means, to
“ come forward for the relief of that dis-
“ tress; particularly in the case of the
“ deserving and well-behaved among the
“ poor. But, destroying corn-ricks is not
“ the way to make corn more plentiful; and
“ if every one who is in want is to fancy
“ he has a right to plunder his neighbour,
“ this system would leave no one anything
“ he could call his own; others in turn
“ would be ready to rob *him* of anything he
“ might possess; and the whole state of
“ society would be thrown into confusion.”

From this homily his flock found, if any evidence were wanting to show it, that his historic doubts of Buonaparte's existence were more mythical than he whom those doubts had sought to prove a myth :—

“ This state of things could not last long;
“ and when it came to an end, there would
“ still be rich and poor, as now; only that
“ both would be much worse off than at
“ present. For the end of all such disturb-

“ances, when they are not stopped in time,
“is, that property and power fall into the
“hands of the worst men ;—men who begin
“by having nothing to lose, and never stop
“while there is anything to gain. When
“the people of France had been slaughtering
“each other by hundreds of thousands for
“above ten years together, the end of it
“was, that they all fell under the power
“of one absolute master, Buonaparte, who
“used to drag men in chains from their
“families, to serve in his armies and be
“butchered in making conquests for him.”

The address concludes with, “Your affectionate pastor.”

From the turbulent ocean of his after-life, when Whately looked back on this Halesworth episode, it seemed like a tiny rivulet trickling tranquilly.

Some of the sermons preached before the Halesworth congregation, Whately subsequently gathered and published as “A View of the Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State.” This work, which he dedicated to his flock, has passed through eight editions. But this success is not

owing to its orthodoxy, if, as has been alleged, its view of the intermediate state can scarcely be true unless on a hypothesis of the soul's annihilation.

In 1825 he published some theological essays, under the voluntarily pressed patronage of Lord Grenville, which were followed by further essays and letters. Of these, his "Essays on the Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul, and in other parts of the New Testament," display perhaps the deepest erudition.

In these "Difficulties"—especially in the essay on "Election"—Dr. Whately formidably contends against the Calvinistic interpretation of the Apostle's doctrine. This book—perhaps the ablest of his theological lucubrations—was one of the sins which his Evangelical flock in Dublin never forgot or forgave. So recently as 1862 there appeared a reply to it, which, after directing a considerable fire of acrimony upon the Archbishop, thus, with comparative temperateness, concluded:—

"I am sorry to see him, a great man, and,
"I believe, a good man, and a chief ruler in

“ the Church, so opposed to that wholesome
 “ and comforting doctrine, which that Church
 “ has inscribed, as it were, in letters of gold
 “ upon her banners ; a doctrine which I
 “ believe, not because I find it in her Articles,
 “ venerable and venerated as she is, but
 “ simply and solely because I believe that
 “ article to be founded on the word of
 “ God.” *

Of his “Essays on the Errors of Romanism” it may be remarked that Dr. Whately always regretted having, in deference to the suggestion of a friend,† given this title to a work which was not, strictly speaking, of a controversial character. Many of the protests advanced in this work were quite as applicable to Anglicanism as to “Romanism.” The Rev. Sydney Smith reminds us that the last persons burned in England were by order

* “A Reply to Archbishop Whately’s Essay on “Election ; or, Predestination to Eternal Life.” By a Layman of the United Church of England and Ireland, and a member of the University of Dublin. Fourth edition. Dublin : Magee.

† The *New Review*, No. VII. p. 386. Dublin : Hodges & Smith.

of the Protestant Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

“Christianity,” writes Whately, “often as
“its name has been blazoned on the banners
“of the persecutor—Christianity, truly un-
“derstood as represented in the writings of
“the founders, and honestly applied, fur-
“nishes a preventive, the only *permanently*
“effectual preventive, of the spirit of perse-
“cution.”—*Errors of Romanism*, Essay V.

Dr. Arnold, speaking of this book in a letter to Dr. Whately (*Life*, vol. i. p. 267), says that it “applies to all sects alike. They are
“not all error nor we all truth.”

It was Dr. Whately’s original intention to have called the “Errors of Romanism”
“The Religion of Nature.” *

It will be seen when, some pages further on, we come to Dr. Whately’s retirement from the Board of National Education, that the title of this work placed in the hands of a formidable opponent a weapon which fatally recoiled on its original artificer.

Meanwhile, all Oxford had been plodding

* *Dublin Evening Mail*, No. 2,867.

on to professional preferment under the tedious *régime* of the Liverpool cabinet, which rewarded political devotion and retrogressive march of intellect by raining deaneries and bishoprics on the Fellows of Oriel, Brazenose, Magdalen, and the rest.

The equanimity of the University was much discomposed in 1826 by the news that Lord Grenville had chosen and appointed Whately President of St. Alban's Hall. The more pious bowed their heads resignedly to the trying visitation, and offered a mental prayer that in the unsearchable ways of Providence Richard Whately might in time become a decorous don; while the stiff-necked made a show of resistance more ludicrous than effective.

Whately lost no time in dexterously grappling with much-entangled arrears of academic discipline, which, increasing year after year, had brought the place into disrepute. He tore up the tares root and branch, and prepared the ground for sowing reforms. "To get a few flowers," he used to say, "one must sow plenty of seed."

“ He often surged into indignation,” we are told by the *Times*; “ he satirized freely, “ and snubbed without a qualm, or even a “ thought for his victim.* He walked over “ ignorance, stupidity, and conceit as a man “ crushes the shells on the seashore. There “ limped about the University men whom he “ had fearfully maimed, without his knowing “ anything about it, and who revenged themselves by loud complaints when safe out of “ hearing. But to genius and to goodness “ Whately felt as a brother; and even where “ there was some disagreement or diversity “ of temper, he was a loving, confiding, and “ most zealous friend.”

“ Genius and goodness,” however, were confined to Arnold and some dozen other men of his type; “ the rest was all leather “ and prunello.” It was only natural that

* That he crushed “ without a qualm ” does him perhaps less than justice. This remarkable man is made still more remarkable by the fact, hitherto hardly known, but which will be presently found stated on the authority of his chaplain, the Rev. Hercules Dickinson, that he never without a struggle of almost agony dealt forth the severities which many persons supposed were keenly congenial to his disposition.

the individuals whom Whately riddled should have called him "a bore." The brilliancy of his wit, the depth of his sagacity, the variety of his erudition, or the accuracy of his predictions—all of which had been repeatedly tested—failed to redeem his sin of snubbing. Among such men there was but one sentiment—they wished him put out, like the pipe which, when tired of smoking, he placed in his book as a marker.

We have spoken of the accuracy of his predictions, some of which are told in Stanley's Life of Arnold. The biographer, in noticing the very unpromising early essays of Arnold, adds that Whately, with singular far-seeing power, "pointed out to the other electors, the great capability of 'growth' which he believed to be involved in the crudities of the youthful candidate's exercises." But all such redeeming gifts on Whately's part failed, as we have said, to popularize him; and wags, paying him in his own coin, said that if he proved himself an *augur*, it only confirmed their original opinion of him as a *bore*.

In 1826 appeared the book with which the

name of Whately will always remain in the minds of general scholars more particularly associated—"The Elements of Logic."

In the preface to this book Whately, as usual, told more truth than was palatable. "The truth is," he said, "that a very small proportion even of distinguished students ever become proficient in logic; and that by far the greater part pass through the University without knowing anything at all of the subject. I do not mean that they have not learned by rote a string of technical terms; but that they understand absolutely nothing whatever of the principles of the science. I am aware that some injudicious friends of Oxford will censure the frankness of this avowal. I have only to reply that such is the truth; and I think too well of, and know far too well, the University in which I have been employed in various academical occupations above a quarter of a century, to apprehend danger to her reputation from declaring the exact truth. With all its defects—and no human institution is perfect—the University would stand, I am convinced, higher

“ in public estimation than it does were the
“ whole truth, and nothing but the truth,
“ in all points respecting it more fully
“ known.” *

The treatment which this very remarkable performance received from Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* illustrated the old saying, “ Save us from our friends.”

“ If you wish to have your works *coldly* reviewed,” says Rogers, “ get your intimate friend to write an article on them. I know this by experience. Ward (Lord Dudley) cut up my ‘ Columbus ’ in the *Quarterly*.”

Whately had been one of the oldest and best of Jeffrey’s contributors, having written so far back as 1819 on Canada in the *Edinburgh*, and subsequently reviewed through its medium Hawkins on Tradition, and Senior on Political Economy. Jeffrey, in stigmatizing the “ Logic ” as “ indistinct, “ ambiguous, and even contradictory,” three of the unfairest and gravest charges which it was possible to apply to a book singularly

* “ Elements of Logic,” Preface, p. xviii.

lucid and consistent, may have directed his splenetic humour rather against Oxford than the Oxonian. The *Edinburgh Review* was an old and consistent foe to Oxon; and until Edward Copleston came to its rescue with his brilliant championship, Jeffrey had certainly the best of the fight.

Scottish metaphysicians would seem to have taken their tone from the great Scottish Review. The late Sir William Hamilton ran full tilt against Dr. Whately's positions; but the attacks, however, were exceptional, while public opinion has long since stamped the "Logic" as a standard performance.

"As far as our humble experience is concerned," records a writer in the *New Review*, "we can say that we ineffectually searched several volumes in the effort to acquire a knowledge of logic, and never could view the science except as a vague and meaningless system, until Whately's 'Elements' was placed in our hands."

Logic had been traditionally regarded by the masses as a subject drier to handle than the sands of the Sahara desert.

Dr. Whately's book, by popularizing logic, formed an oasis in that hitherto comparatively neglected field. He lopped off technicalities, and pruned the verbiage with which inflated pedantry had invested and confused it. So degraded had logic become at Oxford, that the authorities there had latterly proposed to leave it to the option of honour men whether they should include it in their studies or not. Whately removed the veil which had concealed its coiled-up power, and exhibited fundamental principles of mighty strength, whereon rose a superstructure of exquisite simplicity. A still further simplification, entitled "Easy Lessons on Reasoning," a skilful work adapted to the young, followed up the manual intended for children of a larger growth. In this, as in the more ambitious performance, examples of real interest and importance are substituted for the dry and trifling ones of former writers.

Dr. Whately had many hobby-horses on which he was frequently astride; but logic, although his strongest gift and passion, cannot be ranked with them. In logic, he

was not—as in his innumerable *dadas**—an enthusiast who could see no blemish in the art. “On the utility of logic,” he writes, “many writers have said much in which I cannot coincide, and which has tended to bring the study into unmerited disrepute. By representing logic as furnishing the sole instrument for the discovery of truth in all subjects, and as teaching the use of the intellectual faculties in general, they raised expectations which could not be realized, and which naturally led to a re-action. The whole system, whose unfounded pretensions had been thus blazoned forth, has come to be commonly regarded as utterly futile and empty, like several of our most valuable medicines, which, when first introduced, were proclaimed each, as a panacea, infallible in the most opposite disorders; and which, consequently, in many instances, fell for a time into total disuse, though after a long interval they were

* To wit—mesmerism, clairvoyance, spirit-rapping, phrenology, homœopathy, &c.—of which more anon.

“ established in their just estimation, and
“ employed conformably to their real pro-
“ perties.”

Jealous Oxford at first sneered at Whately's powerful effort to revolutionize logic, and almost kissed the rod of its own persecutor, the *Edinburgh Review*, by indirectly co-operating in its verdict and vengeance ; but the seed which Whately had sown broadcast, ere long shot up, wreathing his own brow with laurels, and presenting a fruitful harvest of valuable results. The current of public opinion at last changed ; the winter of its discontent became glorious summer, and Whately, flourishing his sickle in the van of a triumphant harvest-home, flung open to admiring followers a new field for their labours. The new life for logic which he thus inaugurated was followed up with considerable animation by Huyshe, Renn Dickson Hampden, Edward Hinds, George Cornewall Lewis, J. W. Gilbert, and several others. These men have all produced important works on logic, framed and fortified on the Whatelian plan.

Mr. Gilbert, in his successful effort to

popularize logic, has gone even further than his great predecessor; and his examples comprise not only passages from Scripture, but sparkling gems from Æsop, and even from Sam Slick, and the Curtain Lectures of Mrs. Caudle!

By a sort of Beaumont-and-Fletcher link, Whately and Newman were associated in the composition of the "Logic," although Newman, with that generosity of genius which no man can better afford, is disposed to make his share in the work appear less than his due.

Dr. Newman, addressing the writer of this Memoir, says, "My part in Whately's Logic" "was small indeed. He wrote it originally" "in 'Analytical Dialogues,' as he called" "them. In this shape I first saw it in 1822." "At the same date he employed me to draw" "it up in a synthetical form;* and when he" "wrote his article for the 'Encyclopædia" "'Metropolitana,' he made use of this rough" "draft of mine as a sort of basis for his

* Whately has said that "the analytical method is" "the best to introduce knowledge; the synthetical, to" "perfect and retain it."—ED.

“ work. It was one of his peculiarities at
“ that time to hammer out his thoughts (if I
“ may so speak) by means of other minds,
“ and he conversed so well and so profitably,
“ that it was a pleasure to be so employed
“ by him.

“ When he published his work in a separate
“ volume in 1826, he used the following
“ words in his preface, whence I extract
“ them :—‘ I cannot avoid particularizing the
“ ‘ Rev. J. Newman, Fellow of Oriel College,
“ ‘ who actually composed a considerable por-
“ ‘ tion of the work, as it now stands, from
“ ‘ manuscripts not designed for publication,
“ ‘ and who is the original author of several
“ ‘ pages.’ I was exceedingly pleased at his
“ mentioning my name in conjunction with
“ his own, and wrote to him to say so. He
“ wrote back, to the effect that I ought to
“ take care what I was saying, for the time
“ might come when I should not be so much
“ pleased as I was then to have my name asso-
“ ciated with his. I write all this from
“ memory.”—J. H. N.*

* Letter from the Very Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D., to the author, March 8, 1864.

In some remarks expressed by Dr. Newman on a still later occasion, we find further evidence of the kindly feeling which, for so many years, subsisted between those great thinkers.

“ I owe Dr. Whately a great deal. He
“ was a man of generous and warm heart.
“ He was particularly loyal to his friends,
“ and to use the common phrase, ‘ all his
“ ‘ geese were swans.’ While I was still
“ awkward and timid, in 1822 he took me
“ by the hand, and acted the part to me of
“ a gentle and encouraging instructor. He,
“ emphatically, opened my mind, and taught
“ me to think and to use my reason. After
“ being first noticed by him in 1822, I be-
“ came very intimate with him in 1825, when
“ I was his Vice-Principal at Alban Hall. I
“ gave up that office in 1826, when I became
“ Tutor of my college, and his hold upon me
“ gradually relaxed. He had done his work
“ towards me, or nearly so, when he had
“ taught me to see with my own eyes and
“ to walk with my own feet. Not that I
“ had not a good deal to learn from others
“ still, but I influenced them as well as they

“ me, and co-operated rather than merely
“ concurred with them. As to Dr. Whately,
“ his mind was too different from mine for
“ us to remain long on one line. I recollect
“ how dissatisfied he was with an article of
“ mine in the *London Review*, which Blanco
“ White, good-humouredly, only called Pla-
“ tonic. When I was diverging from him
“ (which he did not like), I thought of dedi-
“ cating my first book to him, in words to
“ the effect that he had not only taught me
“ to think, but to think for myself. He left
“ Oxford in 1831; after that, as far as I can
“ recollect, I never saw him but twice,—
“ when he visited the University; once in
“ the street, once in a room.* From the
“ time that he left, I have always felt a real
“ affection for what I must call his memory;
“ for thenceforward he made himself dead to
“ me. My reason told me that it was impos-
“ sible that we could have got on together
“ longer; yet I loved him too much to bid

* Whately and Newman never met in Dublin, although both occupied houses in St. Stephen's Green—one the Archbishop's Palace, the other the Catholic University.—ED.

“ him farewell without pain. After a few
“ years had passed, I began to believe that
“ his influence on me in a higher respect
“ than intellectual advance (I will not say
“ through his fault) had not been satisfac-
“ tory. I believe that he has inserted sharp
“ things in his later works about me. They
“ have never come in my way, and I have
“ not thought it necessary to seek out what
“ would pain me so much in the reading.

“ What he did for me in point of religious
“ opinion, was first to teach me the existence
“ of the Church, as a substantive body or
“ corporation; next to fix in me those anti-
“ Erastian views of Church polity, which
“ were one of the most prominent features
“ of the Tractarian movement. On this
“ point, and, as far as I know, on this point
“ alone, he and Hurrell Froude intimately
“ sympathized, though Froude’s development
“ of opinion here was of a later date. In
“ the year 1826, in the course of a walk, he
“ said much to me about a work then just
“ published, called ‘Letters on the Church,
“ ‘by an Episcopalian.’ He said that it
“ would make my blood boil. It was cer-

“ tainly a most powerful composition. One
“ of our common friends told me, that, after
“ reading it, he could not keep still, but went
“ on walking up and down his room. It was
“ ascribed at once to Whately; I gave eager
“ expression to the contrary opinion; but I
“ found the belief of Oxford in the affirmative
“ to be too strong for me; rightly or wrongly I
“ yielded to the general voice; and I have never
“ heard, then or since, of any disclaimer of
“ authorship on the part of Dr. Whately.

“ The main positions of this able essay are
“ these: first, that Church and State should be
“ independent of each other:—he speaks of the
“ duty of protesting ‘against the profanation
“ ‘of Christ’s kingdom, by that *double usurp-*
“ ‘*ation*, the interference of the Church in
“ ‘temporals, of the State in spirituals’ (p.
“ 191); and, secondly, that the Church may
“ justly and by right retain its property,
“ though separated from the State. ‘The
“ ‘clergy,’ he says (p. 133), ‘though they
“ ‘ought not to be the hired servants of the
“ ‘Civil Magistrate, may justly retain their
“ ‘revenues; and the State, though it has
“ ‘no right of interference in spiritual con-

“ ‘cernis, not only is justly entitled to sup-
“ ‘port from the ministers of religion, and
“ ‘from all other Christians, but would,
“ ‘under the system I am recommending,
“ ‘obtain it much more effectually.’ The
“ author of this work argues out both these
“ points with great force and ingenuity, and
“ with a thorough-going vehemence, which
“ perhaps we may refer to the circumstance,
“ that he wrote, not *in propria personâ*, but
“ in the professed character of a Scotch
“ Episcopalian. His work had a gradual,
“ but a deep effect on my mind. I am not
“ aware of any other religious opinion which
“ I owe to Dr. Whately. For his special
“ theological tenets I had no sympathy.”

Dr. Whately's work on rhetoric is worthy of all the praise bestowed on his “Logic.” With a Doric contempt for ornament, real as well as meretricious, he yet powerfully portrays this fair science, and invests it with genuine grace and elegance. But he invested it with something better—a sound practical utility. Its searching and complete analysis of the laws of moral nature and of persuasion has placed both senators and barristers under

obligations which have often been avowed. Here is one sample of his pure sense pithily expressed:—

“ That kind of skill by which, in oral
“ examination of witnesses, a cross-examiner
“ succeeds in alarming, misleading; or bewil-
“ dering an honest witness, may be charac-
“ terized as the most, or one of the most,
“ base and depraved of all possible employ-
“ ments of intellectual power. Nor is it by
“ any means the best mode of eliciting truth.
“ Generally speaking, a quiet, gentle, and
“ straightforward, though full and careful,
“ examination, will be the most adapted to
“ elicit truth; and the manœuvres, and the
“ browbeating, which are the most adapted to
“ confuse an honest, simple-minded witness,
“ are just what the dishonest one is the best
“ prepared for. The more the storm blusters,
“ the more carefully he wraps round him the
“ cloak, which a warm sunshine will often
“ induce him to throw off.”*

The “Rhetoric” was a peculiarly acceptable gift to the Irish, who are a speaking rather

* “Rhetoric,” Part I. chap. ii. § 4.

than a reading people; and it showed some persons their error in imagining that they have a command of language, whereas—in Whately's words—it was language had the command of them.

In this, as in the other writings of Whately, the great charm of his style is its wonderful pith and clearness. The opposite extreme—what Whately called the “foggy form”—had long been cultivated at Oxford by those who loved to follow the faults of German metaphysicians. Copleston, equally happy in his epithets, gave to such writings the appellation of “the magic-lantern school; children like it, “but grown people tire of it.” “One,” writes Whately on Bacon, “may often hear some “writers of the magic-lantern school spoken “of as possessing wonderful power, even by “those who regret that this power is not “better employed. ‘It is a pity,’ we some- “times hear it said, ‘that such and such an “author does not express in simple, in- “telligible, unaffected English, such admir- “able matter as his.’ They little think that “it is the strangeness and obscurity of the “style that make the power displayed seem far

“ greater than it is; and that much of what
“ they now admire as originality and profound
“ wisdom, would appear, if translated into
“ common language, to be mere common-place
“ matter. Many a work of this description
“ may remind one of the supposed ancient
“ shield, which had been found by the anti-
“ quarry, Martinus Scriblerus, and which he
“ highly prized, incrustated as it was with
“ venerable rust. He mused on the splendid
“ appearance it must have had in its bright
“ newness; till one day an over-sedulous
“ housemaid having scoured off the rust, it
“ turned out to be merely an old pot lid.”

But to return to Oxford; it has been said that a man who possesses in full development the bump of self-reliance and self-respect is fit to move a mountain; and any person who watched the supercilious curl of Whately's lip, and the swelling vein of his brow, as iron resolution welded within, must have seen that he shared, in a striking degree, these qualities. Single-handed he devoted himself to the task of stemming the whole current of Academic sentiment and opinion. “The University was one way,” says the *Times*, “and

“ Richard Whately the other. Oxford had re-
“ signed itself to orthodoxy and Toryism, and
“ Whately was an inquirer and a Liberal. He
“ had counted the cost, which appeared to him
“ trifling, and he was prepared to run a-tilt at
“ any number of the men he found about him.”

After this account the reader will not be surprised to hear, on the authority of one of Whately's most brilliant college contemporaries, to whom we are indebted for not a few valuable details, that “ Whately
“ had no popularity in Oxford, if popularity
“ includes influence. He was one of the
“ leading preachers of his time. St. Mary's
“ was full when he preached, but he had a
“ very small following, and had no power at
“ all in the Board of the Heads of Houses.”

He had not a winning way, although he eventually won. That which Sydney Smith, by the play of his genial fancy and winning wit, had commenced, Richard Whately, by the sledge-blows of his crushing logic, at last drove home to completion. He well knew that this line of policy and action was not the way to popularity ; but he took the rutty road with his eyes open.

“The way to rise to rapid celebrity,” he once said, “is to be a plausible advocate of
 “*prevailing* doctrines; and especially to de-
 “fend, with some eloquence and novelty,
 “something which men like to believe, but
 “have no good reason for believing. And
 “this a skilful *dissembler* will never do so
 “well as one who is himself the dupe of his
 “own fallacies, and brings them forward,
 “therefore, with an air of simple earnestness
 “which implies his being, with whatever
 “ingenuity and eloquence, puzzle-headed.
 “A very clear-headed man must always
 “perceive some of the truths which are
 “generally overlooked, and must have de-
 “tected some of the popular fallacies; in
 “short, he must be somewhat *in advance*
 “of the *οἱ πολλοί* of his contemporaries; and
 “if he has the courage to speak his mind
 “fairly, he must wait till the next generation,
 “at least, for his popularity.

“The fame of clever, but puzzle-headed,
 “advocates of vulgar errors will be like a
 “mushroom which springs up in a night and
 “rots in a day; while that of the clear-headed
 “lover of truth will be a tree ‘*seris factura*

“ ‘*nepotibus umbram.*’ He must take his
“ chance for the result. If he is wrong in
“ the doctrines he maintains, or the measures
“ he proposes, at least it is not for the sake
“ of immediate popular favour. If he is right,
“ it will be found out in time, though perhaps
“ not in *his* time. The preparers of the
“ *Mummies* were (Herodotus says) *driven out*
“ *of the house* by the family who had engaged
“ their services, with execrations and stones ;
“ but their *work* remains sound after three
“ thousand years.”

It is sometimes pleasanter to tread upon the corns of your neighbour than to have your own subjected to the same impression ; and we are not surprised to learn that some of the cheeriest years of Dr. Whately's life were the four he passed as President of St. Alban's Hall, an office which had been at one time filled by a former Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Narcissus Marsh. But in 1828 and 1829 party spirit had assumed, at Oxford and elsewhere, so strong a tone of exasperation and uncompromise, that much unpleasant feeling subsisted between the Liberals and Tories. Dr. Charles Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford, writing

to Sir Robert Peel on March 13th, 1828, proclaims : “ The signs of the times grow more
“ and more manifest. To-day there was an
“ opposition to the Roman Catholic petition
“ beyond any we have ever had.” The
Bishop thus concludes : “ The advance of the
“ opponents was not only remarkable from
“ the number, but the opposition had always
“ hitherto been confined to the Masters of
“ Arts. To-day several of the Doctors and
“ heads of houses were among the oppo-
“ nents.”*

In the following year Peel fell into great odium with his learned constituents at Oxford, in consequence of a change of policy on the Catholic question, which is now admitted to have been sound, and Dr. Whately, while standing almost alone beside the great statesman—whose views he spiritedly endorsed—received no stint of muttered blame and ambushed blows.

“ The true Christian,” said Whately, “ is
“ most emphatically and pre-eminently pub-
“ lic-spirited. ‘ None of us,’ says the Apostle

* “ Memoirs of Sir R. Peel,” p. 311.

“ Paul, ‘liveth unto himself.’ And he who
“ is the most sedulously occupied in working
“ out on Gospel principles his own salvation,
“ will always be found the most devotedly
“ active in promoting the welfare of his
“ brethren.”

How far Whately was in advance of even the pseudo-liberal spirit of the time will be best understood by contrasting his policy and proceedings with those of such eminently philanthropic and liberal men as Dr. Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, who, on February 11th, 1829—the eve of Emancipation—thus addresses Mr. Peel:—

“ My dear Sir,—I have reconsidered (for
“ they are not new to me) all the argu-
“ ments in your letter with the utmost calm-
“ ness and deliberation in my power. The
“ result has been an increased conviction, if
“ possible, that infinitely more difficulties
“ and dangers will attach to concession than
“ to uncompromising resistance.

“ In the mean time,” concludes Bishop Jebb, “in defence of all that is dear to
“ British Protestants, I am cheerfully pre-
“ pared, if necessary, as others of my order

“ have formerly donè, to lay down life itself.”*
 And this comes from a man who was considered at the time an ultra-Liberal !†

* “ Memoirs of Sir R. Peel,” p. 363.

† In the year 1821 Dr. Jebb, anxious to dissuade the peasantry, with whom he had much influence, from embarking in agrarian conspiracy, addressed them, after mass, from the altar of the R. Catholic church of Murroe — “ He was heard with breathless attention,” writes his biographer; “ some were affected to tears.” “ A trans-
 “ action,” writes Dr. Jebb himself, “ the like of which,
 “ I suppose, never occurred since the Reformation.”

When Dr. Doyle suggested a union of the Churches as feasible, Mr. Newenham, on the Protestant side, proposed Dr. Jebb as a prelate likely to promote the great project.

“ Dr. Jebb, Bishop of Limerick,” he writes, “ stands
 “ eminently conspicuous for erudition, piety, benevolence,
 “ and a disposition to think favourably of the religion
 “ of the Church of Rome. Between his lordship’s
 “ religious sentiments and those of the justly-venerated
 “ Fenelon, I have reason to believe that almost as little
 “ difference would be found as between their respective
 “ moral characters.”

Dr. Jebb was much respected and beloved by the Catholics generally. “ The venerable R. C. Bishop [of
 “ Limerick],” observes Mr. Forster, “ while he conversed
 “ with him as a friend, honoured him as a Christian
 “ bishop, and advised with him as fellow-labourers in
 “ the vineyard of their common Lord.” At the funeral
 of Dr. Jebb’s vicar-general, we further learn “ that the
 “ R. C. clergy, with the venerable titular bishop at

“In the beginning of 1829,” writes Dr. Newman, “came the formal break between Dr. Whately and me; Mr. Peel’s attempted re-election was the occasion of it. I think

“their head, walked in the procession as far as the entrance of the west door of the cathedral, arm-in-arm with their Protestant brethren.” “One of the last walks taken by Bishop Jebb through the streets of Limerick,” continues Mr. Forster, “presented the gratifying sight of the Protestant bishop walking arm-in-arm with a R. C. priest, who, on taking leave, turned and bent the knee as to his own ecclesiastical superior.” Charles Butler, the eminent champion of Catholicism, was one of Dr. Jebb’s dearest friends. When Dr. Jebb became prostrated by paralysis, we learn that “the personal inquiries of the titular bishop, Dr. Ryan, were unremitting, and they were rendered doubly acceptable by the assurance, with tears in his eyes, that they were accompanied by his constant and fervent prayers.” Father Enright, a zealous priest, “publicly offered up prayers in his chapel,” says Mr. Forster, “in which the congregation were invited to join, for the restoration of the good Bishop of Limerick.”

Dr. Jebb concurred with Bishop Doyle, and other eminent Catholic divines, on the propriety of regulating the reading of Scripture by Church authority. He also expressed himself averse to all schemes of professed “proselytising.”—See the *Life of Bishop Jebb*, by the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D., 3rd edition, pp. 160, 187, 181, 199, 233, 241, 242.

“ in 1828 or 1827 I had voted in the minority,
“ when the petition to Parliament against
“ the Catholic claims was brought into Con-
“ vocation. I did so mainly on the views
“ suggested to me by the theory of the
“ ‘Letters of an Episcopalian.’ Also I dis-
“ liked the bigoted ‘two-bottle orthodox,’ as
“ they were invidiously called. I took part
“ against Mr. Peel, on a simple academical,
“ not at all an ecclesiastical or a political
“ ground; and this I professed at the time.
“ I considered that Mr. Peel had taken the
“ University by surprise, that he had no right
“ to call upon us to turn round on a sudden,
“ and to expose ourselves to the imputation
“ of time-serving, and that a great University
“ ought not to be bullied even by a great
“ Duke of Wellington.

“ Whately was considerably annoyed at
“ me, and he took a humorous revenge, of
“ which he had given me due notice before-
“ hand. As head of a house, he had duties
“ of hospitality to men of all parties; he
“ asked a set of the least intellectual men
“ in Oxford to dinner, and men most fond of
“ port; he made me one of the party; placed

“ me between Provost This and Principal
“ That, and then asked me if I was proud of
“ my friends. However, he had a serious
“ meaning in his act; he saw, more clearly
“ than I could do, that I was separating from
“ his own friends for good and all.”

Dr. Whately undeservedly attributed Dr. Newman's retirement from his *clientela*, to a wish on the part of the latter to be the head of a party himself. But it was not Newman who sought friends, but friends who sought him. In some verses written by him at this time, he says, “ Blessings of friends, which
“ to my door, *unasked, unhoped*, have come.” Newman was fond of the luxury of solitary thought. In one of his walks round Christ Church meadow, he met Dr. Copleston, who, bowing as he passed, said, “ Nunquam minus
“ solus quàm cum solus.”

Peel was thrown out of the representation of Oxford in favour of Sir Robert Inglis; but by the Act of Emancipation, the great principle for which he contended was won. Whately was not sorry to retire from the angry clangour of political strife, to the more congenial seclusion of his study; and in

1829 appeared some speculative views on a future state, which met with a scant share of favour from theological critics and censors.

In 1830 Dr. Whately accepted the Drummond Professorship of Political Economy at Oxford, and while continuing to discharge the duties of President of St. Alban's Hall, cast enormous energies into the task of combating the formidable prejudice which then prevailed against this science. This prejudice seems to have been based on the hypothesis that the study was dry, unfavourable to religion, and a check to charity. Mr. W. Neilson Hancock, LL.D., formerly Whately Professor of Political Economy in Trinity College, Dublin, a gentleman who largely possessed the favourable opinion of the Archbishop, thus notices his labours as a political economist at Oxford:—

“The professorship had been then only
“recently established, and notwithstanding
“the very able lectures of Mr. Nassau
“Senior, the first professor, there was still
“a great prejudice against the study of
“political economy. To remove that pre-

“judice was one of the chief objects which
“Dr. Whately had in view in becoming a
“candidate for the professorship. It is
“difficult in the present times of rapid pro-
“gress and free discussion, to estimate the
“extent of moral courage which was then
“required in the head of a house at Oxford,
“who had already achieved a reputation as
“an author and a preacher, in thus running
“counter to strong and violent prejudices.
“It is still more difficult to form a just
“estimate of the full effects of that noble
“stand for truth and progress, and of the
“popularity which his example and lectures
“gave to the study of political economy in
“Oxford. The students of that day are the
“statesmen of the present, and Oxford, then
“so full of prejudice against the science, is
“now represented in parliament by a Chan-
“cellor of the Exchequer remarkable above
“all his predecessors for the extent to which
“he has applied to public affairs a profound
“knowledge of political economy.”

If we except Adam Smith and his great book “The Wealth of Nations,” we know of no work or worker who seriously treated

on the question of Political Economy until Henry Drummond, member for Surrey, alarmed by the money crisis of 1825, founded in the following year, at Oxford, and in the teeth of bad logic, bad language, and worse wit, the chair which has since proved of such vast imperial advantage.* Dr. Whately's lectures on Political Economy at Oxford, which were mainly devoted to a refutation of the prevalent prejudice against it, and an animated assault upon Malthus's theory of population, were cut short, after one course, by his translation to a higher sphere.

Some anecdotes are told of Dr. Whately's intercourse with Dr. Pusey at this period.

* The Rev. Sydney Smith, in a letter to Bishop Doyle, dated "Foston, York, 17th December, 1825," alludes to the monetary crisis of that year:—"Mammon has "stepped in to part the Pope and the Archbishop of "Canterbury, who were clawing each other all over "Yorkshire. The question now is not concerning faith, "but banks and bankers. I am less shocked by the "misfortunes of mankind than incensed by their gross "stupidity. One anti-Catholic meeting provokes me "more than the dissolution of six banks grieves me."—*Life of Dr. Doyle*, vol. i. p. 455.

“ Dr. Whately,” observes a monthly reviewer,
“ was jesting with Dr. Pusey in reference to
“ his alleged practice of mingling water with
“ wine at early communion. ‘ The people,’
“ replied Pusey, ‘ complain of the wine getting
“ ‘ into their heads.’ ‘ Oh, come now, Pusey,’
“ rejoined Dr. Whately, ‘ a thimblefull of wine
“ ‘ to get into people’s heads !’ Dr. Pusey’s
“ only answer, according to the Archbishop,
“ was a laugh and a nod of the head, expres-
“ sive of sympathy, and indicative of utter
“ disbelief in all such frippery. Now, a smile,
“ we believe, did play across the features of
“ Dr. Pusey ; but it was one which, if not
“ over-hastily scrutinized, might possibly
“ be found indicative of compassion for
“ what he believed to be undeniable in-
“ fidelity.”

The accuracy of this, as of all other anecdotes in these pages, we have spared no pains to test. A valued correspondent writes :—
“ I have not much belief in this story about
“ Dr. Whately and Dr. Pusey. As to the
“ subject of their supposed conversation, I
“ can testify that it was not such a trifle
“ as Dr. Whately would make it. When I

“ began early communion at Oxford, one or
“ more communicants applied to me to the
“ effect that the wine was strong, and on
“ account of its strength was unpleasant to
“ them the first thing in the morning, and
“ on that account I mixed water with it. It
“ must be recollected that the so-called wine
“ used for the Anglican communion, used to
“ be a strange composition called Tent, and
“ made up, whether of brandy, or of treacle,
“ raspberry vinegar, or what else besides, I
“ don’t know ; but it used to be a very strong
“ compound. In mass not only is the wine
“ light and unbrandied, but after the first
“ ablution the priest takes a large draught
“ of water in the second ablution, which
“ counteracts the strength of the wine. I
“ think the sacramental wine at — was
“ complained of not so much as getting into
“ men’s heads as leaving an unpleasant
“ taste in the mouth.”

In the “ Life of Sydney Smith,” we are told
that “ from the beginning of the century to
“ the death of Lord Liverpool was an awful
“ period for those who ventured to maintain
“ liberal opinions, and who were too honest to

“sell them for the ermine of the judge, or
“the lawn of the prelate.”*

Although the menacingly interminable Tory rule of Lord Liverpool had now terminated, and the survivors of that Methusalem administration were in great part scattered, nobody for a moment dreamt that Whately would ever wear a mitre; and we are quite sure that the thought never occurred to himself. True, he was known at Holland House; but he used to make Lady Holland's snubs † recoil on herself; and Lord Holland told Guizot that Whately was indiscreet in his sincerity; and so he had clearly nothing to expect from

* “Life of Sydney Smith,” by his daughter Lady Holland, p. 28.

† The insufferably patronizing airs of Lady Holland—not Sydney Smith's amiable daughter—her fancy for snubbing persons, the latchet of whose shoes she was unworthy to loose, is more than once alluded to in the Letters of Sydney Smith and the Diary of Moore. “Poets
“inclined to a plethora of vanity,” writes Moore,
“would find a dose of Lady Holland now and then very
“good for their complaint.”—Vol. ii. p. 328. *Vide* also vol. v. p. 41.

When Lady Holland tried to snap at Whately, her teeth met sparkling granite.

that quarter. Indeed his indifference on the subject was conclusively illustrated by his intrepid avowal of peculiar opinions which a crafty or ambitious churchman would be certain to conceal.

There was nothing of the bishop about Richard Whately, and the club of Hercules seemed more suited to his grasp than the crosier of tiny Archbishop Magee, who, on the 18th of August, 1831, left his diocese of Dublin widowed. Great was the speculation as to who should be the lucky successor of Dr. Magee. Prelate after prelate was named for the high promotion, and many were the insincere expressions of "*Nolo episcopari*" with which expectant suffragans replied to the premature congratulations of their friends. People put it down as a settled thing that Whately was to live and die an academician, with a memory confined to Bampton Lectures and common rooms. His cut-and-thrust manner seemed to shut him out from the smiles of favour or hope of preferment. He was voted a bore, and regarded as a nuisance which ought at any sacrifice to be put down. One morning the high wranglers of Oxford were

struck dumb at the news that Whately was a full-blown Archbishop in lawn, taking at once a sort of somersault precedence over the heads of the Lord High Treasurer, the Lord President of the Privy Council, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, the Earl Marshal, the Lord High Admiral, the entire peerage, and the whole Bench of Bishops. Had the dome of St. Alban's Hall been suddenly transferred to the summit of St. Patrick's Cathedral in the city of Dublin, greater consternation could not have prevailed. The University was thrown on its beam-ends by the shock. Faltering expressions of comment by degrees found expression, and were even addressed to the Archbishop elect himself. They assured him, "as a friend," that if he ventured to Ireland his life would not be safe, and that his very peculiar views would be answered with a belligerent logic better known at Donnybrook than at Oxford. To all this croaking Whately replied by a contemptuous shrug, and having packed a portmanteau which had seen better days and obtained from the Hon. E. G. Stanley, now Lord

Derby, a few letters of introduction, proceeded to take charge of his Irish diocese.

“ You must not go to Ireland,” writes Arnold (November 8, 1831), “ without a few lines from me. I cannot yet be reconciled to you being on the other side of St. George’s Channel, or to thinking of Oxford as being without you. I do not know where to look for the Mezentius who should ‘succedat pugnæ’ when Turnus is gone away.”

When we remember the jobbing and trimming to which bishops, not very long ago, too frequently owed their elevation, the independent and unselfish course of Richard Whately may be appreciated. A well-informed writer in *Blackwood’s Magazine* (No. 113) thus speaks:—

“ When a bishop dies, where is the man who dreams that the new one will be chosen on account of his qualifications for the office; or that the lower vacancies, caused by the event, will be filled with reference to merit? The trusts of the Church are used as patronage in the most vulgar and corrupt sense of the term, and

“ the Minister of the State who bestows
“ them regularly does it to enrich his con-
“ nections or bribe his opponents. Why,
“ then, is this man made a bishop? He has
“ been a tutor in one noble family, or he is
“ connected by blood with another; or he
“ enjoys the patronage of some female
“ favourite of royalty, or he is the near
“ relation of a minister, or at the nod of the
“ Premier. Why is this man made a dean?
“ He has married a relation of the Home
“ Secretary, or he is a turn-coat, who has
“ joined the enemies of the Church in the
“ destruction of her securities, or it is neces-
“ sary to prevent some powerful family from
“ going into opposition. Why is this stripling
“ invested with an important dignity in the
“ Church? He is the illegitimate son of a
“ member of the royal family, or he is the
“ same to some nobleman, or he belongs to a
“ family which, in consideration of it, will
“ give the Ministry a certain number of votes
“ in Parliament. And why is this man en-
“ dowed with a valuable benefice? He has
“ potent interest, or it will prevent him from
“ giving further opposition to measures for

“injuring the Church, or he has voted at an
“election for a ministerial candidate, or his
“connections have much election influence,
“or he is a political tool of the Ministry.”

Impressed by these considerations, a strong impression pervaded parsondom generally that, in accordance with the custom of the time, Dr. Magee's successor in the See of Dublin would have been Lord Augustus Fitzclarence, natural son of William IV.

But there were other candidates up—broadly named at the time—who worked with disedifying activity to gain their ends.

This unseemly scramble began while Archbishop Magee was in his agony, and continued over his unburied body.

CHAPTER III.

THE political storm which swept Ireland in 1831 was not confined to that country. "There appears," writes the Duke of Wellington, on the 1st of January, 1831, "a sort of feverish anxiety in every man's mind about public affairs. No man can satisfy himself of the safety either of this country or himself." *

An organized determination to pay no more tithes animated the length and breadth of Ireland. The Church establishment, deprived of the luxurious nutrition to which it had been so long accustomed, writhed in an agony which was regarded by some as the precursor of dissolution. Catholic emancipation had been delayed, till it was perilous

* "Court and Cabinets of William IV. and Victoria," by the Duke of Buckingham, vol. i. p. 188.

to delay it longer, and the Minister failed to tranquillize the agitation which extorted it, by petulantly declaring that grounds other than justice compelled him to the concession.

A sort of persecution of O'Connell, whom the Government ought at any price to have conciliated, succeeded that which should have been an act of grace, and the liberty of the press was threatened with extinction. In the midst of this excitement the revolutions of France and Belgium burst forth, heaping a mass of inflammable matter on the already heated embers of Irish disaffection; Poland had all but burst her chains, Continental thrones tottered, German principalities resembled slumbering volcanoes, revolutions were hourly expected in Lisbon and Madrid, bloody riots—endangering the king's life—were feared in London. “If firing
“had begun,” said the Duke of Wellington,
“who could tell where it would end? I
“know what street-firing is—one guilty
“man would fall, and ten innocent be
“destroyed.”* Lord Anglesey, who had been the idol of the Irish people before his

* “Memoirs of Sir William Knighton.”

recall in 1829, was pelted through the streets on assuming the viceregal reins in 1830. "And the whole change of sentiment," writes Lord Anglesey himself, "to be on "the plea of a solitary law appointment!" O'Connell and the Viceroy both drew the sword; but Lord Anglesey was a Waterloo veteran, and declared that the king's representative should not be the first to put his sabre in its scabbard.

Proclamation after proclamation appeared, forbidding the political meetings with which, under various names, O'Connell sought to work out his great scheme of "Repeal of the "Union." These he evaded one by one, boasting he could drive a coach and six through any Act of Parliament; but at last the pursuing lasso of Lord Anglesey's Algerine Act caught him, and the great tribune was placed under arrest.

"I never," writes a correspondent of Lord Cloncurry's, in the very year that Dr. Whately came to Ireland, "witnessed "anything so turbulent and angry as the "populace were in Dublin this day—not "even in the height of '98."

The butchers of Castle Market, armed with cleavers, addressing Mr. O'Connell, said, "Ah, liberator! let us at them."* Mr. O'Connell, who had again foiled the Government, by obtaining his liberty on a point of law, became, like Frankenstein, alarmed at the monster which he had himself evoked. "I do most anxiously wish "to confer with Lords Meath and Cloncurry," he writes, "on the present awful "position of public affairs, and the possibility of calming the public mind.†

The people would pay no tithe; two parsons were murdered, and great atrocities were committed on both sides. The Rev. Mr. Morritt, at the head of a company of infantry, demanded tithes at Skibbereen. The peasantry replied that the tenth perch of every ridge was at his service; but Mr. Morritt insisted on his right to exact tithe from some potatoes which had been ready dug and stored in a barn. On being refused admission, he ordered

* "Parliamentary Experiences," by John O'Connell, Esq., M.P., vol. i. pp. 66, 67.

† "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry," p. 356.

the yeomanry to fire, and twenty-nine persons fell dead. Blood was also shed at Carrickshock, Rathcormac, Castlepollard, Gortave, Dunmanway, and Newtownbarry. At the latter place stones appear to have been thrown in resistance to the Rev. Mr. M'Clintock's claims, and the military fired, killing fourteen and wounding twenty-six persons. Perhaps the most horrible incident in the tragedy was the case of a woman named Mulrooney, through whose body, including that of an unborn child, a musket-ball tore its way, leaving the bleeding remains of both exposed to the public eye.

Archbishop Whately, on arriving in Ireland, found two conflicting parties tearing her breast asunder. And the sinews of his mind began at once to labour for the subjugation of both.

“He found Dublin,” says the *Times*, “at least as congenial and pleasant as Oxford. He was immediately admired, and soon liked.” The *Times*, usually so well informed, is not correct in this retrospect. Dr. Whately was received with a storm

which has continued to howl angrily over his unburied body and open grave.* The

* To reproduce here any of these outbursts would be in questionable taste. A comparatively mild expression or two may be subjoined. How hard up his flock must have been for real grievances is evident in the letter of a "Parishioner of Stillorgan," of which the following is an extract :—

"Did he ever mix in friendly intercourse with the gentry of the neighbourhood, so as to produce a kindly feeling between them and him? Never. I regret to have to allude to this; but it is a fact well known, and often felt and considered as an error (to say the least of it) on his part.

"No doubt he and his family have been most kind and liberal in providing the distressed poor of the parish with coals, blankets, &c.; but, in doing this he, with his ample means provided by the State, did nothing more than his duty. No doubt he established a national school within his demesne, at Redesdale, for the benefit of the poor, which was, I believe, conducted admirably. In doing this, however, some may have thought, perhaps, that he exceeded his duty."

A clergyman in the same journal, complains that "the late Archbishop swayed an iron sceptre in the region of intellect, and showed no favour to those who refused implicit obedience to his rule."

A correspondent who is good enough to suggest the tone we ought to take in this memoir, says that the hatchet and tomahawk are the only weapons of dissection which we could properly use!

organs of Irish Protestantism pronounced
“ the elevation to the second dignity in the
“ Church of a Whig and an Englishman,
“ who supported Sir Robert Peel in his
“ apostasy by his vote at Oxford, as a
“ gage of defiance to Anglo-Ireland, and
“ a heavy blow to the cause of Protestant
“ liberty.”

But it was as “ an alien by blood and
“ birth,” that the great objection to him lay.
From the days of Primate Boulter, it had
been the policy of the Crown to Anglicise
Ireland as far as possible, nominating, where-
ever practicable, Englishmen to Irish arch-
sees.

But the appointment of Dr. Magee had
been regarded as the inauguration of a
more generous policy, and a recognition
of the principle, “ Ireland for the Irish.”
A return to the policy of the days of Boulter
was hailed with chagrin. Boulter, addressing
Lord Carteret, February 9, 1726, in reference
to the then vacant archbishopric of Dublin,
says :—

“ I am satisfied there will be a good deal
“ of murmuring here to see the archbishopric

“ filled with an Englishman; but I think it is
 “ a post of that consequence, as to be worth
 “ filling aright, though it should occasion
 “ murmuring.” *

But we have yet to trace the circumstances and influences which led to Dr. Whately's appointment, and must not anticipate his reception in Ireland. The task is not easy. “ I am not able,” writes the present Earl Grey, “ to give you any information

* Two years previously, on a false report of the Archbishop of Dublin's break-up, Boulter, vigilant of episcopal catarrhs, suggests how best to fill the office not yet vacant :—“ If I be not allowed to form proper dependencies here, to break the present Dublin faction on the bench, it will be impossible for me to serve his Majesty further than in my single capacity. I do not speak this as if I did not think there are some on the English bench that would do very well in Dublin, and would heartily join with me in promoting his Majesty's measures, or that I do not esteem it wise gradually to get as many English on the bench here as can be decently sent hither; but that I think being on the English bench alone is not a sufficient qualification for coming to the best promotions here, and that an imprudent person may easily be tempted by Irish flattery to set himself at the head of the Archbishop of Dublin's party, in opposition to me.”

“ that would be of use to you as to the
 “ circumstances which led to the selection
 “ of Dr. Whately for the appointment. I
 “ cannot say whether my father had ever
 “ seen him previously; but I know he had
 “ very little, if any, personal acquaintance
 “ with him.” *

“ I have heard Dr. Whately say,” observes
 one of his chaplains, “ that he had been six
 “ years installed as Archbishop ere he could
 “ form any idea of the influences which had
 “ suggested his preferment to Lord Grey.
 “ The Premier, it appears, had met Dr.
 “ Whately at a meeting of the Statistical
 “ Society, and expressed himself most favour-
 “ ably impressed with a paper read by Dr.
 “ Whately on that occasion.”

We have it, however, on the authority of
 Earl Grey himself, that when he offered the
 Archbishopric to Dr. Whately he had never
 spoken to, written to, or to his knowledge
 ever saw him.†

The following letter from Lord Brougham

* *Dublin Evening Mail*, Oct. 9, 1863.

† Evidence before Committee appointed to Inquire
 into National Education (Ireland), 1837.

is calculated to throw greater light on this important era in the Archbishop's life.

“ Brougham, Penrith, *Nov.* 2, 1863.

“ Lord Brougham presents his compliments to Mr. Fitzpatrick. He has an indistinct recollection of having urged upon Lord Grey the claims of Dr. Whately to the archbishopric then vacant, and to having pressed upon him not only the ‘Lectures’ but the admirable work to which Mr. F. refers.”

Lord Grey at once adopted the suggestion of his noble friend, and addressed the following letter to Dr. Whately:—

“ (*Private.*)

Downing Street, *Sept.* 14, 1831.

“ REV. SIR,—

“ Having been ordered by the King to recommend for his Majesty's consideration the name of a person well qualified by his eminence in the Church to fill the vacant Archbishopric of Dublin, I have, after the most diligent inquiry, satisfied myself that I shall best accomplish the object which his Majesty has in view by proposing that

“ you should be appointed to this high
“ situation.

“ I need not point out to you the im-
“ portant duties annexed to it, more espe-
“ cially at this moment, when the most
“ unremitting care, under the direction of a
“ firm, enlightened, and conciliating spirit,
“ will be required to preserve the Church of
“ Ireland from the dangers with which it is
“ surrounded.

“ An anxious wish to engage in this
“ arduous task, the qualities best fitted for
“ its successful execution, and the persua-
“ sion, derived from your high reputation,
“ that they will be found in you, have alone
“ induced me to make this offer; your
“ acceptance of which will afford me the
“ sincerest pleasure.

“ May I request an early answer to this
“ communication ?

“ I remain, with great respect, Sir,

“ Your very obedient humble Servant,

“ GREY.

“ The Rev. Dr. WHATELY.”

The passing of the Relief Bill of 1829
made toleration a great social, as well as

political duty. It has been said “that this duty
“ would not have been generally discharged,
“ had not there appeared at that period a
“ man of calm and commanding intellect,
“ who had the ability to infuse this doctrine
“ of toleration into the *minds* of Irishmen
“ through the medium of unanswerable
“ argument.”

Lord Grey took, as we have seen, what was then considered a bold and novel course in promoting to an archbishopric a cleric who had never worn a minor mitre. The bench of bishops were not slow in deprecating the appointment, on grounds, of course, the reverse of jealousy. Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, who had tergiversated in theology and politics, cast the first stone in the Upper House; and in masking his somewhat unexpected onslaught, he thus introduced the thin edge of the wedge. On March 22nd, 1832, Hansard reports the Bishop of Exeter said:—

“ Of the Archbishop of Dublin I will say,
“ that I never knew a man of greater powers,
“ or of a more richly cultivated mind. I
“ never knew a man more strenuous in the
“ pursuit of truth—more fearless in following

“ whithersoever the pursuit might lead him.
“ In short, if ever I knew one man more than
“ another, who could be called a lover of
“ truth, that man is the Archbishop of
“ Dublin ; and to say of any man that he is
“ a strict lover of truth, amounts to saying
“ that he is one of the best of men. But
“ having said this, it will not be imagined
“ that I speak invidiously when I say, that
“ this very ardent love of truth in one who
“ happens to have erred in the pursuit of it,
“ only makes him the more unsafe as a guide,
“ much more as the absolute arbiter of the
“ opinions of others. In short, my Lords, I
“ must not be afraid of saying that the known
“ opinions of the Archbishop of Dublin upon
“ an important theological question are
“ opinions which in a great degree disqualify
“ him for the situation to which he has been
“ appointed, and that he is disqualified
“ because of these opinions. His opinions
“ denying the sacredness of the Sabbath have
“ been put forth to the world, and for that
“ he is answerable to the world. I perceive
“ from the demeanour of some noble lords
“ near me that they think this language is

“ invidious. My Lords, I disclaim any such
“ intention ; I mean nothing invidious.”

In reply to this attack, Earl Grey spoke as follows :—“ Of Dr. Whately he would say
“ nothing more than that everything which
“ had happened since his elevation to the See
“ of Dublin had amply confirmed the opinion
“ he had formed of him, not without inquiry,
“ and which had induced him to recommend
“ him to his Majesty for promotion ; and
“ it was indeed a satisfaction to him greater
“ than he could express to have had it in his
“ power to contribute to his being placed in
“ a situation where his services might be
“ eminently useful both to the Church and to
“ the country. The reflection that had
“ been made upon this eminent person ap-
“ peared to him neither just nor charitable ;
“ he had heard it with pain. But as it had
“ been already successfully refuted, and as
“ the right reverend prelate from whom it fell
“ had since retracted, and expressed his regret
“ for having gone too far, he would say no
“ more upon it.”*

* Dr. Philpotts, in manner as well as matter, well knew how to introduce the thin end of the wedge ;

Dr. Whately's critics, theological and journalistic, just gave him a twelvemonth to steer the Irish establishment on a rock—different from that whereon Christ built his Church.

“The personal character of the new dig-nitary,” records an Irish Conservative journal, “so far as it could be judged of from the outside, had not contributed in

though his attack upon Dr. Whately cannot be numbered among the most marked of his successes. Mr. Grant, describing the Bishop of Exeter in 1836, says, “He rises to address the House with an ease and dignity of manner which concur with his commanding person to produce the effect of attracting the stranger's attention. The generality of spectators, on first seeing Dr. Philpotts rise for the purpose of making a speech, are so taken with his personal appearance, as to make them quite inattentive to the matter of his speech. There is a calm collectedness in his manner, a mildness and candour in his countenance, and a soft, subdued, yet clear tone in his voice, when he commences his speech, which have a very winning effect on all who hear him. For some time he proceeds in slow and measured accents, with as little animation or gesture as if he had no power whatever over his body.

“When he has got fairly into the middle of his subject, his voice becomes louder, and his enunciation a little more rapid.”

“ any degree towards softening the harsh
“ feelings and abating the prejudices which
“ preoccupied his new countrymen against
“ him.”

The writer remarks that this “late Fellow
“ of St. Oriel’s!”—as a leading newspaper
styled him—“ was altogether deficient in the
“ polish and courtesy of manners which
“ serve as a temporary passport into men’s
“ affections before those intrinsic qualities
“ can be proved by experience ;” and notices
a “ brusqueness and disregard of forms pe-
“ culiarly distasteful to Irishmen in every
“ grade. Distrusted as a Catholic emanci-
“ pator, and a supposed ill friend of Protest-
“ antism before he was seen, he soon became
“ disliked as a rough-mannered man, seem-
“ ingly possessed with an idea of his own
“ mental superiority.”

We find, on inquiry, that these “ rough
“ manners indicating a mental superiority,”
consisted, for the most part, in tripping
questions of logic with which the Archbishop
tried, often at the most unseasonable times,
the metal and the temper of the clergy among
whom his lot was now cast. But this habit,

which was always a specialty with him, does not seem to have been confined in its application to the clergy exclusively. Some cleared the questions in steeple-chase fashion, others stumbled and tumbled; and, in striving to get upon their feet again, were laughed at immoderately by the great gun which had prostrated them.

But the question arises whether, in these “rough-and-ready manners,” the Archbishop was not, after all, instead of haughtily slighting his clergy, treating them not as inferiors but as equals. These were the manners of the common rooms. At Oxford the race of progress is between brain and brain; every man is trying to trip his neighbour. Dr. Whately knew the habits of no other class of society; and his ways were irredeemably fashioned on the Oxford model. He does not seem to have known that when a judge dines with the Bar he may chaff them to his heart’s content, but that it is contrary to etiquette to retort. There can be no doubt that many of the clerics, who seemed stuck fast in the mud, were not legitimately disabled, but remained tongue-tied, partly from *mauvaise*

honte, and partly from a conviction, whether erroneous or otherwise, that the Archbishop should not, in return, be hit. We have heard an old and intimate friend of Dr. Whately's say that his Grace, when tendering logical puzzles, would have much preferred his clergy to retaliate. Of the Archbishop it cannot in this sense be said he knew his flock, and his flock knew him.

They completely misunderstood him, and he quite as widely misunderstood them. A haughty hierarch, like Archbishop Magee, would never have stooped to this play, for, after all, it was but play, though completely misinterpreted. Dr. Whately was not a puffy prelate, and in measuring his mind with the new men among whom he moved, he treated them, as we have said, rather as equals than as inferiors.

Dr. Whately* was consecrated in St.

* The name Whately had not been unknown in Dublin. In the "Life of Gandon" (pp. 205—209) we are introduced to Francis Whately, an English artist, who, emigrating to Ireland in the last century, highly distinguished himself by painting a "Review of the Irish Volunteers in College Green," and an internal

Patrick's Cathedral, on Sunday, October 23, 1831, by the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishops of Kildare and Cork, his brother, William Thomas Whately, being the preacher. The new Archbishop was at once sworn of the Irish Privy Council, where his odd ways excited much comment. The weather was cold, and the Archbishop's manners seemed quite as cool as the atmosphere in which he was placed. At the Privy Council he used to stand the whole time before the fire, with his coat-tails separated and pulled forward, whereby he received a considerable share of heat, to the exclusion of many right honourable gentlemen who felt rather chilly. It was in reference to this act, and to the circumstance of a noble lord afflicted with baldness who put on his hat for warmth, that Master Gould wittily observed, "A bishop keeps uncovered that which ought to be covered, and a peer keeps covered what ought to be uncovered."

Having accepted an invitation to dine with view of the Irish House of Commons, in both of which accurate portraits of leading celebrities were introduced.

Lord Anglesey at the Viceregal Lodge, it is almost incredibly told of him that, having arrived before the bulk of the guests, he drew over an arm-chair to the fire and stretched to the uttermost his legs until their heels seemed to repose among some objects of *virtù* on the mantel-piece.

This eccentric indulgence arose from no want of respect for the fair personages by whom he was surrounded. With a rather low opinion of womankind as a body, the new Archbishop avowed himself forcibly struck and fascinated by the Ladies Paget, and their accomplished mother, Lady Anglesey; and morning after morning repaired to the Viceregal Lodge to amuse himself with their brilliancy; and, perhaps, bask in the sunshine of their smiles.* Sir J—— M——, then attached to the Lord Lieutenant's household, assures us that the Archbishop

* We are indebted to Mrs. Edward Geale, the niece of Lady Morgan, for a little poem written by her aunt, which very vividly exhibits the sensation produced in Dublin, at this time, by the beautiful daughters of Lord Anglesey. It begins by saying that the Graces, weary of the old court of Olympus, and bored by dowdy gods and

enjoyed himself with all the heartiness of a liberated young collegian; and that it was a rich treat to follow the wit which flashed and flowed within that privileged circle. It was diamond cut diamond between the parties; but Whately, in strength of wealth, was like the mine of Golconda. With his diamonds a little gravel may have been occasionally mingled; but pebbles break no

goddesses, resolved, for the fun of the thing, to cut their own "eternal sky" and take a look at the earth—

" But where to wing their brilliant flight

" They sat for half an age debating,

" When on their doubts to throw a light,

" Enter, the aide-de-camp in waiting.

" Momus, the merriest God in heaven,

" If not the sagest—said in short—

" 'Were I from old Olympus driven,

" ' I'd choose, i' faith! the Irish Court.

" ' For though there's dignified urbanity,

" ' Supreme bon-ton, and State in plenty ;

" ' Still, all so smacks of sweet humanity,

" ' I'd choose that Court—ay out of twenty.'

" ' But how present ourselves, dear Momus ?

" ' A Court is still a Court, we trow,

" ' Were it as free as that of Comus,

" ' One must go labell'd there, you know.'

bones, and his hits were always received with good humour. In working the mine, his Grace would give way to his accustomed eccentric vigour of movement; and no less than four or five chairs were dislocated in succession by the energy with which, during animated talk, the Archbishop was in the habit of making his chair spin round on one leg. However excusable it might, in some estimations, prove to exert sinew and muscle powerfully in working a great mine, Lady Anglesey was of opinion that it was high time to grapple with and arrest the wholesale destruction of her *papier mâché* and

“ ‘*Labell’d* ! I like that ! show your faces,

“ ‘Of a reception there you’re sure ;

“ ‘Beside, I know against the *Graces*

“ ‘L’Estrange will never shut the door.’

“ ‘Still we must have a name—’tis clear.’

“ ‘A name ! *I’ll* give you one at once,

“ ‘Take that which Erin holds most dear,

“ ‘Say you’re “The Pagets”—for the nonce.’

“ Away they flew—the God had risen,

“ The Graces had a *grand succès*,

“ Passed for the Pagets for a season,

“ Then back to heaven re-winged their way.”

other fragile furniture ; and a council of ladies was held under the presidency of the Marchioness, who took credit to herself for the firmness with which, when the Archbishop appeared on the following day, she pointed to a powerfully, and, as it seemed, a specially built chair, with legs like the balustrades of Dublin Castle. Lady Anglesey added, that the uniform frankness of Dr. Whately's manner invited a corresponding frankness.

“ The first time I saw my late Archbishop,” observes a correspondent, “ was at the hospitable table of the late gifted Provost Lloyd. His Grace was the lion of the party, and he had many of the attributes of that formidable animal. The company seemed rather to distrust him, and nervously watched when he showed his teeth or wagged his tail with cruel waggery. In both performances he alternately indulged. We were all surprised at a strange way he had of raising his right leg and foot, doubling it back over the thigh of the left one, and grasping its instep with both hands as though he

“ were strangling some ugly animal. He
“ did this repeatedly during the evening,
“ especially while telling some good stories,
“ to which he did ample justice, and during
“ the process, the foot thus raised, or rather
“ strangled, was always in the lap of Provost
“ Lloyd, on whose right-hand side the
“ Archbishop, as the guest of the evening,
“ sat. I can never forget the Chesterfield
“ suavity of the provost’s face, while his
“ fine black small-clothes were thus sub-
“ jected to the treatment of a foot-mat.”*

But these were not the eccentricities which made the Irish Church revile and persecute him. People who have been snubbed always anticipate with perverse eagerness further snubs, and are prone to

* But if the ways of every great man were analyzed and recorded, perhaps acts quite as queer might be told of them. Moore, in his Diary, notices an odd habit with Lord John Russell, of “ rubbing the back of his head ” in conversation, and in another part of the journal describes an odd and involuntary proneness on the part of Mackintosh to stoop down and scratch his foot. Nor did “ the scarcely human laugh of Lord Melbourne, with his “ ejaculations, ‘ Eh ! eh ! ’ interposed at every burst,” escape record.

regard acts and gestures which were never intended to hurt, as deliberately-meant slights. It cannot be denied that Ireland, the Cinderella of her haughty sisters, has always been specially snubbed by Britannia, and in order to put her into good humour, it is absolutely necessary for England to go out of her way in civility. The reader is by this time sufficiently acquainted with Dr. Whately to know that much of what his clergy's flock regarded and pocketed as special slights, were really never meant so, and were in point of fact as much part of the man's nature as the rough shag of that noble wolf-dog which used to attend him in his Oxford rambles.

Dr. Whately used to say that, "While we
"are taking pains with our morals, we
"are taking pains with that which is the
"most important; when about manners, we
"are attending to the surface, instead of the
"substance. 'Take care of the digestion
"and circulation, if you would keep them
"sound; if you would keep the skin clear,
"take care (not of the skin, but) of the
"digestion and circulation.'"

It is generally admitted that he carried to

an extreme his disregard of the superficial brilliancy of good manners, and abused the fine principle which found robust utterance in the foregoing thought. Here is another amusing illustration, given on the authority of Lord M——. Before the announcement of dinner at the Lord-Lieutenant's, he, not many years ago, drew forth a pocket-book, and removed from one of its compartments a pair of scissors, with which he beguiled the tedium of the interval by paring and pruning those nails which had so often formed a material part of the imposition of hands. When the guests had adjourned to the drawing-room, the Prelate, although some ladies are said to have been present, drew over a *fauteuil*, and elevated his legs on another. But, in truth, he cared little for the opinions of women.

“Women,” he said, “reason wrongly from right premises, sometimes reason rightly from wrong premises, and always poke the fire from the top.”

The habits to which we have referred were old ones, unpremeditatedly contracted, and unthinkingly, because mechanically repeated.

We are reminded by the *Times*, that when at Oxford he would lecture his pupils lying on a sofa, "with his legs over the end."

No one knew the meaning of politeness better than Dr. Whately; and with the master-hand of a sound synonymist, he could draw the delicate distinction between civility and courtesy, politeness and polish. A specimen of the beauty of his "English synonyms" is afforded in the following extract:—

"Civility is *now* something less than
" politeness or courtesy. In old English
" it was used for elegance, or polish in
" general (see 'Pilgrim's Progress'). It
" now implies that attention to others which
" is *absolutely* necessary, and no more. If a
" servant-maid or a workman is spoken of as
" being *civil*, it is considered as a term of
" approbation, because no more is expected
" from them; but with the higher classes
" *civility* ought to be taken for granted, and
" something more of *prévenance* and polish
" of manner is expected.

"The difference between 'courtesy' on the
" one hand, and 'politeness' and 'polish' on
" the other, is, that courtesy has more refer-

“ence to others, politeness to ourselves. We
“may say, indifferently, ‘He received me
“*courteously*,’ or ‘He received me *politely* ;’
“but in the one case we should be dwelling
“on the attention he was paying to *us*, as a
“part of his duty to us ; and in the other,
“on the behaviour assumed by him from
“proper self-respect. Courtesy, then, seems
“to imply more kindness of feeling. Polite-
“ness has, indeed, been defined as ‘benevo-
“lence in trifles ;’ but this outward benevo-
“lence may spring merely from outward
“regard for the opinion of the world, without
“real kindness of heart. Hence, St. Peter
“does not recommend us ‘to be polite,’ but
“‘to be courteous,’ because he is treating of
“our duty towards our neighbours, not of
“what is due to ourselves. In short, a man
“is polite for *himself*, courteous for *others*.

“*Polish* refers men more completely to
“ourselves than *politeness*. We should not
“speak of behaving to such a person in
“a *polished* manner, but ‘politely.’ In
“short, ‘politeness’ occupies a place half-
“way between ‘polish’ and ‘courtesy.’
“‘Polish’ also implies a high degree of

“elegance and refinement, and cannot exist
“without considerable cultivation ; it seems,
“as it were, to belong to artificial life.”

An able analysis of Dr. Whately's mental powers as evinced in his works, written by an ecclesiastic who, from the first hour of the Archbishop's arrival in Ireland, intently watched him, describes so graphically and authentically, the feeling which pervaded his diocese, that we cannot do better than quote it.

“The great body of the clergy, shocked
“by what they had heard of the theology of
“their new diocesan, soon inoculated the
“laity with similar feelings. Addresses
“from both, not of a congratulatory, but
“of a deprecatory nature, poured in upon
“Dr. Whately, and their drift and tone promised anything but comfort to the occupant
“of the archiepiscopal throne. There were
“various surmises afloat—some whispered
“he was a Jesuit in disguise, and spoke of a
“deeply-laid plot to subvert the Established
“Church ; others, in expressing their abhor-
“rence of his Grace, condemned him on the
“score of his Romish tendencies ; while

“ others detected in his doctrines the taint
“ of the Sabellian heresy. Again, it was
“ confidently supposed that a certain secrecy,
“ believed to envelop in mystery all the Arch-
“ bishop’s movements, betokened the exist-
“ ence of a conspiracy against something or
“ somebody, but what or who no one could
“ tell; though, indeed, this is not quite
“ correct, for the apprehensions of the
“ public mind shaped themselves into one
“ tangible form at least when the rumour
“ was circulated that designs were cherished
“ which, if successful, would, by Romanizing
“ the Dublin University, annihilate its Pro-
“ testantism. It was also, we believe,
“ imagined that all candidates for holy
“ orders in the diocese were obliged to
“ enter into, and, as approval of the same,
“ to sign some hidden contract drawn up by
“ the Archbishop; and this was regarded
“ generally as a fatal blow aimed at the
“ liberty of the clergy.

“ In an ordinary state of a nation’s affairs
“ such random surmises could not enjoy more
“ than an ephemeral existence. Party spirit
“ in Ireland, however, was running breast

“ high, and *furor arma ministrat*. Men
“ tempered their swords in the furnace of
“ fanaticism, and hurried to the fray with
“ Hamlet’s words on their lips:—‘ We’ll e’en
“ ‘to it; like French falconers, fly at any-
“ ‘thing we see.’ Yet a little mutual un-
“ derstanding might, in Dr. Whately’s case,
“ have tended to restore the harmony and
“ confidence that should subsist between the
“ governing and the governed. The absurd
“ reports just alluded to would thus have been
“ utterly exposed. Indeed it is but justice
“ to say that the Archbishop evinced an
“ anxiety, on several occasions, to afford
“ satisfactory proof of their untruth; but
“ putting himself to this purgation simply
“ plunged the people into more choler.
“ Thus, take for example his ‘Thoughts on
“ ‘the Sabbath.’ Now, nothing can be
“ more elaborate in argument, as far as
“ mere deductive proof is concerned, than
“ this pamphlet; but it so strikes down, at
“ one fell swoop, all the long-cherished
“ notions of most professing Christians, that
“ it would be impossible to imagine that it
“ could at first make much way. And so,

“ in this and other instances, explanation
“ seemed to render matters worse, and the
“ opposition grew more fierce, and the
“ clamour more loud and defiant. At first,
“ like combatants in the dark, his Grace’s
“ assailants dealt out blows at random, but
“ by degrees (as they supposed) they drew
“ forth into the light of public opinion
“ certain vulnerable points in the Arch-
“ bishop’s system. Amongst these, fore-
“ most in the group, stands his ideas on the
“ theory of popular education.”

He had truly a hard card to play.

“ The Primacy of England,” observes the
Times, “ is supposed to require discretion
“ and dignity, with a happy combination of
“ negative virtues. The Archbishopric of
“ York demands much the same qualities,
“ with geniality enough to satisfy the
“ northern standard of hospitality, and
“ modesty enough to prevent the risk of
“ an unseemly dualism in the counsels of
“ our hierarchy. The Archbishop of Dublin,
“ with a smaller income and a lower rank
“ than his English brethren, has a far more
“ delicate and troublesome part assigned to

“ him. He is one of the two heads of a
“ Church which is on its trial, and which
“ numbers among its clergy more extreme
“ and injudicious Protestants than are to be
“ found in all England. He has in his gift a
“ large proportion of the livings in his
“ diocese, and his disposal of them is
“ watched with the keen-eyed jealousy of
“ Irish expectants. He must at once de-
“ clare himself on the great question of
“ National Education, and choose between
“ offending the Government and all moderate
“ men, or disappointing the hopes of the
“ fanatical laymen and clergymen of the
“ Established Church. He must be pre-
“ pared to take a prominent part in con-
“ troversies which have formerly shaken
“ Ministers, and touch upon the most serious
“ problem in the government of Ireland.
“ In short, he must adorn by his life and
“ doctrine an anomalous position, disarm
“ suspicion by a frank and straightforward
“ course, live down the calumnies that are
“ almost sure to be circulated against his
“ orthodoxy and political views, and add
“ strength to a cause which needs to be

“ saved from its friends quite as much as
“ from its adversaries.”

It may with truth be said that never was man more intensely unpopular. Like Actæon, who was devoured by his own dogs, the unedifying spectacle of a shepherd not eaten up—but run down by his own flock, was illustrated in the person of Archbishop Whately. A conflagration of fury raged around him; but unlike Sardanapalus, who, when deserted by friends and besieged by foes, burnt himself in his own palace, the Archprelate, with at least the semblance of indifference, fiddled away, like Nero, while the city was aflame around him.

But he feared no menace—not even that of death.

“ Upon one occasion,” observes the Rev. Nash Griffin, “ an artery or blood-vessel
“ burst in his leg, and it was feared that he
“ would bleed to death. A physician was
“ immediately sent for, and, upon entering
“ the room, the Archbishop said to him,
“ ‘ Can you heal it ? ’ ‘ Yes,’ said the
“ physician, ‘ I think I shall be able to stop
“ ‘ it.’ The reply was, ‘ I am afraid so.’

“Hearing that the physician had been sent for, and he not told of it, he said, ‘Why did you not tell me? Did you think I was afraid to die?’”

The Bishop of Llandaff, writing to the Rev. J. M. Traherne in 1831, thus refers to his former pupil and fast friend, Richard Whately:—

“Dr. Whately accepted the arduous station proposed to him purely, I believe, from public spirit and a sense of duty. Wealth and honour and power and title have no charms for him. He has great energy and intrepidity—a hardihood which sustains him against obloquy when he knows he is discharging a duty, and he is generous and disinterested almost to a fault. His enlarged views, his sincerity, and his freedom from prejudice, are more than a compensation for his want of conciliating manner. When his character is understood, he will, I think, acquire more influence with the Irish than he would with the English.”

But when was the character of Archbishop Whately understood? The persecution to

which he was subjected drove him to live in a narrow circle, within which, like a magician, he was all-powerful; but the clamorous public without never knew, much less understood him.

He had his foibles and his faults—even great errors; but he had also many virtues, of which the world has heard nothing. Slanderers, like flies, pursued him,—passing over his good parts to prey upon his sores.

From the shafts of foes no *Ægis* was extended over Whately with more amplitude and protection than that of Dr. Arnold, who had known him well in college and subsequently in the great battle of life.

“ Now, I am sure that, in point of real
“ essential holiness, so far as man can judge,
“ there does not live a truer Christian than
“ Whately; and it does grieve me most
“ deeply to hear people speak of him as of
“ a dangerous and latitudinarian character,
“ because in him the intellectual part of
“ his nature keeps pace with the spiritual,
“ instead of being left, as the Evangelicals
“ leave it, a fallow field for all unsightly
“ weeds to flourish in. He is a truly

“ great man, in the highest sense of the
“ word.” *

And in a subsequent letter, addressed to Mr. Justice (now Sir John) Coleridge, Arnold writes:—

“ In Church matters, they (the Govern-
“ ment) have got Whately, and a signal
“ blessing it is that they have him and listen
“ to him; a man so good and so great that
“ no folly or wickedness of the most vile of
“ factions will move him from his own pur-
“ poses or provoke him in disgust to forsake
“ the defence of the Temple.”

Addressing Whately, September 2, 1832, Arnold says:—

“ A very old and dear friend wrote to me
“ about my grievous errors and yours, pray-
“ ing ‘that I may be delivered from such
“ ‘ false doctrines and restrained from pro-
“ ‘ mulgating them.’ These men have the
“ advantage over us,—λέγω κατ’ ἄνθρωπον,
“ which the Catholics had over the Pro-
“ testants: they taxed them with damnable
“ heresy and pronounced their salvation im-

* Stanley’s “ Life of Dr. Arnold,” vol. i. p. 255.

“ possible; the Protestants in return only
 “ charged them with error and superstition,
 “ till some of the hotter sort, impatient of
 “ such an unequal rejoinder, bethought them-
 “ selves of retorting with the charge of dam-
 “ nable idolatry.”

It is matter of notoriety that some of
 “ these grievous errors of Whately ”—at
 least in the estimation of certain ultras—
 were the inculcations of peace with which,
 characteristically framed, his earlier charges
 are replete. Addressing his clergy in March,
 1832, the Archbishop says :—

“ May the ministers of this diocese, and of
 “ this Church, deserve and inherit the bless-
 “ ing promised to the peace-makers. ‘ Who
 “ ‘ is a wise man and endued with knowledge
 “ ‘ among you ? Let him show, out of a good
 “ ‘ conversation, his works, with meekness of
 “ ‘ wisdom. For the wisdom that is from
 “ ‘ above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle,
 “ ‘ and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and
 “ ‘ good works.’ I have no design to weary
 “ you with common-place general declamation
 “ in praise of Christian meekness and concord;
 “ which is generally unprofitable, because most

“ men not only are ready to admit that strife is
“ a bad thing, but also believe, and in a certain
“ sense, with truth, each, that he is a lover of
“ peace. I say, ‘with truth,’ since the most
“ contentious man that ever lived would hardly
“ acknowledge to himself that he loves con-
“ tention for its own sake: he would be glad
“ (at least he thinks he would be glad) of that
“ peace which would result from every one’s
“ giving way to himself or to his party;—from
“ every one’s submitting to what is true and
“ right; which, of course, his own opinions (if
“ they are really his) appear to him to be. To
“ distrust his own judgment, and reconsider
“ his opinions, he regards as a want of faith;
“ to be tolerant and forbearing towards those
“ who are in error, great or small, he treats as
“ a compromise of truth; ‘not to strive, but
“ ‘to be gentle to all men, in meekness in-
“ ‘structing them that oppose themselves,’
“ and to ‘become all things to all men, that he
“ ‘may by all means gain some,’ he disdains
“ as a base truckling to falsehood. But still he
“ is, in a certain sense, desirous of peace: yet
“ if the world were filled with such peace-
“ makers (differing, as men ever will do, in

“ opinion), it would be a scene of furious and
 “ interminable contention. And we cannot
 “ think that all of these would be entitled to
 “ the blessing pronounced on the peace-
 “ makers. *Something*, whatever it be, and
 “ something which amounts to a distinction,
 “ and something consistent too with Christian
 “ zeal for truth, must be alluded to in that
 “ blessing.

“ Many able treatises have been written on
 “ the art of war: would that the art, what-
 “ ever it is, of successfully ‘ following after
 “ ‘ the things that make for peace,’ were as
 “ carefully studied! It is true the cultivation
 “ of an humble, patient, and gentle dis-
 “ position, that *ambition* for putting an end to
 “ contentious violence, which the Apostle re-
 “ commends (ΦΙΛΟΤΙΜΕΙΣΘΑΙ ἡσυχάζειν,
 “ 1 Thess. iv. 11),—this must be the first
 “ step; but it is only the first: this temper
 “ will tax the powers of the intellect to devise
 “ means for attaining its object. And means,
 “ I am convinced, may often be found which
 “ will prove more effectual than some would
 “ suppose.

“ A personal allusion or two:—I am con-

“vinced that it makes a great difference,
“whether, in our intercourse with any one,
“we *begin* by looking to the points of agree-
“ment or to the points of difference. If we
“make it the first step to ascertain how far
“we *coincide*, and dwell with evident satisfac-
“tion on those points, instead of at once
“looking out for something to censure, the
“parties may sometimes be found to go
“together further than either had anticipated.
“Even thus did the Apostle proceed, when
“about to introduce new, and, in some points,
“unwelcome truths, to the Athenians: he
“does not begin by reviling their frivolity
“and corruption or (as the English reader is
“apt to suppose) their absurd ‘superstitions;’
“but addresses them as ‘very much disposed
“‘to a reverence for superhuman powers,’
“and thence proceeds to reveal to them the
“God ‘whom they ignorantly worshipped,’
“and quotes afterwards one of their own
“poets in confirmation of what he is saying.”

CHAPTER IV.

DR. WHATELY'S unpopularity with the Irish Church may be traced to the contrast which his public principles and idiosyncrasies presented to his predecessor, Dr. Magee, who—setting aside his able book on the Atonement, drawn from Catholic authors—is now chiefly remembered for a barbed antithesis, which, long after its circulation, rankled in the heart of Ireland.

Addressing his clergy, he said: “We are
“ placed in a station in which we are hemmed
“ in by two opposite descriptions of professing
“ Christians—the one possessing a Church,
“ without what we can call a religion; and
“ the other possessing a religion, without
“ what we can call a Church—the one so
“ blindly enslaved to a supposed infallible
“ ecclesiastical authority, as not to seek in the

“ Word of God a reason for the faith they
“ profess; the other so confident in the in-
“ fallibility of their individual judgment, as
“ to the reasons of their faith, that they deem
“ it their duty to resist all authority in
“ matters of religion. We, my brethren, are
“ to keep clear of both extremes, and holding
“ the Scriptures as our great charter, whilst
“ we maintain the liberty with which Christ
“ has made us free, we are to submit ourselves
“ to the authority to which he has made us
“ subject. From this spirit of tempered
“ freedom and qualified submission sprung
“ the glorious work of the Reformation, by
“ which the Church of these countries, having
“ thrown off the slough of a slavish super-
“ stition, burst forth into the purified form of
“ Christian renovation.”*

Dr. Magee denounced the inveterate and unscriptural corruptions of one form, and “ the schismatical irregularities of others ; ” and on the occasion of publicly appearing in Christ Church to hear the recantation read of a Roman Catholic priest, named Murphy,

* “ Primary Charge of Archbishop Magee,” pp. 22-4.

who subsequently returned to the fold of Rome, he again employed his favourite figure.

“ We are neither with the Socinians, to “ enslave Revelation to reason ” (said his Grace), “ nor yet with the enthusiast, to “ reject reason in judging of Revelation ; and “ least of all, are we with the followers of “ the Church of Rome, to close our eyes “ against the light, both of one and the “ other.”

Again, Dr. Magee, in his parliamentary evidence, declared, among other carefully prepared antitheses, “ that Romanists made “ religion their politics, and politics their “ religion.” * These unlucky speeches drew

* Dr. Magee’s childish indulgence in the use of jingling antitheses dated almost from his boyhood. So far back as 1796, Mr. Deane Swift, of Trinity College, Dublin, satirized the Fellows in a poem called “ The “ Monks of Trinity,” which had some smart lines. “ In “ one,” says Thomas Moore, “ where Magee was styled a “ ‘ *learned antithesis*,’ he seems to have prefigured the “ sort of scrape in which this ambitious priest got “ involved, some years after, by the use of that same “ figure of rhetoric.”—*Memoirs of Moore*, vol. ii. p. 38.

To give Dr. Magee his due, his antitheses were for the most part artistically framed, and cannot be said to have

on Archbishop Magee's head a hornet's nest of polemically-disposed Catholics and Dissenters, who, with formidable co-operation, stung him literally to death. Exquisitely vain, and transparently susceptible to flattery, he was painfully sensitive to the shafts of ridicule; and against the candour of hostile criticism he could make no stand. The leaders of the Catholic Association perceived his weak point, and mercilessly pushed their advantage home. Bishop Doyle, under the signature of J. K. L., lashed and lacerated him. Mr. Shiel, subsequently a member of the Whig Ministry, tauntingly exclaimed, "You speak of humility, while you tread on the tip-toe of importance, and

been open to a criticism of Dr. Whately's, namely:—
"Some writers abound with a kind of mock-antithesis, in
"which the same, or nearly the same, sentiment which is
"expressed by the first clause, is repeated in a second; or
"at least, in which there is but little of real contrast be-
"tween the clauses which are expressed in a contrasted
"form; and which have been compared to the false handles
"and keyholes with which furniture is decorated,
"that serve no other purpose than to *correspond to the*
"*real ones*. Much of Dr. Johnson's writings is charge-
"able with this fault."

“haughtiness sits mitred on your brow. You
“prescribe the ascetic regimen of self-denial,
“while you quaff the richest nectar out of
“silver and gold. From the banquet of
“Dives you hold up Lazarus to imitation;
“and your palaces outvie the temples of the
“fallen gods.” Mr. Shiel further complained
that a pagan gorgeousness, incompatible with
the genius of true Christianity, marked the
Irish Church Establishment in those days
(its temporalities had not then been reduced),
and this luxurious tendency was fully illus-
trated in the magnificent decorations with
which Dr. Magee loaded the archiepiscopal
palace of Dublin. Dr. Whately’s
tastes, on the other hand, were extremely
simple and unostentatious. Unlike his pre-
decessor, he hated parade or pomp. The
gilded decorations in the Palace at Stephen’s
Green, which cost Dr. Magee so large an
expenditure,* were particularly obnoxious to
Dr. Whately, and he had no sooner crossed

* “The amount expended on the purchase and improve-
ment of the See-house in St. Stephen’s Green, between
“the years 1810 and 1831, was £10,394. 11s. 2d.”—
The Irish Church, by Mr. Justice Shee, p. 102.

the threshold of his new dwelling than he threatened to have them all "whitewashed."* "That is suitable to a man in point of ornamental expense," he said, "not which he can afford to *have*, but which he can afford to *lose*." And it is much to the credit of this eminent prelate that, from the first year of his episcopacy to his last, he dispensed, for the most part secretly, in charity, almost incredible sums.

"There was no state or elegance in his equipages or manner of living," remarks the Rev. Maurice F. Day; "both were plain, much below what was consistent with his rank and position; but he was ready with his purse to aid all who needed his assistance. He was an example to the rich men in his diocese, for plainness of living, and that free and ready distribution of what God has given."

Of Dr. Whately it cannot be said that "he combined the guile of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove," if, as has been

* The walls of the Palace dining-room came almost literally under this description; and the same remark applies to many other portions of the house.

alleged by the Rev. Hercules Dickenson, "he
" never used any arts of any sort for the
" effecting of any end, however dear."

Without going so far as Dr. Dickenson, we are ready to give the Archbishop credit for never having descended to the arts of equivocation. From such arts, quite as much on worldly as on moral principle, he held austere aloof. He was of opinion that a successful line of equivocation or deceit was most difficult to be maintained. "When the
" materials of a building are solid blocks of
" stone, very rude architecture will suffice;
" but a structure of rotten materials needs
" the most careful adjustment to make it
" stand at all."

There were many men in Dublin when Dr. Whately assumed his helm, who had whilom dangled round the vice-regal court of Lord Chesterfield, and who, exaggerating the popular manners of that master of politeness, had assumed a high degree of coxcombical exquisiteness. On the tympani of such men, the rough and ready words of Whately grated like the rattling of a cart laden with iron rods. Their eyes, blood-shot with age and fashion-

able indulgence, were not improved by the startling exhibition of the Archbishop smoking a long clay pipe as he sat on the chains in the front of his house in Stephen's Green; or (provided with a similar attribute), as he sauntered along the Donnybrook Road, chewing the cud, not of tobacco, but "of sweet and bitter fancy." Dr. Parr was regarded as the greatest smoker of his day; but Dr. Whately boasted of being "*above Parr!*"* A smoke seemed of use to him in promoting inspiration and soothing the ruffled waters of his pellucid intellect. His invocation ascended on the fragrant cloud; and, to borrow one of his own jokes, he felt with Horace in the Art of Poetry, *Ex fumo dare lucem*. A more striking contrast could not be presented than the idiosyncrasies and characteristics of the two Archbishops afforded. Dr. Magee, a perfect *petit maître* in appearance, was fond of daily

* Lamb was once puffing coarse weed from a long clay pipe in company with Parr, who was careful in obtaining finer sorts, and the doctor in astonishment asked him how he acquired this "prodigious power!" Lamb answered, "By toiling after it, as some men toil after virtue."

parading his lithe person on horseback through the most fashionable streets. "Every look and gesture," writes Mr. Shiel, "indicated a self-sufficiency carried to an excess almost amounting to the delirium of conceit. Everything about him denoted flippancy and pertness. A light ecclesiastical hat was perked with such a nicety and airiness upon the apex of his head, that it studiously, and of malice prepense, left room for his haughty forehead to display itself. The powder with which his hair was lightly sprinkled was fresh and delicate, while a slender queue depended gracefully between his shoulders, and even this petty appendage exhibited a coxcombical inclination. His neckcloth was knotted with precision, and assisted by its stiffness in upholding him in that neatness of bearing which he carefully observed. A jerkin, which fitted his well-turned person with an admirable adaptation, was closely buttoned to the top, and gave his figure a spruce and compact air. In trotting along, he was busily engaged in watching the passengers, and observing what quantity of deference he received from

“ them ; and though obviously an object of
“ joke rather than respect, he imagined that
“ every eye was fixed on him in veneration.”

Thus cutting criticism clipped the wings which had primarily flapped with bantam confidence. Dr. Whately would seem to have plumed himself on forming a contrast to his predecessor, who united to the imperious deportment and indomitable ambition of Cardinal Wolsey the religious intolerance of John Knox. Dr. Magee's illiberality in religion and public policy are an authentic tradition ; and it has been recorded of Lord Sidmouth, as an impression of his visit to Ireland in 1821, that he never met a Churchman of more intense ambition. The mitre descended upon Dr. Whately most unexpectedly, and we believe that *nolo episcopari* was never uttered with more sincerity than in his case. “ For myself,” he writes, “ it is
“ well known to all my acquaintances in
“ England that I have always kept aloof (as I
“ ever shall) from all parties and from all
“ controversies, ecclesiastical and political,
“ and all my tastes and habits would have led
“ me (at any time, but, especially, at such a

“ period as the present) to prefer remaining
“ at Oxford to entering on an office of so
“ much difficulty and harassing toil as the
“ archbishopric presents. As far as my own
“ comfort and enjoyment are concerned, I
“ made a sacrifice.”

From the peculiar temperament of Archbishop Magee it is not extravagant to assume that if, by any *mal à propos* accident, the then Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin came before his path, Dr. Magee would have fanned his face with a religious tract preparatory to sinking into hysterics or syncope. Dr. Whately, on the other hand, had no sooner been installed than he began to cultivate friendly relations with Archbishop Murray. In a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1858, he alludes to this circumstance:—"I
“ have been amongst you now above a quarter
“ of a century, and a man whose life does not
“ testify to his principles had better say
“ nothing at all about them himself. During
“ that time I have been on intimate terms
“ with persons of various denominations—
“ several of them not of my own; one, in
“ particular, I may mention—the late re-

“spected Archbishop Murray. An intimacy
“always existed between us, and not only
“were we not hostile, but we were always
“friendly with each other. Of course, it
“must be very gratifying to me and the rest
“of my clergy to obtain the good-will and
“approbation of our fellow-citizens and coun-
“trymen; and it is an allowable gratification,
“provided it be not sought for, because the
“man who acts only to obtain applause
“thereby becomes undeserving of it.”

It may well be supposed that with so cordial a feeling regarding the head of the Roman Catholic Church in his diocese, Dr. Whately failed to encourage that acrimony of expression towards Dr. Murray, or his flock, of which Dr. Magee had been the frequent incendiary. There are several anecdotes related of Dr. Whately's attempts to eradicate the seeds of disunion sown in the vineyard of Dublin by industrious predecessors, and of his desire to lop off such offshoots of illiberal feeling as occasionally flung themselves forth before him. The caustic way in which he snubbed a young aide-de-camp, who at one of the Castle levees asked,

àpropos of Dr. Murray, who wore a cross—what was the difference between a Roman bishop and a jackass, was very characteristic. “One wears the cross upon his back, and the other upon his breast,” explained the A.D.C. “Do *you* know the difference between an aide-de-camp and a donkey?” asked Dr. Whately. “No?” said the other, interrogatively. “Nor I either,” was the reply.

This proneness to hard hitting, which even the Viceroy’s presence was unable to check, gave early rise to an impression of the Archbishop by no means exceptional or local. “In many matters of discipline,” records an Irish journal, which speaks the views of a large share of Dr. Whately’s clergy, “Archbishop Whately was very strict, and here again the strength of his convictions occasionally brought him into collisions in which he bore himself with characteristic inflexibility. More than once did he wage inhibitory war upon refractory curates or incumbents for acts which partook of the nature of breaches of etiquette rather than offences against faith or morals.”*

* *Dublin Evening Mail*, No. 8,267.

There can be no doubt that many clerics whom he pulled up for irregularity retain the latter impression, but all who are old enough to recollect the relaxed discipline which specially marked the See of Dublin during the earlier portion of the present century, will thank Dr. Whately for having with the same strong arm which tore up abuses in St. Alban's, strangled the scandals that had made Dublin a by-word. This condition of the diocese we have on the authority of Archbishop Magee, who, in one of his primary charges, deplores "the relaxed state of church discipline in this country," and especially in the diocese of Dublin, which "for a considerable series of years had been deprived of the advantages of effective episcopal control;" and that except during the time of his immediate predecessor, who ruled eighteen months only, "the discipline of this diocese might be said to have been totally neglected."*

The Rev. Dr. Wills tells us, when referring

* A Charge delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on the 24th October, 1822, by William Magee, D.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Archbishop of Dublin, p. 33.

to the same period, "The diocese of Dublin
" had fallen into much disorder; a lax disci-
" pline, together with other influences, had
" co-operated with the corruptions of a gay
" metropolis to secularize the clergy. The
" more right-minded and faithful of the pas-
" tors found themselves led and driven by
" the flocks committed to their care; while
" the carnal and self-seeking minister treated
" them with a mistaken scorn. The rural
" clergy of the diocese had in several in-
" stances allowed their benefices to grow into
" perfect sinecures, and divested themselves
" of every concern but their farms. The
" fact was, that for twenty years there had,
" properly speaking, been no bishop, as
" Archbishop Cleaver had been afflicted by
" a disqualifying disease; and his imme-
" diate successor, our present primate, had
" hardly taken possession when he was
" removed to Armagh."*

Dr. Magee having fallen into a state of complete inertia a few years later, much that he had aimed to accomplish remained undone;

* "Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen,"
vol. vi. p. 387.

and his successor, Dr. Whately, had therefore a task of no ordinary labour and delicacy to undertake.

We have quoted some expressions of dissatisfaction at the occasional severity of Dr. Whately's church discipline; and the same writer speaks of the "characteristic inflexibility with which the Archbishop supported the strength of his convictions." We shall soon come at the truth. His chaplain, the Rev. H. H. Dickinson, thus lays bare his heart:—"He was not, in his manful perseverance in duty, buoyed up by either hopefulness or stubbornness. Many persons are kept steady to the point and purpose by a sanguine temper or an obstinate disposition. Archbishop Whately was not naturally sanguine, but the reverse; and had he yielded to the bias of his natural constitution, he would have been overyielding, indulgent, and compliant. To anything like severity of discipline it was an effort of almost agony to bring himself, but he held firmly to truth and duty on principle. He formed his convictions and resolves upon sound reasons. Having

“made up his mind, he went straight on his
“way, as steadfastly as though he had never
“heard the voice of obloquy, while those who
“knew him well knew that he often went
“with a bleeding heart, feeling intensely the
“opposition of many whom he respected
“and loved, yet bating no jot of heart or
“hope.”

Dr. Whately, however, was often constrained to assume a repellant sternness of manner, in order to keep at a distance the host of hungry applicants for preferment who daily teased his patience. Excuses and pretexts dropped inexhaustibly from their glib tongues. Of these gentlemen, the Archbishop, as he said, “took the measure,” and he was soon able to recognize even the knocks and rings which heralded their approach.

Quoting La Rochefoucauld, he once said that self-interest speaks all sorts of languages and personates all kinds of parts, even that of disinterestedness. “There is
“none which the greedy petitioners for
“places personate so often. The trans-
“parent and disgusting hypocrisy of de-

“siring preferment purely for the good of
“the country and from a sense of public
“duty, is stated by Lord Brougham to be
“incessant. Once, on his remarking to
“Lord Melbourne, that nobody could tell
“till he came into office how base men were,
“the latter humorously replied, ‘On the
“ ‘contrary, I never before had such an
“ ‘opinion of human virtue, for I now find
“ ‘that self-denial is the sole motive in
“ ‘seeking advancement, and personal gain
“ ‘the only thing that is never dreamt
“ ‘of.’”

These rebuffs from the Palace fanned the flame of his unpopularity; but in the teeth of it he persevered with a strong arm in effecting much reform in his Church. “He
“was the first bishop,” says the Rev. Dr. Dickinson, “who introduced the practice of
“regular annual confirmations.”

He went to work in right practical earnest. “*Kindle the dry sticks,*” he would say, “*and*
“*the green ones will catch.* If you begin by
“attempting to reform and to instruct those
“who need reformation and instruction the
“most, you will often find them unwilling to

“ listen to you. Like green sticks, they will
“ not catch fire. But if you begin with the
“ most teachable and best disposed, when
“ you have succeeded in improving these,
“ they will be a help to you in improving the
“ others.”

To those who refused to kiss the crosier which smote them for their sins, Dr. Whately addressed such bits of logic as “ If a thing
“ is right to be done, it must be right that
“ somebody should do it. Is there any
“ reason why I should not be that some-
“ body ? ”

Dr. Whately was of opinion that “ the
“ irreligious or worldly-minded professor of
“ religion is more chargeable with impiety
“ than the unbeliever, who is, at any rate,
“ not living in the habitual defiance of a God
“ and Saviour whom he acknowledges. ‘ If
“ ‘ two men receive each a letter from his
“ ‘ father, and one of them, on very insuffi-
“ ‘ cient grounds, reject it as a forgery, he
“ ‘ is not surely more undutiful than the
“ ‘ other, who, recognizing it as a genuine
“ ‘ letter from his father, puts it away, and
“ ‘ utterly disregards all the injunctions

“ ‘it contains.’ ” He snubbed some, perhaps unconsciously, and scourged others.

In vain they retorted with one of his own apophthegms, that “ some men are very “ zealous for the reformation of a religion “ while indifferent to the religion itself that “ is reformed ”—all because he hated whining and cant. But his assailants, though many in the distance, were few to his teeth. To quote Dr. Whately’s words:—“ A lobster “ (and the same may be seen in a prawn) “ always *faces* you, as if ready to maintain “ his post, and do battle; but when you “ approach, he gives a flap with his tail, and “ flies back two or three feet; and so on, “ again and again; always showing his “ assailants a bold front, and always re- “ treating.—I have met with many such “ *men.*” He also met, he tells us, with “ snakes as venomous as the rattle-snake, “ only they had no warning *rattle.*”

Many injurious rumours having been let loose behind Dr. Whately’s back, he had some difficulty in seeing and seizing them. With one we find him grappling, in an address to “ the Inhabitants of Dublin,”

dated December 30th, 1832, and solemnly declaring that he was not, as had been alleged, “unfavourable to the religious observance of Sunday.”

These, and other vindictory expressions, did not prevent the Rev. W. Stopford from publishing, some years after, a pamphlet entitled “The Scriptural Account of the Sabbath, in contrast to Archbishop Whately’s Thoughts on the Sabbath.”

In conversation with his chaplains he referred to the charge of Socinianism, Arianism, and even the Sabellian heresy, which had been brought against him by persons who impaled passages from his works apart from their context. “Why, the same might be said of the Bible itself,” said Dr. Whately, “else we should never have heard of these sects, which appeal to it in support of their views.”

“Weak arguments are often thrust before my path; but although they are most unsubstantial, it is not easy to destroy them. There is not a more difficult feat known than to cut through a cushion with a sword.”

Meanwhile a hurricane of popular excitement, strongly revolutionary in its tendency, swept through the diocese of which Dr. Whately held a share of the reins. O'Connell endeavoured to hold in check the turbulent spirits whom he had largely contributed to evoke, exclaiming, "The man who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy;" but some burst through his hands, and, disregarding his reasoning, took refuge in illegal confederacies.* By these the diocese of Kildare

* An impression filled many minds that a struggle like that of '98 was not far off. In connection with this presentiment an amusing anecdote, which we gave in a former work, may perhaps be here repeated. The late Mr. Ronayne, M.P., while urging the people to put their own shoulders to the wheel for the redress of grievances, essayed to dissuade them from violence. In the midst of these pacific adjurations, a voice cried out, "The pikes! the pikes!" Mr. Ronayne, affecting not to observe the interruption, resumed his address; but he had not proceeded far when the same remark was again vociferated. The orator paused, but perceiving that the crowd had not taken up the cry, he raised his voice in the hope of regaining his attention, and proceeded for some minutes without further annoyance. The man, however, who had in the first instance started the interruption now found several ardent allies, and "*The pikes!*" "*the pikes! what about the pikes?*" resounded on every

—a portion of Dr. Whately's charge in the Protestant arrangement—was specially infested. But the powerfully persuasive voice of Bishop Doyle reached and wrung their hearts.

“Dearly beloved brethren,” one of his pastorals began,—“for though the world
“may justly reject and condemn you, you
“are still my children and the sheep of that
“fold, though you have strayed from it, of
“which I am the shepherd,—I have but just
“returned from that portion of the Collieries
“which are within my diocese, and from all
“but touching the lifeless corpses covered
“with blood of your companions—slain in

side. “You scoundrel!” exclaimed Mr. Ronayne, “you have been sent here and paid to disturb and
“debauch a peaceful meeting. But you shall be foiled
“in your thirst for blood, and if there be no one else to
“give you to the police, I’ll do so myself.” Saying which he sprang from the platform, and seized the arch-disturber by the collar; but it speedily transpired, to the infinite amusement of the meeting, that it was to turnpikes, and not to pikes of a more pointed character, the voice in the crowd alluded. About six-and-twenty years ago the turnpike system in Ireland was as obnoxious and oppressive as in Wales at a later date.

“the criminal and unprovoked attempt to
“rescue from the power of the law men
“accused and apprehended for offences which
“that law condemns.”

Tithe massacres continued, and thus the struggle between parties was quite as much of a religious as of a political character. In estimating the excited state of sectarian feeling at this time and the influences which led to it, it must be remembered that a formidable proselytizing movement, headed by Archbishop Magee, had just marched through Ireland.

“The controversial excitement,” writes an actor in the scene, “was actually frightful. “The Protestants were taught to look upon “the religion of the Catholics as a grand “magazine of immorality, infidelity, and “rebellion; whilst the Catholics regarded “their enthusiastic assailants as the victims “of a spiritual insanity, derived from an “infernal source.”*

“We are going on from hour to hour,”

* “Ireland and her Agitators,” by W. J. O'Neill Daunt.

writes Dr. Magee, "our Reformation making
" continual progress."*

Dr. Whately, although the successor of Dr. Magee in the see of Dublin, failed to prove his successor in the van of the New Reformation to which the premature death of its great apostle inflicted a serious blow. "In the Irish Church Missions" Dr. Whately took no part, and the practice, sanctioned by more than one bishop, of offering clothes and food as an encouragement to proselytism, met with a scathing condemnation from Dr. Whately, in a Charge "On the right Use of "National Afflictions" (pp. 4, 5). To the poison of polemics he administered more than one strong antidote, of which anon. Indeed it may be said that, instead of flinging forth barbed antitheses to rankle in the heart of Ireland, he "besought both parties to lay "aside all bitterness of animosity, and abstain "from branding each other too hastily as "persecuting bigots, or as lukewarm latitudinarians, or rashly to attribute to

* "Life, Times, and Correspondence of Bishop Doyle," vol. ii. p. 26.

“ their opponents motives which they dis-
“ avow.”*

It is impossible to doubt that the exasperated state of the Roman Catholic mind in Ireland at this eventful period was largely owing to the aggressive policy so long pursued by Archbishop Magee. Mr. D’Alton, in his Memoir of Dr. Magee, writes : “ He is known
“ to have prohibited the natives of the valley of
“ Glendalough from celebrating mass, as they
“ had heretofore done, in their ancient and
“ venerated cathedral of St. Kevin, availing
“ himself of his right as archbishop to the
“ ground on which the chapel stood.”

The same author adds (p. 360) that “ Dr.
“ Magee’s evidence before the House of
“ Lords could answer no national or chari-
“ table object to reprint.”

This aggressive policy reached its climax by the interruption of Archdeacon Blake in Kevin’s churchyard, when in the act of uttering a short prayer over the grave of Mr. D’Arcy. Dr. Blake, afterwards Roman Catholic Bishop of Dromore, writes : “ I did

* Bampton Lecture, No. 5, “ On Christ being the
“ only Priest under the Gospel.”

“ nothing which any layman might not law-
“ fully do—nothing which has not been done
“ by Catholic clergymen and Catholic laymen
“ under the administration of the most
“ bigoted prelates, and during the most per-
“ secuting periods of former times. Yielding
“ to the request of a near and venerable
“ relative of the deceased, I took off my hat
“ to assuage, by a short condoling prayer,
“ the sorrows of the living—to implore per-
“ petual rest and peace for the departed soul ;
“ and at this moment, and without any other
“ provocation, the order of Dr. Magee was
“ rung in my ear—that I must not offer
“ any prayer over that grave ! Gracious
“ heavens ! is there a country in the universe
“ so degraded as Ireland ? ”

Dr. Blake added, that he had appeared in no official costume, but simply in his walking dress, and refrained from reading the service which is prescribed in the Catholic ritual for such occasions.

The Archbishop's conduct, we may add, was brought before Parliament in a petition signed by James Edward Devereux and Eneas MacDonell.

To the stern political consistency of Dr. Whately Dr. Magee presented an unpleasant contrast. "His conduct had given disappointment to the Whigs," records his eulogist, the Rev. Dr. Wills. The facts are these:—His college politics—indeed the entire antecedents of his life—were extremely moderate. "Show me your company, and I will tell you who you are." From his earliest years he was the inseparable friend and confidant of Mr. Plunket, the great champion of Catholic Emancipation. They were born under the same roof, for a time occupied the same cradle, and more than once were nurtured from the same breast. When the Marquis of Wellesley assumed the Government of Ireland, on a scale of policy so new and liberal that Orangism sought to wreak its vengeance by offering personal violence to that great statesman, Mr. Plunket and Doctor Magee were amongst the first selected by him for aiding in the development of his wise and liberal views. Dr. Magee, however, had been no sooner enthroned as Archbishop of Dublin, than he flung aside the mantle of moderation

with which he had too successfully concealed his real views, and instead of a lawn-attired prelate beaming with peace and good-will, Ireland beheld a figure equipped for a tournamental tilt, with lance in rest rather than with crosier grasped.

The Rev. Dr. Sadleir, afterwards Provost of Trinity College, a man of liberal and progressive mind, took occasion to express regret that Dr. Magee, from the hour he became Archbishop, had proved unfaithful to the cause in which his Grace and Plunket had been from their youth associated. It is right to record that Archdeacon Magee, the Archbishop's son, undertook a vindication of his parent, and published it in the *Dublin Evening Mail* (No. 2188); but he could not execute this filial duty without casting, with hereditary animus, barbed stabs around.

“ Lord Plunket has been equally consistent
“ in his pretended zeal for the temporal rights
“ of the Church by his parliamentary conduct; declaring in the House of Commons
“ (his seat for the College being at stake)
“ ‘that invasion of Church property was
“ ‘equivalent to the invasion of private pro-

“ ‘perty ;’ and when promoted to the peer-
 “ age, admitting the principle of its destruc-
 • “ tion, by voting for the Appropriation
 “ Clause. My father proved his consistency,
 “ for when he found Lord Plunket avowedly
 “ changing his professed principles, and his
 “ son, the Rev. William Plunket, subscribing
 “ to the building of *the Mass-houses* in his
 “ district, he refused to give him that part
 “ of the benefice of Bray which was in his
 “ gift.”*

From this date Dr. Magee sank rapidly. Like the stately elm, to which Swift directed the attention of Dr. Young, he died at the top first. During the last two years of his life he used to sit for whole days on the banks of a rivulet in his demesne at Stillorgan, moodily contemplating the onward movement of the water. The moral retirement and pastoral peace of his position—with no

* The Rev. William Plunket, thus referred to by Archdeacon Magee, is no other than the present Lord Plunket, Bishop of Tuam, whose anti-Catholic aggressions, since his elevation to the episcopacy, were brought before the House of Lords a few years ago by Lord Brougham.—ED.

noise to break it, unless the buzzing of a bee in quest of honey—contrasted curiously with the activity of his early life, and the turbulent waves on which, at a later period, he rode to fame and fortune. He had lucid intervals, during which he well knew that the dome of his once strong intellect had fallen. Did the old man eloquent ever feel like Marius mourning over the ruins of Carthage?

It is only a wonder that the penalties of an overtasked mind had not sooner overtaken Dr. Magee.* We are informed by his biographer, the Rev. Dr. Wills, that

* Physiologists are of opinion that “the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that those are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving lunatics; thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these:—1. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep. 2. That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate.”

during the uphill work of early life “it was
“ mostly between two and three hours after
“ midnight that he retired worn out to his
“ bed, from which he was to rise before five
“ in the morning to his daily round of
“ labour.”*

Dr. Magee had, indeed, some great points in his character, but he was not without further foibles, which completely contrasted with Dr. Whately.

So completely inoculated were the Protestant clergy of Dublin with the virus of Dr. Magee's retrogressive view, that the liberal principles of Dr. Whately startled them every day more unpleasantly. They could never forgive the man who supported Catholic Emancipation, and applauded “the apostasy of Peel,” in reference to that great question. To thoroughly understand the feeling of the clergy, it is necessary to be quite familiar with the last acts in the reign of Archbishop Magee. The Rev. Dr. Wills, who has had access to Dr. Magee's papers, states :—

* “Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen,”
by James Wills, D.D., A.M., vol. vi. p. 369.

“ This year he succeeded with much difficulty in persuading the Irish bishops to join in a petition to the King, that he would not violate his coronation oath by assenting to the Emancipation Act. He was apprised by an eminent physician that a journey to London to present this would seriously endanger his life. He was at the time confined to his chamber, and subject to a debilitating course of medical treatment; but he would not be withheld from what he regarded the service of his Master, by any consideration, and left his room to travel to London. Happily the journey had a reviving effect, such as, doubtless, is generally incidental to persons of much activity of mind when relieved from the suspense of inaction by the beginning of some decided course. In London a delay of four weeks occurred: the members of the Government, unfriendly to the object of his journey, interposed such delays as they could invent. The deputation was, however, at last reluctantly admitted to an audience: it was headed by the Archbishop, as, at the time appointed, the

“ Primate was otherwise occupied in the
“ same cause. The bishops were graciously
“ received,—the King requested them to sit,
“ and placed the Archbishop by his side.
“ The Archbishop addressed him with his
“ usual force, clearness, and elegance of
“ style; he was heard with attention and
“ interest; and, when he had concluded, the
“ King replied with great earnestness. Hav-
“ ing laid his hand on the Archbishop’s
“ knee, he ‘thanked him and the Irish
“ ‘bishops for their effort to strengthen his
“ ‘hands. They had done their duty,’ he
“ said; ‘he knew how his revered father
“ ‘would have acted’ [he shed tears in re-
“ ferring to his father]; ‘but what,’ he
“ added, ‘can I do? I cannot command a
“ ‘Ministry capable of conducting matters
“ ‘in the difficult position in which we are
“ ‘placed. There is, indeed, my old friend
“ ‘Eldon; and a star has arisen in the Com-
“ ‘mons (Sadleir); but beyond those I know
“ ‘not to whom I should turn. . . .
“ ‘I have not the steadiness of my father,
“ ‘and I am weakened with illness.’ This was
“ the last public effort of Archbishop Magee,

“ who returned home dejected and broken
“ in spirit ; for he saw the ills to come.”

The late Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil, in an interesting article contributed by him to the *New Monthly Magazine* in October, 1827, complains that, “ in the midst of the
“ recent public distress, Archbishop Magee
“ had closed his hand and shut his heart
“ to the cries and moans of the wretches
“ who were suffering in fever and in famine
“ around him.”

This, we doubt not, is an exaggeration ; but the munificence of Archbishop Whately’s charity it would be difficult to exaggerate. “ A theoretical political economist of the
“ severest order,” observes one who knew him well, “ he was charitable as an almsgiver
“ even to a fault.”

One of Archbishop Magee’s last acts was to inclose £100 to a Brunswick Association, which had for its object the defeat of civil and religious liberty, by foiling Roman Catholic emancipation, as well as the enfranchisement of Dissenters. Dr. Whately was as generous in heart and hand as he was liberal in principle. In the task of

charitable disbursement Dr. Whately found in his wife a zealous ally. It has been asserted by the editor of the *Irish Times*, that “during the dreadful famine years, “1847-48, they gave to Irish suffering, out “of their own privy purse (over and above “what they collected and disbursed from “others’ benevolence) more than £8,000.”

It may, perhaps, be interesting and significant to add, that Dr. Magee, who was Archbishop of Dublin for nine years only, died worth forty-six thousand pounds; while Dr. Whately, whose reign lasted thirty-two years, died worth thirty-nine thousand pounds.*

Dr. Whately in his sermons rarely failed to denounce any preference of the perishable riches of this world to the “treasure which “neither rust nor moth doth corrupt, and “where thieves do not break through and “steal.”†

The subject of miracles was one very much discussed in Dublin some five-and-thirty

* Irish Probate Court. The will was administered to on 8th September, 1831.

† “Sermon on Christian Saints,” 1848, p. 38.

years ago. Archbishop Murray publicly authenticated some miraculous cures wrought by the Rev. Alexander, Prince de Hohenlohe. Baron Smith, in a metaphysical pamphlet, impugned the Prince's power. Drs. Collis, Cheyne, and Crampton, who had begun to find themselves supplanted by the more dexterous interposition of the Doctor of Divinity, laboured to prove that the recovery of Miss Stewart, of Dublin, and others, was entirely attributable to natural causes. Dr. Dickinson, afterwards Anglican Bishop of Meath, and private secretary to Dr. Whately, published a portly pamphlet on the subject, addressed to Archbishop Murray and J. K. L.

Dr. Whately did not enter the lists on this particular question ; but some able remarks which he expressed in reference to miracles of a more exalted character were hailed with interest.

“ Is it not, *cæteris paribus*, a greater effort “ of faith,” he said, “ to *expect* a miracle “ beforehand, than to believe in the narrative of a past one? For in this latter “ case there is, on the opposite side, the

“ difficulty, whatever it may be, of accounting
“ for a *false* narrative of a matter of fact ;
“ whereas, in regard to what is future, how
“ much sooner some may *expect* it, then
“ *expectation* is a matter of *opinion*. And a
“ groundless expectation, or other opinion,
“ is, as a general rule, less strong than a
“ groundless narrative. And yet many there
“ have been who have professed to disbelieve,
“ or to reject all miraculous narrative, and
“ many more who find in these their chief
“ difficulty, yet possess a firm expectation,
“ unencumbered by any sense of difficulty,
“ of the *greatest of all miracles*,—a future
“ life.”

Dropping from the sublime to the ridiculous, and even at the risk of being charged with sacrilege, we shall conclude this chapter with a comic anecdote which Dr. Whately often amused a chosen few by telling. An Irish parson of the old school, in whom a perception of the ludicrous was developed with Rabelaisian breadth of appreciation, was asked by a clodhopper to explain the meaning of a miracle. “ Walk on a few paces before me,” said his Reverence ; which having done, the

peasant was surprised to feel in the rear a kick, administered with telling energy. "What did you do that for?" exclaimed the man, angrily. "Simply to illustrate my meaning," replied the cleric, blandly. "If you had not felt me, it would have been a miracle."

There were some eccentric parsons in Ireland in those days. The homily of one having been interrupted by two dogs, which began to fight in church, he descended the pulpit and endeavoured to separate them. On returning to his place, the clergyman, who was rather an absent man, asked the clerk, "Where was I awhile ago?" "Wasn't yer Riverence appaising the dogs?" responded the other.

CHAPTER V.

DR. WHATELY accomplished, without much flash or flourish, three or four difficult achievements, while the hurricane to which we have referred was still roaring round him. He delivered before a Parliamentary Committee on Irish tithes, a mass of evidence so voluminous and clear, that it was a general marvel how any man who had not been a prominent actor in or very close observer of the anti-tithe agitation, could gather all at once the body of information, accompanied by such carefully digested inferences and suggestions which he flung before Parliament. To his sinew and muscle is also largely owing that Herculean labour—the reform of the Irish Church. Few English readers need to be told that a very essential difference existed, and still

exists, between the Established Church in England and the Established Church in Ireland.

“Many honourable gentlemen,” said Mr. Grote, “recommend to identify the principle “ of the English Church Establishment with “ that of the Irish Church Establishment. “ I am perfectly sure that by thus trying to “ identify them, they drag down the one much “ more than they elevate the other. Not “ only are they not the same; but they are, “ in every point of view, totally different, “ both in spirit and principle.

“ There is but one case in all European “ experience in which the greater portion of “ the Church temporalities has devolved— “ not to the Government—not to the majority “ of the people; but to the religion of a “ small and inconsiderable minority; that “ case is the Church of Ireland.”

The leading thinkers raised their hands and voices in earnest protest against it.

To Dr. Whately's labours in the cause of Church Reform we shall presently recur.

Another signal achievement of his was the foundation, in Trinity College, Dublin, of a

chair of Political Economy—although regarded by some of the academic heads as the thin end of a wedge, having for its object the utter overthrow of the University. A full history of this struggle will be found anon. His fourth achievement was the adroit manner in which, after some hesitation on their part, he won the cordial co-operation of Archbishop Murray and the bulk of the Catholic hierarchy, in establishing the great scheme of national education.

Archbishop Whately, the Duke of Leinster, and the late Provost Sadleir, were selected to represent the Irish branch of the Church of England.* Archbishop Murray was present at the first meeting of the Board, held on the 1st December, 1831, and after a considerable discussion

* The dates of the appointment, &c., of the original Commissioners are as follows :—

| | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------|---------------|
| Leinster, the Duke of, | Nov. 26th, 1831, | retired 1840 |
| Whately, Archbishop, | „ „ | 1853 |
| Murray, Archbishop, | „ | died 1852 |
| Sadleir, Rev. Dr., Provost T.C.D. | „ | retired 1851 |
| Carlile, Jas., Rev. Dr., Res. Com. | „ | resigned 1838 |
| Blake, Rt. Hon. A.R. (R. Catholic) | „ | died 1849 |
| Holmes, Robert, Esq., | „ | retired 1847 |

of the principle and its details, all agreed that the scheme was utterly Utopian. The Board dispersed; but, rallying under the leadership of Dr. Whately, it was subsequently proposed that two Bibles—the authorized and the Douay versions—should be used in the schools. Dr. Murray agreed, provided that the explanatory notes were not omitted. To this Dr. Whately objected, and the whole scheme seemed again on the verge of ruin, when the arrangement too well known to need repetition was made.

There was no man more fond than Dr. Whately himself of making explanatory notes and comments on texts of Scripture. In his essay on "Election," Dr. Whately remarks of the verse, "For many are called
" but few chosen," spoken by our Lord;
" The word 'chosen' is not in this instance
" (as the word is more commonly employed)
" chosen to a privilege merely, but to ultimate reward—chosen as having rightly
" availed themselves of that privilege—
" selected from among the faithless and
" disobedient, to 'enter into the joy of their
" 'Lord.' Not that in these cases the word

“ ‘chosen’ is used in different *meanings*, but
“ that its *application* is different ; both par-
“ ties are in the same sense ‘chosen,’ but
“ the things *to which* they are chosen are
“ different.” And then he refers to his own
work on “ Logic and Fallacies.”

For these and other interpretations, Dr.
Whately was warmly taken to task by the
Calvinistic clergy of Ireland. “If,” ex-
claimed a member of the University of
Dublin, “ the plain and simple word ‘chosen’
“ must be understood in one solitary passage
“ in a sense different from that in which it
“ elsewhere occurs, and if, in order to meet
“ the strain which is thus necessarily put
“ upon the word, the reader is referred to
“ ‘Logic’ and Logical ‘fallacies,’ I say,
“ and I say it deliberately, the sooner the
“ Bible is a closed book to the poor, plain,
“ unlearned, but sincere Christian, the better.
“ What knows *he* of ‘logic’ and ‘fallacies’?
“ How can *he* refer to the mysteries of a
“ science, of which he knows not even the
“ elements, for the meaning of a plain and
“ simple word, which his Lord and Saviour
“ has used in one of his parables, and which

“ is frequently repeated in Scripture, in its
“ plain, simple, and popular meaning ?

“ To *him* then be it a closed book ! for,
“ in his ignorance, he will extract the poison
“ of error instead of imbibing the honey of
“ life. Roll up the sacred volume again—
“ enshrine it from the gaze of the vulgar.
“ Away with it from the touch of the pro-
“ fane ! ”

The intimacy which subsisted between the two Archbishops will be best illustrated by anecdotes. When crossing Carlisle Bridge one day, on their way to a meeting of the Board, looking over the balustrades, Dr. Whately inquired of Dr. Murray if he had ever seen that river before. Those who remember the habitual reserve and caution of that venerable prelate's replies will be surprised to hear that he promptly responded, “ Often ! ” “ Eh,” replied Dr. Whately, “ how can you say
“ that ? The river which you saw the last
“ time you looked over the bridge is far
“ enough off by this time.” With such banter as this Dr. Whately often tried to put Dr. Murray into good humour. On another occasion Dr. Whately appeared at

the Board with a stick of which he seemed unusually careful. "Do you know what this is?" he said; "it's the midrib of a palm blessed by the Pope. I got it from a friend just returned from Rome"—which was perfectly true.

We have mentioned that when Dr. Murray agreed to have the Bible read in school with the notes, Dr. Whately objected. Some of the members were of opinion that the name of religion, or even an allusion to it, should never be made by the teachers to their pupils. "What you require is impossible," replied Dr. Whately. "Suppose a child in reading heathen mythology asks his instructor if Jupiter is the true God, is the master to remain silent?"

He is said to have remarked of this as of other good systems, that it should be formed like a judiciously-made garment, with tucks in it. The system, thus made, would be capable either of letting out or contraction, according to fashion or other circumstances.*

The preliminaries having been smoothed

* Among some proverbs from the pen of Dr. Whately,

by the tact of Whately, the rival Archbishops, from the year 1832 to the death of Dr. Murray in 1852, worked together with a cordiality unexampled in the annals of Ireland. Whether Dr. Murray's flock or Dr. Whately's flock were on the whole gainers or losers by the alliance, we may elsewhere discuss. Owing to Dr. Whately's tact, two inharmonious extremes were for a considerable time welded together. He seems to have so thoroughly ingratiated himself into the confidence of the Roman Catholic members of the Board, that the late Sir Thomas Redington used to say, that, in the absence of Dr. Murray, the rights of Roman Catholics were ever ready to be defended by Dr. Whately, who was accustomed to remark,

appended to one of the National School books, we find the following aphorism and note :—

“ Wide will wear, but tight will tear.”

“ As a dress that is too tight will be apt to burst, so
“ as to afford no covering at all ; so, laws and regulations
“ which too closely fetter men's actions are apt to be
“ broken through in practice, and thus lead to complete
“ disorder ; while more moderate restrictions would have
“ been strictly enforced.”

“ We have no security for the system being
“ impartial as regards ourselves, unless we
“ afford the same protection to others.”

Lord Grey and Mr. Stanley would seem to have calculated on Dr. Whately, from the beginning, as an indispensable instrument in working out the scheme of National Education. Dr. Whately was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin on October 23rd, 1831, and Mr. Stanley's celebrated letter inaugurating the system of united education is dated the 31st of the same month.

But we have it on the authority not only of the Archbishop himself, but of the late Earl Grey and the present Earl of Derby, that His Grace, in accepting the office, was neither required to give, nor did he proffer, any pledge as to the course which he should follow. Mr. Stanley calculated that the scheme must succeed, and meet with cordial adoption from the two great religious parties in Ireland, if the co-operation of the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Archbishops of Dublin could be secured. But Mr. Stanley had yet to learn that Doctors of Divinity, as well as Doctors of Medicine, differ ; and it

did not follow that because Dr. Murray embraced the project, Dr. MacHale embraced it also ; and the painfully caustic letters of animadversion which the lion of St. Jarlath's addressed to Dr. Murray through the medium of the public press will not soon be forgotten in Ireland. Minor Mitres followed in the wake of the Archbishop of the West, and discharged from their dioceses an irregular fire of periodic pastorals ; but other Catholic Bishops poured oil into the wounds thus made by their brethren, and for more than twenty years a complete absence of unanimity pervaded their councils on this vexed question.

Archbishop MacHale's attitude was, from the beginning, uncompromising.

"There is not a scene," writes His Grace, "however revolting to good taste, or degrading to humanity, or fatal to religion, that you will not find the mistaken benevolence of some of the degenerate daughters of Ireland enlisted in its support. Whether it is a Jullien denaturalizing our beautiful melodies into exotic waltzes, or a Soyer degrading humanity by experiments only fitted

“ for fowl upon the water, or a Whately
“ insulting our nation by his historical false-
“ hoods, and infecting its faith by his foreign
“ heresies, you will be sure to find them
“ countenanced by those whose patronage
“ should be reserved for higher and holier
“ objects ;”—and Archbishop MacHale went
on to complain that some leading Catholics,
who knew “ as much of the canonicity of the
“ sacred books as of the Cosmogony of the
“ Budists, ladled, *à la* Soyer, out of the
“ steaming caldron of this heterodox prelate
“ the most deleterious doses of uncatholic
“ doctrine for the caged urchins of those
“ antinational schools. It is no wonder if
“ famine should come upon the land, and if
“ the Divine wrath should be enkindled, when
“ such scenes are acted before high Heaven
“ on the theatre of Catholic Ireland.”

Mr. Stanley's calculation that if, in the
event of a Protestant “ Archbishop of Dublin
“ and Primate of Ireland ” leading the van
of his new education movement, the key to
Protestant co-operation, generally, would be
attained, was equally at fault. In the famous
Parliamentary Inquiry of 1837, Doctors

Elrington, Boylan, Murray (not the Roman Catholic Archbishop, but the Protestant Dean of Ardagh), and many other exponents of strong Evangelical feeling, were examined, and one and all indignantly repudiated Archbishop Whately, and his colleague at the board, Provost Sadleir, as men possessing the confidence of the Protestants of Ireland, or as entitled to represent its Establishment. An assertion industriously circulated and for some years very generally believed, and which had the effect of greatly increasing Dr. Whately's unpopularity with the Protestants of Ireland, was fully investigated on the occasion just named. It had been alleged that on the death of Dr. Magee, the Government offered to more than one divine the Archbishopric of Dublin, hampered with some stringent provisoes in the event of its acceptation. Dr. Bisset, Bishop of Raphoe, was specially indicated; but having—as the report said—declined to take a leading part in carrying out the scheme of National Education, the offer was then made to Dr. Whately. “The Report of the Commissioners in 1837” records the evidence of

Lord Grey, Lord Stanley, Lord Anglesey, Sir William Gossett, and other high functionaries of the Crown, who must well have known if any such proposals had been made ; and they all concurred in giving the most unqualified contradiction to the assertion. No offer of the see had been made to Dr. Bisset at all ; but a translation to Derry, which fell vacant at the same time, was tendered to him, but which, owing to advanced age, he declined. The rumour was mainly traced to Mr. William Bisset, the Bishop of Raphoe's nephew, who reiterated it with much firmness, before the committee by whom he was examined at large.

“ Is your recollection quite distinct,” he was asked, “ that one of the reasons he “ (Bishop Bisset) gave to yourself for refusing “ the Archbishopric of Dublin, was that he “ did not like to sit on the Board of Education with Dr. Murray, with whom he “ was not likely to agree ?—Perfectly.”*

But we must not anticipate. Returning to the year 1832, we may observe that Dr.

* “ Report on Education in Ireland,” vol. vii. Part II. p. 1073.

Whately's acceptance of a seat at the Board of National Education took his clergy by surprise, a feeling which soon gave place to a ferment of indignation, while addresses of remonstrance, couched in cautious but resolute language, flooded the Palace of Dublin. To the more respectful and moderate expostulations, Dr. Whately replied, by unfolding much severe argument in support of the principle of National Education. But,

“ He that complies against his will

“ Is of his own opinion still ;”

and although some of the clergy were won to his views, the majority left more than ever wedded to previous prepossessions ; and we are assured that many of them would not, for any consideration, have been without a grievance, real or imaginary, so as in some degree to justify a persecution of their unpopular pastor.

The clergy of Dublin found in those of remote dioceses a stanch and zealous ally.

“ We, the undersigned clergy of the diocese of Derry,” began a formidable document, “ having seen with deep and painful concern “ the contemplated plan of National Edu-

“ cation for Ireland, consider it a paramount
“ duty respectfully to bring before your
“ Grace, as the representative of the Church
“ of Ireland in the new Board of Education,
“ the aspect under which that plan presents
“ itself to us. Under the most calm and
“ deliberate view of that plan, we feel bound
“ to declare that we would consider it as a
“ compromise of principle and conscience, as
“ inconsistent with the reverence which we
“ bear towards the oracles of God, as an
“ abandonment of our ministerial faithfulness
“ and a breach of that true Christian love
“ and honour which is due from us to your
“ Grace’s station in the Church’s ministries,
“ if we did not raise our voice at this perilous
“ crisis, solemnly to protest to your Grace,
“ and through you to the Government and
“ the nation, against the system proposed.
“ Independent of all objections to the subor-
“ dinate details of the education measure, the
“ ground of our protest is simple and plain :
“ as ministers of God’s words we cannot, we
“ dare not, become a party to any system of
“ parochial instruction in which the Bible,
“ as given by the Spirit of God through the

“ prophets and the apostles, is to be considered as a book outlawed and exiled for its dangerous tendencies to the commonwealth, and in which its place is to be supplied by partial selections, framed at the discretion, and accommodated to the expediency or the worldly policy of men.”

Ere the year 1832 had expired, a visitation more appalling than even the new Archbishop befell the Irish Church! We do not allude to the question of Church Reform, though that was bad enough. Asiatic cholera visited Ireland for the first time, and from the novelty of the visitation, as well as the mystery in which its medical history was involved, a feeling of alarm prevailed much more intense than that which hailed it on a subsequent occasion. There was a dreadful panic among the parsons, many of whom, instead of bending over the cholera couches of their flocks, transferred their operations from Bally-this and Kilma-that, to Cheltenham and Harrogate.

His Charge on the cholera is, we believe, the only production of Dr. Whately which, in after-years, he wished unwritten. He did his

best to suppress it everywhere ; and it is hardly necessary to add that it obtains no place among the bound collections of his various charges—many of them branded “Not Published”—which he presented to public libraries. As the Charge is extremely scarce, a few extracts from it may be interesting. In the following paragraph we trace the same views as in one of the most striking of his inspired Bampton Lectures, in which he said that the deathbed repentance of a sinner is the only kind whose sincerity cannot be proved to “himself or others by yielding fruits ; and “because it is the only kind to which Scripture “makes no promises, and to which, consequently, we have no right to make any.”

Writing on the cholera, Dr. Whately said :
“It is our business to preach the Gospel—to
“instruct men in its doctrines—to admonish
“the erroneous or irreligious—to rouse the
“sluggish—to comfort the weak-hearted.
“But for all these offices the bed of pain and
“sickness, and especially the deathbed, are
“the very least fitted. It is not for the sake
“of saving yourselves trouble and disquiet, but
“for the sake of saving men’s souls from being

“ lost through a fatal delusion, that I wish you
“ continually and earnestly to exhort them
“ not to trust to a deathbed repentance—not
“ to think of gaining a knowledge of their
“ religion when the mind is enfeebled by
“ bodily weakness and distracted by bodily
“ pain; not to think of ‘working out their
“ ‘own salvation,’ when ‘the night cometh in
“ ‘which no man can work’—nor to imagine
“ that a minister’s praying over them and
“ reading to them, and administering to them
“ in their last moments the holy sacrament,
“ which they had till then obstinately refused,
“ will be accepted as a substitute for a Chris-
“ tian life.”

Dr. Whately went on to say that a Roman Catholic, who trusts in the efficacy of Extreme Unction, is bound to apply to a priest to administer it, “ and the priest will be ready, at
“ the utmost hazard of his life, to impart what
“ he considers those spiritual helps which,
“ according to his creed, make the difference
“ of a soul’s being saved or lost eternally.
“ But I should say,” he added, “ that a Pro-
“ testant who considers himself to be labour-
“ ing under any infectious disease, is bound

“ to abstain from exposing his pastor to
“ the risk of infection; believing, as every
“ Protestant is bound to do, that there is
“ nothing in his religion at all corresponding
“ to the Extreme Unction of the Roman
“ Church. When the foolish virgins, in the
“ parable, found their lamps going out, it was
“ in vain that they applied to their companions
“ for assistance, just when the Bridegroom
“ was at hand.

“ I feel sure that no sense of personal dan-
“ ger will deter you from doing your duty as
“ Christ’s ministers on any occasion where
“ you can be of real service to the souls of
“ men. But I am anxious to testify against
“ the unfairness of drawing comparisons be-
“ tween men of different persuasions, who
“ may be perhaps equally conscientious in
“ acting, each according to his own faith. One
“ who believes, for instance, in purgatory, and
“ in the efficacy of masses for the deliverance
“ of souls from it, would be inhuman if he
“ did not provide masses to be said for the
“ souls of his friends; but it would be absurd
“ to blame a Protestant for not doing what
“ he is convinced would be inefficacious and
“ superstitious.”

Equally original was the logic which went on to argue, among other points, that “one who believes in the efficacy of confession to a priest, and of Extreme Unction, would be bound, under all circumstances, to call in the aid of a priest to himself and his friends; and if himself a priest, to administer it to all who need it. But the faith of Protestants being the reverse of all this, it would be absurd to reason from the one case to the other, as if they were alike.

“I am not entering, you will observe, into any discussion of the question between our Church and that of Rome. I merely mean to point out that those who *do* adhere to our Church ought to conform to her principles. Tell your hearers to embrace either our faith or that of the Roman Catholics, whichever they are convinced is the truest; but to be consistent, and not to mix together articles of faith that are incompatible with each other.”

The apostle James urges the sick “to bring in the priests,” or, as King James’s Bible has it, “the elders of the Church.” To the

sick, Dr. Whately said, "Don't send;" to the elders, "Don't go." In a more wholesome vein was the Archbishop's concluding remark: "May He who 'causeth all things to work together for good to them that love Him' be pleased to bless and prosper your endeavours in His cause, and make this awful visitation of sickness an instrument for recalling the irreligious from their evil way, and bringing them to the great Physician of souls."

Squibs, in prose and verse, were exploded at Dr. Whately's expense. One less pointed than his own exhaustless wit, said,—

"The pulpit is my place, come, hear me if you will,
"The doctor is the only one can physic you when ill."

Whatever real reasons may have urged the unpopular Archbishop to tell the clergy in a Charge that he did not consider them in conscience bound to attend calls from cholera patients, we cannot say; but if one of his objects was to make himself popular with parsondom, it certainly failed to prove a success. This Charge was still more unpopular with Roman Catholics; and twenty years

after, when Lord Shaftesbury introduced a bill for the official visitation of convents, which Dr. Whately supported, Archbishop Cullen, in an elaborate reply, made cruel reference to this mistaken and, as it was hoped, forgotten Charge:—

“There is no work of humanity or of charity,” he said, “in which they do not take a part. Many of the ladies who devote themselves to religion occupy themselves in the care of the sick and the dying; you find them in the cabin of the poor, administering relief and pouring the balm of consolation into the afflicted heart, or by the bed of sickness, preparing the departing soul for a happy eternity. When the cholera was ravaging the land, they were in our hospitals night and day inhaling the contagion of the place, and performing the most laborious offices in service of those stricken by pestilence. A dignitary of the Church Establishment, who has now become the assailant of these devoted females, may not be able to appreciate their heroism, having instructed his own ministers at that time not to approach

“ the infected, nor administer the rites laid
“ down in the Book of Common Prayer for
“ the visitation of the sick, lest they should
“ bring contagion into their own families;
“ but their merits have been recognized by
“ all that is liberal and generous in this
“ country, and we have often heard with
“ pleasure that in other regions Protestant
“ cities did not hesitate to decree monuments
“ to the Sisters of Charity who had sacrificed
“ their lives in attending the victims of
“ disease.”

The cholera swept Ireland. Doctor Arnold wrote to ask his old friend Whately what he really thought of this terrible visitation. “ Have you read,” he asks, “ the account of
“ the great fifty years’ pestilence of the sixth
“ century, or of that of the fourteenth, both
“ of which seem gradually to have travelled
“ like the cholera?” Arnold goes on to remind him of an expression of Agathias, that the old Persian and Egyptian philosophers held “ that there were certain perio-
“ dical revolutions of time, fraught with evil
“ to the human race, and others during
“ which they were exempt from the worst

“ sort of visitations. This is mysticism.
“ Yet, from Thucydides downwards, men
“ have remarked that these visitations do
“ not come single ; and although the connec-
“ tion between plague and famine is obvious,
“ yet that between plague and volcanic
“ phenomena is not so, and yet these have
“ been coincident in the most famous
“ instances of long-travelling pestilences
“ hitherto on record ; nor is there much
“ natural connection between the ravages
“ of epidemic disease and a moral and poli-
“ tical crisis in men’s minds, such as we
“ now seem to be witnessing.” *

In 1832, Dr. Whately undertook, in addition to his other labours, a repetition of that task which, after a toilsome struggle, he had already brought to a successful issue at Oxford. If he found a difficulty in popularizing the chair of Political Economy at Oxford, he found the difficulty increased tenfold in Dublin. The country seemed revolutionized by emancipation ; the Irish Church lay in an agony ; and the University of Dublin trembled for its existence. Dr.

* Stanley’s “ Life of Dr. Arnold.”

Whately sought an interview with the late Provost Lloyd, and expressed to him his intention of munificently endowing a Professorship of Political Economy in the college. Dr. Lloyd looked solemn, and said that he would consult some of the senior fellows. "They thought," said Dr. Whately many years after, "they thought that it was "all a scheme of mine to blow up the "University." The Provost at length consented, on condition that the Professor of Political Economy "should be of sound and safe "Conservative views. I was not a little "appalled at such a suggestion, involving "as it did the introduction of party politics "into a subject of abstract science—party "politics having about as much to do with "political economy as they had with manufactures or agriculture." The latter remark was frequently made by Dr. Whately in his public speeches—so much so that the Statistical Society, at whose meetings they were chiefly made, tried "to stop him at it;" but Dr. Whately felt and believed so strongly on the subject, that, like men damming up a river, as fast as they had him stopped in one

place he would burst out again in another. The last occasion on which he showed temper, in referring to this incident, was at the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, in 1858. Dr. Whately was chairman of the section of Economic Science, which sat in the new building of Trinity College, Dublin; and within the very walls that Doctor Lloyd had built, and in presence of the then Provost and Fellows, the Archbishop went out of his way to probe the old sore, adding, “I protest that not one of the academic heads absolutely knew what the term Political Economy meant.”

Sometimes, under the pressure of external influences, Dr. Whately would moderate his tone, and modify his retrospect. On concluding his address at the conclusion of the first session of the Dublin Statistical Society, we find him reported as follows :—

“ When he spoke of the satisfaction he felt on this occasion, he could not but advert to the attention, zeal, and exertions of the University professors in assisting in the cultivation and diffusion of this important science. To them the society owed much

“ of its success. He would not speak in the
“ presence of at least some of them now
“ present, as he would under other circum-
“ stances ; but this he would say, that the
“ University professors had shown their zeal
“ and desire to encourage the cultivation and
“ diffusion of the science of Political Economy,
“ and had also exerted themselves to create
“ a taste for the study of it. Let them look
“ back on the state of things previous to the
“ establishment of the professorship of Poli-
“ tical Economy in their university. Very
“ few thought at all of the subject, and the
“ few who did think of it entertained falla-
“ cious and erroneous notions relative to it.
“ As for himself, as in connection with the
“ subject, he (the chairman) considered him-
“ self but as removed from the University of
“ Oxford to that of Dublin ; and when, on
“ leaving that place, he retired from the chair
“ of Political Economy, he was of opinion
“ that a chair of Political Economy should be
“ established in the Dublin University ; and
“ that University, with their characteristic
“ liberality, acceded to his proposal, and
“ accepted the professorship. But at the

“time, the prevailing want of generally
“diffused knowledge on the subject of the
“science was such (and this he said to the
“credit of the University, for creating a
“professorship of a science of which there
“was no cultivation), that he hardly dared
“hope to succeed in finding a person well
“qualified to fill the office of professor of the
“science. This difficulty was not surprising
“to him, though disheartening; and were it
“not for the serious considerations it in-
“volved, the difficulty would have been
“laughable,”—and he then plunged into the
Lloyd episode, and adverted to the idea of
that eminent person, that a safe conservatism
should pervade the views of the Irish Pro-
fessor of Political Economy !*

The remainder of Dr. Whately’s speech

* Dr. Whately’s contumacious Archdeacon, Dr. Thomas Magee—the son and representative of Archbishop Magee—published a Letter in the *Evening Mail*, dated Jan. 2, 1837, in which he said :—“I am surprised that you did
“not allude to his Grace’s late allocation of ‘income’ for
“the endowment of a Professorship of Political Economy.
“Let the following fact testify whether his Grace has the
“benefit of our ancient *Protestant* University as much at
“heart as that of the ‘promulgation of his own peculiar

supplied some further authentic facts illustrative of the establishment of the chair in Dublin. "The matter was left finally to me, "and I consented that it should be so, on "condition that I should submit certain "questions with reference to the science, in "writing, to the several candidates, who "were to reply under symbolical names; I "being in perfect ignorance of the names of "the candidates. This was done; and to "my surprise I found that there were no less "than three candidates at the first election, "whom I found perfectly competent to "undertake the duty, and fill creditably the "chair of Political Economy. I said, to "my surprise, because I knew that this "science did not form any part of the collegiate course at the time. I pursued a

"'views:'—The Board of Trinity College elected Professor Butt as the most competent individual in this "country to discharge the duties of the Professorship, and "that, too, in direct opposition to the wishes and entreaties of his Grace. Professor Butt is the editor of "that able periodical, the *Dublin University Magazine*, "and is the unflinching and eloquent defender of *genuine* "Protestantism." The gentleman alluded to is Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., now M.P. for Youghal.

“ similar course at each subsequent vacancy,
“ and the difficulty was found to be, not
“ whether any of the candidates were com-
“ petent, but which was the most competent.
“ I may add, I did not know if there were
“ Englishmen, or members of an English
“ University, among the candidates; but it
“ was certain Irishmen were elected in every
“ case, though Englishmen were not ex-
“ cluded. Members of the English Univer-
“ sities were held eligible; and it was agreed
“ on that so poor a compliment should not
“ be paid to the Dublin University as to
“ leave it to be supposed that competition
“ was dreaded with members of the English
“ Universities. It was thought most ad-
“ visable to allow free competition; and it
“ was not considered that an Irishman would
“ have no chance in competition with an
“ Englishman. That was the principle of
“ free trade; and it would not be just or
“ right if free competition was to be restrained
“ by any restriction whatever. It was not
“ fair to hamper mental exertion, or confine
“ a privilege to any one locality, or to place
“ fair competition in science, any more

“ than in the arts or manufactures, under
“ any restriction or monopoly ; for where
“ such was allowed, competition ceased, in-
“ dustry became paralyzed and destroyed.”

People had long recoiled from the study of political economy as the driest of pursuits, Dr. Whately, therefore, endeavoured, quite as often playfully as seriously, to propagate a taste for it.

“ There is a story told of some gentleman,” he said, “ who, on being asked whether he
“ could play on the violin, made answer that
“ he really did not know whether he could or
“ not, because he had never tried. There is
“ at least more modesty in this expression of
“ doubt, than those show who discuss, with
“ the most unhesitating confidence, the most
“ difficult questions of political economy,
“ while not only ignorant, but *professedly*
“ ignorant, and designing to continue so, of
“ the whole subject ; neither having, nor pre-
“ tending to have, nor wishing for, any fixed
“ principles by which to regulate their judg-
“ ment on each point. And this glaring
“ absurdity they conceal from themselves,
“ and from each other, by keeping clear of

“ the title by which the science is commonly
“ designated, while the subjects which con-
“ stitute the proper and sole province of that
“ science, they do not scruple to submit to
“ extemporaneous discussion. Decisions on
“ questions concerning taxation, tithes, the
“ national debt, the poor-laws, the wages
“ which labourers earn, or ought to earn, the
“ comparative advantages of different modes
“ of charity, and numberless others, are
“ boldly pronounced, by many who utterly
“ disdain having turned their attention to
“ political economy. This is as if the
“ gentleman in the story just alluded to, had
“ declared his inability to play on the violin,
“ at the same time expressing his confidence
“ that he could play on the fiddle.”

Among those who cordially embraced the new science was Mr. John Barrington, of Dublin, who, in his will, dated July 14, 1834, bequeathed a generous sum for lectures throughout Ireland “ on political economy, “ in its most extended and useful sense, “ but particularly as relates to the conduct “ and duty of people to one another.” Mr. Barrington intended the lectures to aim at the working classes.

This cordial appreciation of political economy is daily widening in its influence. By those personal friends of Archbishop Whately, who, since his death, have been exerting themselves to raise a monument to his memory, it has been finally decided, that “ while it seemed to be the wish of some “ that the name of the Archbishop should be “ perpetuated by some monumental structure, “ it was generally felt to be more in harmony “ with the spirit of the age, and with the “ known views of the deceased prelate himself, that the memory of great men should “ be kept alive by being associated with some “ lasting work of public utility. Among the “ various institutions suggested, a permanent “ endowment for promoting the study of “ political economy in the University of “ Dublin was judged the most appropriate, “ as being an object to which all might “ subscribe, irrespective of creed or place, “ and which might safely be assumed to be “ entirely in unison with his own wishes, as “ indicated by his having originated, and for “ thirty years maintained from his private “ purse, a Professorship in that science.”

CHAPTER VI.

WE have elsewhere drawn a parallel between Doctors Whately and Magee. Dr. Whately might be further contrasted with his archiepiscopal predecessor. The inconsistency and injustice of compelling an impoverished people, forming the great bulk of the population, to contribute tithes to the Church of a minority, from which they derived no benefit or ministration, had long formed the theme of philanthropic pens and tongues. "May our hatred of tithes be as lasting as our love of justice," exclaimed J. K. L. "Resist with your last breath any attempt to deprive you of this inalienable right," appealed Archbishop Magee.*

* Dr. Magee's vigilance and activity on behalf of the tithes had known no rest. The Viceroy, Lord Wellesley,

Again, enthroned in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and charging his clergy, Magee said,* after noticing "difficulties which, after the
"acquiescence of centuries, this sharp-sighted
"age has discovered to inhere in the system,
"that the clergy, then, will leave to those,
"whose desire to invade their property
"makes it their interest to condemn every
"measure devised for its preservation, the
"task of opposing this law; and that they
"will both show a rational regard for their
"own interests, and a grateful sense of the
"care bestowed upon those interests by the
"Government, in forwarding, as far as in

mentioned to the Knight of Kerry that Dr. Magee had sought an interview with him on the subject.

"Magee, in protesting against the Tithe Bill and other
"innovations on the Church of Ireland, said that the
"fate of the English Church was involved in that of the
"Irish one. 'Pardon me,' says Lord Wellesley, 'the
"Churches differ materially; for instance, the English
"bishops wear wigs, and you don't wear any. I'll wig
"you, if you don't take care.'

"The knight seemed to think he did right in employ-
"ing this *persiflage* as the best method of getting rid of
"Magee's remark."—*Moore's Diary*, vol. iv. p. 141.

* Primary Charge, 24th October, 1822, by Wm. Magee, F.R.S., &c., Archbishop of Dublin, p. 39.

“ their power, the operation of the law, I do most confidently hope.”

Dr. Whately, on the other hand, strongly urged a commutation of tithes, and expressed a willingness to meet J. K. L., with the Viceroy for an umpire, in order to effect an amicable adjustment of this long-vexed question. But a more enlarged knowledge of its bearings convinced the Archbishop that this was easier said than done.

The proposal transpires in the following letter addressed to Bishop Doyle, by the Right Hon. Anthony Richard Blake, a Roman Catholic barrister, who, for several years, by backstairs influence, mainly carried on the Government of Ireland.*

* As Mr. Blake, in his capacity of political stage-manager, and puller of the wires of not a few active puppets, was always behind the scenes rather than prominently before the public, his name will be new to many English readers. He was to some extent the successor in that office, of a man of utterly opposite views, the Right Hon. William Saurin, an Orangeman. The Marquis Wellesley, in a conversation with Lord Melbourne, said :—

“ I think it right, before leaving Ireland, to prepare you for hearing it asserted by Mr. Saurin’s friends that

[*Private.*]

“ Chief Remembrancer’s Office, 12th Dec. 1831.

“ MY DEAR LORD,—

“ I went out to the Park this afternoon
 “ to inquire for the Lord-Lieutenant, and on
 “ my name being mentioned, his Excellency
 “ desired me to be shown into his closet,
 “ where the Archbishop of Dublin was with
 “ him on the tithe question. His Excellency
 “ is anxious that you should meet the Arch-
 “ bishop, and talk the subject over with him.
 “ The Archbishop’s views are, in my humble
 “ judgment, wise and just. He is decidedly
 “ for a commutation. The main difficulty
 “ sprang from the arrears due. The Arch-
 “ bishop says, if he could decide, he would
 “ say, ‘ Pay the arrears ; they are due by
 “ ‘ the law. The law binds you in conscience
 “ ‘ while it is law, but the law shall be

“ he was an ill-treated man. Now, I offered him the
 “ office of Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench—that
 “ was not ill-treating him. I further offered him a
 “ peerage—that was not ill-treating him. In truth, I
 “ had nothing else to offer Mr. Saurin except the Lord
 “ Lieutenancy of Ireland. To that, however, there were
 “ two objections :—first, *he had already held the office for*
 “ *fifteen years* ; and next, I—I was the Viceroy.”

“ ‘altered, and you shall never have to pay
“ ‘tithe again.’ If you have an hour or
“ two that you can devote to this all-vital
“ question, pray write and tell me what you
“ would recommend. I do hope that you
“ and the Archbishop may meet; and with
“ his Excellency for an umpire, I should
“ have no doubt of a sound arrangement
“ being settled between you.

“ Ever yours,

“ A. R. BLAKE.”

There is no evidence to show that Dr. Doyle met Dr. Whately as proposed. Had he done so, it would have been diamond cut diamond between them. Dr. Doyle, in reply, would doubtless have admitted, as in his letter to Lord Farnham, that the law sanctioned tithe; “ but the law had also sanctioned the
“ burning of witches, and the persecution
“ unto death of men, women, and children
“ for following the dictates of their own con-
“ science. Law sanctioned the slave-trade,
“ and all manner of monopoly, of feudal
“ tyranny, of rapine, prostitution, and fraud.
“ There was nothing in the history of man-
“ kind so absurd or iniquitous which might

“ not, at one period or another, claim the
“ sanction of the law.”

In Dr. Whately's evidence before the Committee on Irish Tithes many remarkable views and suggestions appear; but their interest was chiefly ephemeral, and we prefer to follow him through the now historic details of passive resistance, which had the effect of extorting a radical alteration of the law. Of this evidence, as a whole, Bishop Copleston records in his Diary, that it was delivered by the Archbishop “ with great clearness, “ precision, and impartiality.”*

“ All composition has been refused,” said Whately; “ every possible legal evasion has “ been resorted to, to prevent the incumbent “ from obtaining his due. A parish purse has “ been raised to meet law expenses for this “ purpose, and the result has been that in “ most instances nothing whatever, in others “ a very small proportion of the arrears, has “ been recovered. I know that in “ one parish some extensive farmers had

* “ Memoirs of Edward Copleston, D.D., Bishop of “ Llandaff,” p. 151.

“ reduced into writing a form of proposal for
“ a composition, and that the proposal was
“ signed by the parishioners at a fair in the
“ neighbourhood. The fair was held on
“ Saturday; and in consequence, as is sup-
“ posed, of Dr. Doyle’s letter having been
“ read and commented on next day, instead
“ of his receiving the proposal for composi-
“ tion, notices were served on the clergyman,
“ by those very persons, to take the tithe in
“ kind. He was forced to procure labourers
“ to the amount of sixty, from distant coun-
“ ties, and at high wages, who yet were
“ incapable of obtaining more than a small
“ portion of tithes, being interrupted by a
“ rabble—chiefly women—though men were
“ lurking in the background to support
“ them. He instituted a tithe-suit, which was
“ decided in his favour; but, instead of
“ receiving the amount, he was met by an
“ appeal to the High Court of Delegates,
“ and is informed that a continued resistance
“ to the utmost extremity of the law is to be
“ supported by a parish purse.”

Dr. Whately further declared that tithes could be no longer collected unless at the

point of the bayonet; but in suggesting their commutation he expressed himself much more cautiously than the “decided” utterance in the Viceroy’s private closet, of which Mr. Blake’s letter is the tell-tale. His public evidence may be said to cut both ways; and his correspondence with his brother bishops on the subject is equally guarded. Take, for example, the following letter to the Bishop of Llandaff.* The “rashly-cautious” prelate, we may premise, is the late Hon. and Most Rev. Power Le Poer Trench, late Archbishop of Tuam, who was writing public letters at this time exhorting the Protestant clergy of Ireland to make common cause with “their “persecuted and plundered brothers.”†

*Archbishop of Dublin to the Bishop of
Llandaff.*

Dublin, 9th Sept. 1832.

“MY DEAR LORD,—

“I was just going to write to you one
“of my *scraps*, when yours arrived.

* “Memoir of Bishop Copleston,” p. 151.

† “Memoir of the last Archbishop of Tuam,” by the Rev. J. D. Sirr, D.D., p. 458.

“ Lord Grey tells me that he fully expects
“ there will not be another session of this
“ parliament. I think if anything can induce
“ that *rashly-cautious* man,* the Archbishop
“ of ——— to adopt my views, it must
“ be their extreme moderation. I not only
“ propose no specific reform, but do not even
“ declare that *any* is wanted; only a regular
“ legislative government of the Church—call
“ it convocation, synod, assembly, or what
“ you will. The bishops are governors of
“ the Church only in the same sense that
“ justices of the peace are of the State: the
“ King is supreme in all causes, ecclesiastical
“ as well as civil; and in the former as well
“ as in the latter, his *single* power, his pro-
“ clamations and orders in council, are not
“ *laws*. The utmost stretch of prerogative
“ only amounts (and a great stretch it is)
“ to a *dispensing* power, not an *enforcing*;

* Dr. Whately was fond of this phrase. On another occasion, he said:—“ There is many a *rashly-cautious*
“ man. A moth rushes into a flame, and a horse obsti-
“ nately stands still in a stable on fire; and both are
“ burnt. Some men are prone to moth-rashness, and
“ some to horse-rashness, and some to both.”

“ the appointing of festivals and fasts, and
“ of occasional forms of prayer, amounts
“ to a dispensing power against the Act
“ of Uniformity; *q. v.* The King, in con-
“ junction with Parliament, has no BUSINESS
“ to legislate for the Church: no one else has
“ any *right* to do so. Did I ever tell you
“ that Lord B. said he never heard you speak
“ so well as in defending me? You will, I
“ daresay, have more calls to plunge in after
“ me, for I expect a most determined, most
“ able, most unscrupulous opponent in ——
“ I fully believe in his sincerity in declaring
“ that he regarded my zeal in behalf of truth
“ as rendering me particularly unsafe. But
“ though I am proud to have been a means
“ of calling forth your powers, I trust the
“ cause of the Church will do no less. The
“ winds and the waves are indeed boisterous;
“ but when our Master calls us, we shall not
“ sink, unless we want faith and are afraid.
“ In one of your letters, you allude to your
“ publication on the currency: it may be
“ right to mention a remark I have heard,
“ that Tooke’s work on *High and Low Prices*
“ being written in great measure as a reply

“ to it, it created some wonder that in your
“ republication you made no allusion to it.

“ Ever yours affectionately,

“ R. DUBLIN.”

Dr. Whately, in his evidence on tithes, praised the Irish parsons, and even the parsons' wives; but occasionally in that ambiguous sort of way which was a specialty with him, and which often left the recipients of the ostensible compliment in doubt whether it was kindly or satirically meant. The wives of the clergy, he said, “ served as deaconesses, “ and were in many cases as useful as the “ clergy themselves.”

The passive resistance to tithes triumphed. Mr. Secretary Stanley, now Earl of Derby, was at length constrained to declare, that after repeated attempts on the part of Government to levy tithes with the assistance of both military and police, they were only enabled, from an arrear of £60,000, to collect the value of £12,000, and that at an expense of more than £27,000.

“ The Church in danger ” resounded from every side. The Irish Establishment, tottering with disease and obesity, was agitated to

its centre, and spasmodically grasped the crosiers with which, as Johnson said, this minority maintained an unnatural and despotic ascendancy over the majority.*

A deputation of prelates of the Magee type hurried to London, who, on the King's birthday, presented to His Majesty a piteous protest against the threatened danger. Dexterous use was made of the "coronation oath;" and William, in a moment of considerable emotion, exclaimed that he would at all hazards maintain the Irish Church! It is hardly necessary to add that from this deputation Dr. Whately held aloof; and it does not appear that the King subsequently deemed his excitedly expressed resolve binding.

Dr. Whately made some very characteristic observations when the Church question came

* "The Irish are in a most unnatural state, for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics. Did we sell them, as we have conquered them, it would have been above-board; to punish them by confiscation, and other penalties as rebels, is monstrous injustice."—*Boswell's Johnson*.

on for discussion. Dr. Philpotts instanced the coronation oath of the sovereign as virtually precluding His Majesty's sanction to such a measure; but the Archbishop showed, in one of his quiet, humorous illustrations, that the oath was binding on the King in his executive, not in his legislative capacity; for were it binding on him in the latter capacity, "there would be four branches of the legislature—King, Lords, Commons, and Coronation Oath!"

"The coronation oath" had been for twenty years the chief stock-in-trade of Dr. Philpotts, and the Duke of Wellington is said to have flung him the Bishopric of Exeter in consequence of his "Letter to an English Layman on the Coronation Oath," published in 1828, and written mainly with a view to retard Emancipation, which then seemed so imminent, by raising additional scruples in the King's mind regarding the oath. In the following year, Dr. Philpotts, from being a violent opponent, became a warm advocate of Catholic Emancipation!

Lord Melbourne spoke powerfully on the Church question:—"My Lords," he said, "I

“ have often had occasion to state that the
“ circumstance of a great Protestant Estab-
“ lishment in the midst of a great Catholic
“ population must be productive of great
“ difficulties ; such difficulties have existed at
“ all times since the existence of the anomaly
“ which I have noticed. The responsibility
“ of this state of things, we, in our compla-
“ cency and self-approbation, are very apt to
“ cast upon the conduct of those who have
“ gone before us ; upon the centuries during
“ which we acknowledge that Ireland has
“ been subjected to every form and mode of
“ misrule and bad government. . . . Why,
“ my Lords, it is probable that if those whom
“ we condemn were here to defend themselves,
“ it is probable, I say, that they would be able
“ to show in one sentence, perhaps in one
“ word, that we know nothing about the
“ matter. . . . They would say, ‘ a Roman
“ ‘ Catholic population and a Protestant
“ ‘ Establishment is a state of things which
“ ‘ we never either contemplated or intended :
“ ‘ our policy might be violent, our mea-
“ ‘ sures might be cruel, our objects might be
“ ‘ impracticable ; but still we had definite

“ ‘and reasonable objects in view. We in-
 “ ‘tended the eradication of the Roman
 “ ‘Catholic and the substitution of the Pro-
 “ ‘testant faith—such was our end, and such
 “ ‘our means, from the reign of Henry VIII.
 “ ‘down to the enactment of the Penal Code.
 “ ‘If you abandon our policy, as you have
 “ ‘done, you must abandon it entirely, and
 “ ‘you must adopt, not only a different, but
 “ ‘precisely the opposite course.’ ”*

The popular Irish Secretary, Lord Morpeth,† foremost and brightest in every sound reform, remarked, “When he heard them

* Grattan once said that there was a diabolical completeness in the searching severity of the penal laws, which rendered it matter of wonder how so powerful an engine of oppression could ever have failed in its object. “The penal code was imperfect” supported Dr. Whately in a private conversation about this time.

“How so?” inquired a clerical friend; “surely we left the Papists no right, natural or acquired.” “You left them their lives,” replied the Archbishop.

On another occasion he said: “When praying that God’s servants may be hurt by no persecutions, let us not forget to pray for the still more important blessing of being preserved from hurting others by persecution.”

† Now Earl of Carlisle.

“ assume a high tone in talking of the
“ invasion of the rights of the Church, and
“ the desecration of things holy, he could
“ not help asking the question whether if,
“ in England, by the right of conquest, or
“ the force of prescription, a different religion,
“ —he would not say the Roman Catholic, for
“ to that there were political as well as
“ religious objections—but the form of doctrine usually termed the Unitarian, had
“ become the religion of the State, whether
“ the opposition to the payment of its dues
“ would not have outrun the great dispute
“ in the Court of Chancery on the subject of
“ Lady Hewley’s Charity ? ”

Archbishop Whately continued his labours regardless of all personal consequences. In an appendix to his speech before the Lords, August 7th, 1833, he observes:—

“ To say that no changes shall take place
“ is to talk idly ; we might as well pretend to
“ control the course of the sun. To say that
“ none shall occur except such as are unde-
“ signed and accidental, is to say that though
“ a clock may gain or lose indefinitely,
“ at least we will take care it shall never

“ be regulated. And ‘since,’ says Bacon,
“ ‘things alter for the worse spontaneously,
“ ‘if they be never altered for the better
“ ‘designedly, where is the evil to end?’

“ With these sentiments I should feel
“ myself wanting in duty to my Master if I
“ suffered any regard for personal ease or
“ credit, any dread of popular obloquy or
“ persecution, any fear of giving offence, even
“ to those whom I should be most unwilling
“ to offend, or, in short, any personal
“ consideration whatever of a temporal
“ character, to stand in the way of my
“ exertions in such a cause, if the state of
“ things which I have been deprecating
“ should continue, while any, the most pain-
“ ful sacrifices, the most persevering effort
“ on my part, remained untried.”

It cannot be doubted that Dr. Whately was much influenced in his views by his confidant and correspondent Dr. Arnold, who perpetually declared himself for an overwhelming measure of church reform;* but His Grace did not

* “ The good Protestants, and bad Christians, have
“ talked nonsense, and worse than nonsense, so long about
“ Popery, and the Beast, and Antichrist . . . that the

go so far as the great professor of modern history at Oxford, and in satirical allusion to some Radical leaders, exclaimed that they
 “ hated the Constitution, the Church, and the
 “ House of Lords, and hovered like vultures
 “ on the field of battle, waiting to prey on
 “ the corpses of those struck down in the
 “ conflict.”

“ simple, just, and Christian measure of establishing the
 “ Roman Catholic Church in three-fifths of Ireland seems
 “ renounced by common consent. The Protestant clergy
 “ ought not to have their present revenues in Ireland—
 “ so far I agree with Lord Grey—but not on a low
 “ economical view of their pay being over-proportioned
 “ to their work; but because Church property is one of
 “ the most sacred trusts, of which the sovereign power in
 “ the Church (*i. e.* the King and Parliament, not the
 “ bishops and clergy) is appointed by God trustees. It is
 “ a property set apart for the advancement of direct
 “ Christian purposes, first by furnishing religious instruc-
 “ tion and comfort to the grown-up part of the popu-
 “ lation; next by furnishing the same to the young in
 “ the shape of religious education. Now the Christian
 “ people of Ireland (*i. e.* in my sense of the word, the
 “ Church of Ireland) have a right to have the full
 “ benefit of their Church property, which now they
 “ cannot have, because Protestant clergymen they will
 “ not listen to. I think that it ought to furnish them
 “ with Catholic clergymen.”—*Stanley's Life of Dr.*
Arnold, vol. ii. p. 380.

It was a great battle—one for life or death. The Thinkers at Oxford watched it anxiously.

“ My great fear,” writes Arnold, “ is that
“ the English are indifferent to justice when it
“ is not on their own side ; and that therefore,
“ in this Irish Church question, the Ministry
“ (Lord Melbourne’s Government) will fare
“ as Lord Chatham’s did in the beginning
“ of the American war—be out-voted, over-
“ ruled, and driven from power.”

Defeat marked the earlier stages of the struggle ; but Church Reform at last triumphed, and an adjustment of the tithe question was made by transferring the burden of tithes from the tenants, who were mostly Catholics, to the landlords, who were mostly Protestants.

But besides this commutation, Lord Althorpe proposed a bill by which Church cess was to be altogether abolished—a relief to the amount of £80,000 per annum. Twenty-two Archbishops and Bishops were reduced to twelve, and a general tax on all bishoprics, from five to fifteen per cent., was imposed. All sinecure dignities were abolished, and where no duty had been per-

formed, nor minister resident for three years before the passing of the Act, commissioners received full power to suspend the appointment, whether in the gift of the Crown or Church. The 11th section of the bill provided that the proceeds on bishops' leases should be paid to the State, and applicable to any purpose connected with the Church. There were several other reforms enumerated, including the laws of enforcing residence and prohibiting pluralities.

The author of "Random Recollections of the House of Lords," published in 1835, mentions the fact that "it is understood that the present Government are, in a great measure, guided by Dr. Whately's advice in their plans of Church Reform."*

* The Oxford Thinkers are still of Arnold's view. Mr. Goldwin Smith, present Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, says: "The grand and apparently insuperable difficulty with which it (the Protestant Establishment of Ireland) has had to contend is in effect this—that Christianity cannot be propagated through unchristian institutions, and that the State Church of a dominant minority is an institution which, being unjust, must be unchristian. . . . The hold of the Irish Establishment on the religious

It would, perhaps, seem that the Archbishop's ideas of Church Reform* were of a more sweeping character than that which eventually became law. Mr. John D'Alton having announced to Dr. Whately his intention of writing *Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin*, His Grace mysteriously replied, "Sir, "I will be the last of them." The conversation was cut short by the Archbishop, who volunteered no further explanation of the remark.

A Board of Ecclesiastical Commissioners, of which Dr. Whately was one, took charge of the revenues of the suppressed bishoprics, and disbursed them economically† for the

"affections of the Irish people is a garrison of 20,000 men. At that price England purchases a source of just discontent and perpetual disaffection."

* These plans were not confined exclusively to the Whigs. Mr. Blackburne, for example, the present Lord Justice of Appeal, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland under the administration of Lord Derby, approved a sweeping measure of Church Reform, which Lord Anglesey vainly urged on the attention of ministers. This fact transpires in a letter from the Marquis to Lord Cloncurry, dated 27th April, 1834.

† The author attended a visitation of the Bishop of Ossory, in the Cathedral of St. Canice, Kilkenny, on October 15, 1863, and was struck by the disappointment with

erection and repairs of churches. The income of the Commissioners in 1834 was £68,728; in 1835, £168,027; in 1836, £181,045; in 1850 it fell to £80,877; in 1862 it reached £167,452. The amount of the revenues in all the dioceses, including the sums paid by the Commissioners, amounted in 1861 to £580,419.

Dr. Whately in his evidence before the Tithe Committee, dilates, but without approval, on the various expedients of passive resistance to which the people had recourse. The ingenious completeness of the conspiracy by which the impost was defeated, reduced the Protestant clergy—many of them—to temporary destitution.

The Earl of Wicklow, in the Upper House, made the startling assertion that several ecclesiastics who had once enjoyed almost luxurious affluence, were driven to the necessity of eating potatoes and milk! To relieve their necessities Parliament voted £100,000.

In addition to this generous aid, a sub-

which a letter had, on that day, been received from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, refusing to give any pecuniary aid towards the repairs of the cathedral.

scription list was opened, in which we find the names of the Duke of Cumberland, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Kenyon, Lord Bexley, and Lord Clifden, as contributing £100 each. The Protestant Clergy of England were appealed to by their brethren in Ireland for sympathy and succour. The response of the Reverend Maurice James, addressed to Archbishop Whately, claims insertion. It was written shortly after the great tithe massacres of Rathcormac, Gortroe, Newtownbarry, Castlepollard, and Dunmanway.

*The Rev. Maurice James to Archbishop
Whately.*

“ MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE.

“ Your Grace’s speech in the House
“ of Lords, on Tuesday, March 19th, had
“ in it that of a fair and candid spirit
“ which induces me now to have recourse
“ to your Grace, and to request the favour
“ of your Grace’s perusal of two letters
“ accompanying this, and lately addressed by
“ me to the Dean of Hereford. The Dean, in
“ a tardy answer to the second of these

“ letters, touched not in the slightest degree
“ the argument contained in it, but contenting
“ himself with attributing all the difficulties
“ of the Irish clergy to the ‘ odious and un-
“ ‘justifiable machinations of the Roman
“ ‘Catholic priesthood.’ He, however, gave
“ me, I think, one good piece of advice,
“ which was, that rather than send my letters
“ to a newspaper, as I had expressed an in-
“ tention of doing, could I not otherwise
“ obtain satisfaction, I should open a corre-
“ spondence with some Irish prelate. This
“ advice of his, coming at the moment that
“ my mind was impressed with pleasure, by
“ the perusal of your Grace’s speech, turned
“ me immediately towards your Grace, with
“ a hope full of confidence, that you, whom I
“ believe to be a man of knowledge, of reason,
“ of truth, of justice, and of charity—that you
“ would, upon a proper application, either take
“ the pains to enlighten my mind, or, on the
“ other hand, would condescend to derive a
“ ray of light even from me, thereby to mark
“ more clearly the straightforward path of
“ duty, and more steadfastly and fearlessly to
“ follow it to the end.

“ I will not trouble your Grace further at
“ present, than to express the unfeigned
“ respect and esteem with which

“ I have the honour to be

“ Your Grace’s faithful humble Servant,

“ MAURICE JAMES.

“ Pembridge Rectory Leominster,

“ *April 2nd, 1833.*”

(Enclosure.)

*The Rev. Maurice James to the Dean of
Hereford.*

“ SIR,—

“ As one of the clergy to whom your
“ letter is addressed, I answer your call ; but
“ at the same time feel myself bound to
“ declare (and I do so with pain and with
“ sorrow of heart, but the occasion allows
“ me not to remain silent, or to disguise my
“ sentiments), that I have no compassion
“ for the Irish clergy, who appear to me to
“ have had no compassion, and to have no
“ compassion, for the unhappy people in the
“ midst of whom they are established—
“ established, I grieve to say, not as ministers
“ of good, but as ministers of ill,—if, here

“ and there one and another, of a little good,
“ yet of universally more ill, and are placed
“ there upon a footing, and have adopted, or
“ consented to, a principle of maintenance,
“ that, so applied, completely alters the nature
“ of the Establishment, and changes it from
“ Christian to unchristian—inhuman—im-
“ pious (before God, and, I think, weighing
“ things in His balance, I can form no
“ other judgment!), and makes it im-
“ possible for such an institution to be of
“ Him, or to be sanctioned by Him, who
“ gave authority to His ministers to this
“ extent—no farther—that they should receive
“ of men’s carnal things in return for their
“ spiritual things; and who has commanded
“ all men, that they do unto others as they
“ would that others should do unto them.

“ Nevertheless, Sir, though I have no
“ compassion for the Irish clergy, or, at
“ least, though whatever compassion I have
“ for them is mingled with feelings of a very
“ different kind;—though I regard the
“ Establishment to which they belong as an
“ odious and a guilty establishment, main-
“ tained upon an odious and a guilty principle,

“ and regard them, through their acquies-
“ cence in that principle, and indeed identifi-
“ cation of themselves with it, as individually
“ partaking in its guilt, and meriting
“ to share its odium;—and though in their
“ late emergency, they have not scrupled to
“ appeal to the sword for relief, and might
“ justly, therefore, be left to such relief as the
“ sword can bring; yet in deference to your
“ authority, and to that of the Bishop, I
“ answer your call with such contribution as
“ my means enable me to offer.

“ I have the honour to be, Sir,

“ Your very respectful and

“ Faithful Servant,

“ MAURICE JAMES.

“ Pembridge Rectory,

“ *Feb. 16th, 1833.*”

The second letter, enclosed to Dr. Whately, was longer and stronger than the first, and threw into the shade some of the most impassioned anti-tithe diatribes of J. K. L.

Dr. Whately declined to enter into a direct correspondence with the Rev. M. James, on the plea that as his letters related chiefly to the conduct of the Irish clergy, he was of

opinion that he would receive more satisfactory information from Dr. Dickinson, who had had more opportunity of personal observation than the Archbishop's short residence in Ireland permitted. Dr. Dickinson, his chaplain, accordingly, took up the correspondence, which, if printed in full, would occupy thirty pages of this memoir; but as it degenerated into a rather dry discussion with a third party, on the right of the clergy to tithe, we believe that we best consult the reader's taste by omitting it from these pages.

Dr. Arnold, a man of higher mark than either, published a pamphlet at this time on Church Reform; and in sending a copy to Dr. Whately, referred to a similar pamphlet on Catholic Emancipation, which he had brought out some years previously. Writing to the Archbishop, he says:—

“ I always grounded the right to emancipation on the principle that Ireland was a distinct nation entitled to govern itself.

“ I knew full well that my principles would lead to the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in three-fourths of Ireland; but this conclusion was not wanted then,

“ and the right to emancipation followed à
“ *fortiori* from the right to govern themselves
“ as a nation, without entering upon the
“ question of the Establishment. Those
“ who think that Catholicism is idolatry,
“ ought, on their own principles, to move
“ heaven and earth for the repeal of the
“ union, and to let O’Connell rule his Celts
“ their own way.

“ I think that a Catholic is a member
“ of Christ’s Church just as much as I am ;
“ and I could well endure one form of that
“ Church in Ireland, and another in Eng-
“ land.”

A charge addressed by Dr. Whately to his clergy in 1835 contained a few satirical passages, which slightly gratified some of them. Referring to the paupered rather than pampered condition to which some portions of parsondom had been reduced by the well-organized refusal of the Roman Catholic peasantry to pay tithe, Dr. Whately ironically alluded to the “eloquent declamations which had of late been heard about the secular character of the clergy, and the unreasonableness of their not being con-

“tented with the bare necessities of life,
“or without them; on the example of the
“humble and austere self-denial to be ex-
“pected of the clergy, without any hint of
“the duty of the laity *following* the example,
“insomuch that the character of the self-
“denying and austere clergyman would not
“then be ‘exemplary,’ because one peculiar
“to the clergy only.”

As a preacher, Dr. Whately can hardly be said to have been popular in Dublin, although his sermons were not without some guarded admirers.

“He had none of the arts of the rhetorician,” writes one of his clergy, “except it be the art to conceal art, and be able to speak with the utmost simplicity and freedom from excitement; never demanding or ‘attitudinizing.’”

“As to his style of pulpit oratory it was free from all verbiage—his composition appeared to have been judiciously chiselled and planed down to the most exquisite smoothness and symmetry,” observes a pupil of his own. “It was a piece of mosaic or inlaid-work, or a tightly close-fitting chain

“ of reasoning : lose one link, you found it
“ difficult to supply the meaning.”

We fear it must be confessed that, whether from want of taste or other causes, the nods which greeted many of Dr. Whately's profoundly speculative sermons in Dublin, were of a somniferous rather than of a generally acquiescent character. The Dublin Protestants would not, or could not, appreciate him. He made no distinction between the simple congregation of a parish church and the learned auditory at Oxford, who used to mark, note, and inwardly digest, those wonderful Bampton Lectures which first really raised him to fame. But the unsleeping vigilance of the preacher had always ready a startling paradox, to rouse, when necessary, the drooping attention of his audience. “ If Jesus Christ were now on earth,” he once said, “ there are many professing Christians who would call him a Latitudinarian ! ”

Archbishop Whately's sermons might have been more popular in Dublin, if there had been more of Heart and less of Head about them. Most of his hearers preferred the

seat of feeling to the dome of thought; and plaintive whining was more to the taste of some than the robust outstretchings of a muscular mind. Whether in addressing children or adults, Dr. Whately never appealed, like Kirwan, to the heart. All his efforts aimed to convince the intellect. But it was not easy to convince men who were all on the defensive, who had long been accustomed to receive his sermons and charges on the bayonet's point. His style of charging and preaching exposed him to not a few hits, including a paraphrase on an old epigram by Rogers :—

“ Whately has got no heart, 'tis said, but we deny it ;

“ He *has* a heart, and gets his sermons by it.”

Dr. Whately was also fond of introducing some peculiar theories regarding the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, faith and credulity, the non-Sabbatical character of Sunday, personal agency of evil spirits, and other questions of that sort, which gave offence. He would sometimes speculate upon the condition of the soul between death and resurrection ; and many were the

brains addled by the complicated yet ingenious train of reasoning with which, from the pulpit, he was wont to lecture his congregation rather than address to their ears subjects of practical morality. Those who did not, because they could not, understand him, left the church, shaking their heads at what seemed to them rank infidelity; but in point of fact he uttered nothing inconsistent with the right of private judgment, and little contrary to the spirit of Protestant orthodoxy. Much of the unfavourable impression produced, was owing to the defiant tone and gesture with which propositions and paradoxes sometimes dropped from his lips. On reading the sermon subsequently, it always seemed considerably modified, although, in point of fact, verbatim.

Take, for example, the following portion of a sermon on Immortality, which, although it culminates in a point of tolerable orthodoxy, conducts his hearers, some of them, doubtless, already tottering in theology, along a tortuous, tedious, and very dangerous path, ere the comparative *terra firma* is attained.

“ In the expressions and thoughts of most

“ persons on the subject of a future state, it
“ seems to be supposed and implied, though
“ not expressly stated, that the heavenly life
“ will be one of *inactivity*, and perfectly
“ stationary,—that there will be nothing to
“ be done, nothing to be learnt, no advances
“ to be made, nothing to be *hoped* for, nothing
“ to *look forward* to, except a continuance in
“ the same state. Now this is not an alluring
“ view to minds constituted as ours are. The
“ ideas of *change, hope, progress, improvement,*
“ *acquirement, action,* are so intimately con-
“ nected with all our conceptions of happi-
“ ness,—so interwoven with the very thought
“ of all enjoyment,—that it is next to impos-
“ sible for us to separate them, and to con-
“ template a state from which they are ex-
“ cluded, without an idea of tediousness and
“ wearisomeness forcing itself upon them.
“ Even with the most perfect assent of the
“ understanding to the assertion that it will
“ be exquisitely happy, such a state can never
“ be interesting to our feelings as they now
“ are, involving as it does a change of our
“ nature so total as to reverse every point in
“ it. To suppose this total difference be-

“ tween the true Christian’s life on earth
“ and the Christian’s life in heaven, is to
“ suppose that a tree which we had been care-
“ fully cultivating while a sapling, and as-
“ siduously rearing to maturity, was destined,
“ immediately on attaining maturity, to be-
“ come another tree of a totally different
“ kind—a plant of some distinct species.
“ Now the very idea of a change so total as
“ to reverse every point in our nature,
“ whether good or bad, must necessarily take
“ away our interest in the reward promised,
“ because no one can bring himself to *feel*
“ (though he may to *believe*) that it is *he*
“ *himself*, the very person he now is, that
“ will obtain that reward. To illustrate this
“ last remark more fully: the ancient hea-
“ thens had many fables of men being trans-
“ formed into brutes of different kinds, by
“ the power of their gods. Now I cannot
“ think that any one of them who firmly be-
“ lieved in such occurrences, if he imagined
“ to himself the case of his being thus
“ changed into an animal of some other
“ species, could take any lively interest in the
“ thought of what should then befall him.

“ But I can see nothing, either in reason
“ or Scripture, to compel us to believe that
“ there is any further change to be expected
“ than is necessary to qualify the faithful
“ for a state, where what is evil will be taken
“ away ; what is imperfect, made complete ;
“ and what is good, extended and exalted.
“ Surely, this supposed reversing of the dis-
“ positions, and whole constitution of the
“ human character, are utterly inconsistent
“ with those statements of Scripture which
“ represent this life, as not only a state of
“ trial, but of *preparation* also, for a better
“ world. For if the condition into which
“ the Christian is required to bring himself
“ in this life, bear no degree of resemblance
“ to that which is promised in the next ;
“ surely there could be nothing of *prepara-*
“ *tion* in the case. But that there is a re-
“ semblance, is expressly asserted in Scrip-
“ ture ; a resemblance between heaven and
“ everything most pure and virtuous, noblest
“ and greatest in the true sense,—most sub-
“ limely good and happy,—most heavenly, in
“ short—on earth ; and a resemblance also
“ between Christ’s sincere followers and

“ Himself, ‘ who shall change our vile bodies,
“ ‘ that it may be fashioned like unto his
“ ‘ glorious body, according to the mighty
“ ‘ working whereby He is even able to subdue
“ ‘ *all* things unto Himself.’ Thus when the
“ apostle John exhorts his hearers to imitate
“ the example of Jesus, and to become as like
“ Him as possible, he does so *on the very*
“ *ground* that hereafter they may hope for
“ a greater degree of resemblance to Him.
“ ‘ We know not what we shall be ; but we
“ ‘ know that when He shall appear, we shall
“ ‘ be like unto Him ; for we shall see Him as
“ ‘ He is ; and every man that *hath this hope*
“ ‘ in Him, purifieth himself even as He is
“ ‘ pure.’ Now, if the Christian be called
“ upon in this life to employ himself actively
“ in promoting God’s glory, and the happi-
“ ness of his brethren ; if he be encouraged,
“ also, to keep continually advancing in
“ knowledge and in goodness ; to improve
“ in acquaintance with the written Word of
“ God ; to grow in grace and in the know-
“ ledge of our Lord Jesus Christ ; is it likely
“ that all this advancement should be totally
“ stopped, that all this activity should be

“ quenched, that all these dispositions should
 “ be changed—in a glorified state? And if
 “ the *wishes* and *inclinations* of the blest are
 “ still to remain, in these respects, similar to
 “ what they are now, of course the life they
 “ are to lead (since it cannot be supposed
 “ their wishes will be *vain*,—their desires
 “ *ungratified*) must be of a corresponding
 “ nature. And the hope that it will be so is
 “ a hope as well founded as it is cheering
 “ and delightful. To be ever advancing
 “ nearer and nearer to the nature of our
 “ Great Master, though we can never reach
 “ it,—to gaze ever closer and closer on those
 “ glorious and lovely qualities, of which we
 “ can never understand the full perfection,—
 “ to advance ever further into the inexhaus-
 “ tible treasury of the knowledge of God’s
 “ mighty works, seems one of the sublimest
 “ and most interesting, and most encourag-
 “ ing, and, at the same time, one of the most
 “ rational expectations that a zealous Chris-
 “ tian can form respecting the blissful state
 “ prepared for him.”

Dr. Whately’s flock liked practical sermons ;
 but he declared war to the knife against all

such sermons. "Any Christian minister," he said, "who should confine himself to what "are sometimes (erroneously) called 'practical sermons,'—*i. e.*, mere moral essays, "without any mention of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity,—is in the same "condition with the heathen philosophers, "with this difference, that what was their "*misfortune* is his *fault*."*

The Archbishop's sermons were entirely too recondite to please or edify the Dublin Protestants, who preferred to listen to the Rev. John Gregg, now Bishop of Cork, the late Dr. Fleury, or the Rev. Maurice Day. And hereby hangs an anecdote. Dr. Whately, as we have seen, was fond of unbending his mind, or relaxing, by intellectual folly or frolic, the severe stretch on which it was often so long and of necessity kept. Like Lord Plunket, he rarely let an opportunity pass of perpetrating a pun; and in reference to Mr. Day, he said that "the ladies of

* Arnold adopted Whately's views on this subject, and in a long letter to his sister, Lady Cavan, echoed them with that melodious echo so peculiarly his own. But an echo, although a sound, is not a sound voice.

“ Dublin ran *to-day* for a sermon, and *to-morrow* for a novel.” Morrow, we may add, is the Mudie of Dublin. And on a false report of Mr. Day’s death, he is said to have exclaimed, in the words of the Roman emperor, “ Alas, my friends, I’ve lost a “ day !”

Dr. Whately was a little jealous of some of the popular preachers. “ Many a meandering discourse one hears,” he said, “ in “ which the preacher aims at nothing, and— “ hits it.” “ A preacher,” he exclaimed, “ should ask himself, ‘ Am I about to preach “ ‘ because I want to say something, or be- “ ‘ cause I have something to say ? ’ ”

It must be remembered, when considering Dr. Whately’s unpopularity in Ireland as an oral lecturer, that oratory has always been essentially the gift and passion of Irishmen, and that an impassive preacher came at considerable disadvantage before a people who had been so often entranced by the wondrous intonations of Dean Kirwan, or the elegant elocution of Archbishop Magee, of whom Dr. Shute Barrington declared, that were his eyes shut, he could swear Pitt was

speaking ! Of Walter Blake Kirwan it is traditionally told that “those who listened
“to him were moved as by a Garrick in
“King Lear, or a Siddons in Isabella.”

“Whenever he preached,” observes an authentic record, “such multitudes assembled,
“that it was necessary to defend the entrance
“of the church by guards and palissades.
“He was presented with addresses and pieces
“of plate from every parish, and the freedom
“of various corporations ; his portrait was
“painted and engraved by the most eminent
“artists. Even in times of public calamity
“and distress, his irresistible powers of per-
“suasion repeatedly produced contributions
“exceeding twelve hundred pounds at a
“sermon ; and his hearers, not content with
“emptying their purses into the plate,
“sometimes threw in jewels or watches, as
“earnest of further benefactions.”*

Kirwan felt very much, with old Owen Feltham, that “Divinity, put into apt sig-
“nificants, might ravish as well as poetry.
“We complain of drowsiness at a sermon,

* “Sermons by Dean Kirwan, with a Sketch of his
“Life,” 1814, p. ix.

“ when a play of double length leads us on
“ still with alacrity. But the fault is not all
“ with ourselves. *If we saw divinity acted, the*
“ *gesture and variety would as much in-*
“ *vigilate* ; but it is too high to be personated
“ by humanity. Things acted, too, possess
“ us more, and are more attainable, than the
“ passable tones of the tongue. At a sermon
“ well dressed, what understanding can have
“ a motive to sleep ? Divinity well ordered
“ casts forth a bait which angles the soul
“ into the ear ; and how can that close when
“ such a guest sits in it ? He answered well,”
adds Feltham, “ that after often asking, said
“ still, that action was the chiefest part of an
“ orator.”

True to this principle, Kirwan's pulpit efforts were intensely dramatic. An anecdote will best illustrate the man. Having, when in the zenith of his fame, undertaken to preach for the Female Orphan Charity in Dublin, an immense assemblage thronged St. Peter's Church, and blocked the doors. A pin might be heard to drop as Kirwan mounted the pulpit, his features glowing with impassioned feeling, but his lips closed

in silence. This he preserved for a considerable time, whilst the stare of the expectant crowd became every moment more strongly concentrated upon him. Trembling with emotion, he at last rose, but buried his face in a handkerchief just as he seemed upon the threshold of his sermon. Instead of an outburst of eloquence, however, he burst into tears, and turning towards the orphans, who had congregated in the gallery, exclaimed, "My children, I cannot plead for you!" Agitated with emotion, and deluged in tears, he retired to the vestry, giving one lingering, imploring look behind. The rapid jingle of coin attested the success of the experiment, the suddenness and novelty of which powerfully excited the audience.

Fire and water were not more opposed than this consummate cajolery and the coldly impassive sermons of Dr. Whately, which further contrasted strikingly with the powerful appeals of Lord Riversdale, late Bishop of Killaloe, whose mastery of declamation is said to have been the result of the lessons of Kemble and a diligent study of Miss O'Neil.

No one would have criticised this style of oratory more acutely than Archbishop Whately, who once said, "It is a fault, care-
fully to be avoided, to express feeling more
vehemently than that the audience can go
along with the speaker; who would, in
that case, as Cicero observes, seem like
one raving among the sane, or intoxicated
in the midst of the sober. And accord-
ingly, except where from extraneous causes
the audience are already in an excited
state, we must carry them forward gra-
dually, and allow time for the fire to kindle.
The blast which would brighten a strong
flame would, if applied too soon, extin-
guish the first faint spark."

Dr. St. Laurence, son of the Archbishop of Cashel, who had consecrated Dr. Whately, was also a very popular preacher in those days.

While the venerable Beattagh would convulse his congregation with suppressed laughter, by anecdotes of Luther's dialogues with the Devil, Dr. St. Laurence, with the pathos of a Sterne, was wont to tell stories from the pulpit by which he harrowed

the hearts of those around him. Sometimes, after the manner of Mr. Spurgeon, he would analyse the elements of the motley crowd who hung enchained upon his words. On one occasion, when preaching upon the vanities of life, he introduced an episode about a widow and orphan who had on that morning supplicated him for relief. A perfect downpour of tears from the ladies who occupied the gallery attested its effectiveness. It does not appear that St. Laurence in straining after effect recommended the Stoics below to put up their umbrellas; but he would hardly have stopped at it. "Ah," he exclaimed, "you weep! Give me but one "item of the frippery with which, exaggerating a vain fashion, you disfigure and "degrade yourselves, and I will hush the "widow's wail, and dry up the tears of "that orphan who clung to my mantle to-day!"

St. Laurence, like many a better man, did not always practise what he preached. On the Saturday night previous to his *débüt* in Dublin as a pulpit orator, he joined a group of boon companions. Major —, one of

the party, lost all his money at cards, and it is by no means certain that St. Laurence himself was not also fleeced.* His reputation as a popular preacher had preceded him

* The vice of gambling—not yet eradicated from Dublin—maintained at one time a formidable ascendancy there. On June 16, 1789, we find Dean Kirwan, in a sermon on morality, lashing the proprietors of a flagitious gambling-house in Crane Lane, one of whom, according to John Magee, was the notorious Justice Higgins, who subsequently pocketed £1,000 for the discovery of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The file of the *Dublin Evening Post* for 1789 contains innumerable protests against this pandemonium. “For fifteen years,” we are told, “there has existed under the eye of magistracy, in the very centre of the metropolis, *at the corner of Crane Lane*, in Essex Street, a notorious school of nocturnal study in the doctrine of chances—a school which affords to men of the town an ample source of ways and means in the pluckings of those unfledged green-horns who can be inveigled into the trap—which furnishes to the deluded apprentice a ready mart for the acquisition of experience, and the disposal of any loose cash that can be purloined from his master’s till—which affords to the working artizan a weekly asylum for the reception of that stipend which honest industry should allot to the purchase of food for a wife and children; and which affords to the spendthrift shop-keeper a ready transfer office, to make over the property of his creditors to the plunder of knaves and sharpers.”

from Cork to Dublin. The church was crowded to suffocation, and some of the

A menace of extinction was at last fulminated. In the *Post* (No. 1813) a gambler's soliloquy appears :—

“ Yes ! 'tis a fatal, dreadful revolution !
“ A change repugnant to the dear delights
“ Of night-enveloped guilt, of midnight fraud
“ And rapine long secure ; of dexterous art
“ To plunge unthinking innocence in woe,
“ And riot in the spoils of beggar'd youth !
“ Sad Revolution ! Hence come lethargy,
“ Come inactivity, and, worse than all,
“ Come simple honesty ! The dice no more
“ Shall sound their melody, nor perj'ry's list
“ Swell at the nod of dark collusive practice !
“ Gaols lie unpeopled, and rest gibbets bare,
“ And Newgate's front board take a holiday !
“ Crane Lane, thou spot to Pandemonium dear,
“ Where many a swarthy son of Chrisal's race
“ My galligaskin lined, &c.”

Alderman Carleton made four seizures. “ And yet,” said the *Post*, “ as fast as their implements are seized—
“ their tables demolished—and their gangs dispersed—
“ the very next night new arrangements and new
“ operations are on foot. Who but the protected proprietor of this infamous den ; who but a ruffian who
“ can preserve his plunder in security, and set law and
“ gospel at defiance, would dare at such audacious perseverance ? ” (No. 1827).

fellows and students of Trinity College were present. St. Laurence, who was habitually oppressed by indolence, deferred till the last moment all preparation for or even thought of the sermon. His heart had begun to fail him. The appointed hour chimed, and he ascended the pulpit, with, as he afterwards assured his friends, no manner of idea as to the tone, style, or scope of what all Dublin was on the tiptoe of expectation awaiting. A happy text started up before him in the shape of four of his fellow revellers of the previous night. Never did St. Laurence preach more powerfully, because he preached from the heart. The picture of Beverley in the "Gamester" was not more effectively produced. He painted with the strength of a Massillon the gambler's life, ruin, dream, despair, and death.

He graphically described the scene of the preceding night, and at this moment one of the gamesters, unable any longer to suppress his emotion, shook and sobbed. The contagion spread. Some of the most stoical were visibly affected, and the re-

putation of St. Laurence was made from that day.*

Dr. Whately's preaching was too sober for a people accustomed to appeals like these; and fervour and favour were equally far from him. He belonged to a different genus from the cleric who, whenever he struck the old pulpit-cushion, raised such a cloud of dust as to lose sight of his congregation for several minutes. "Oratory," says Mr. Grant, writing of Whately in 1835, "is "not his forte, and he has a shrewd suspicion, too, that all who hear him have the "same notion. He speaks in so low a tone "as to be inaudible to those who are at any "distance from him, and not only is his voice

* "Almost every one is aware of the infectious nature "of any emotion excited in a large assembly. The power "of this reflex sympathy in increasing any feeling— "whether pity, indignation, contempt, bashfulness, the "sense of the ludicrous, &c.—may be compared to the "increase of sound by a number of echoes; or of light, "by a number of mirrors; or to the blaze of a heap "of firebrands, each of which would speedily have "gone out if kindled separately, but which when thrown "together, help to kindle each other."—*Archbishop Whately*.

“ low in its tones, but it is unpleasant from its monotony. In his manner there is not a particle of life or spirit.” *

Dr. Whately was too sound a thinker altogether to despise criticism, so far as it accorded with his own ideas of right. Some of his characteristic points he seems to have subsequently modified. A recent obituary notice says, “ A peculiar habit of his was to raise his head frequently from the manuscript in order that his voice might be heard by his audience in the most distant part of the building.”

Dr. Whately in the unrestrained ease of the social circle was a very different character from Dr. Whately as a public legislator. In the first, he was in the morning-gown, slippers, and easy-chair ; as the public orator he was straitlaced by Calvinistic influences around, and pinched by the tight, silver-buckled shoes with which he tried to

* Mr. Grant can blow hot as well as cold. Of the Archbishop's writings he says :—“ They abound with evidences of profound thought, varied knowledge, great mental acuteness, and superior powers of reasoning.”

pick his steps through evangelical traps. In the pleasant talk of social intercourse he was a Goliath; put him on his legs, and his muscles became unstrung. He seemed ill at ease, partly because teasing ants would sometimes run about his feet, and get at a vulnerable part somehow.

“He is no speaker,” says the author of ‘Random Recollections of the House of Lords;’ “when he does get on his legs, “which however he never does unless some “sort of necessity is imposed on him, he “always appears anxious to resume his seat “as soon as possible.”* The next criticism is curious: “You would fancy that he laboured “under a deeply-settled melancholy, mixed “with an unconquerable bashfulness.”

Foes were always on the watch to trip him; and he knew it. They rarely dared to strike him openly; but they often dug little pit-

* “It often happens that, before a popular audience, “a greater degree of skill is requisite for maintaining “the cause of truth than of falsehood, from the difficult “cult of exhibiting, in their full strength, the delicate “distinctions on which truth sometimes depends.”—*Archbishop Whately.*

falls when his back was turned, and smoothed the surface blandly.

The contrast between Dr. Whately in homely society, and Dr. Whately on the bench of bishops, was certainly very striking.

“His conversation was indescribable,” records an admirer: “it was as finished
“as Macaulay’s studied sentences, and his
“marvellous power of impromptu quotation
“and illustration as ready, rich, and happy.
“He was never heard, either in abstruse discussion or in casual converse, to correct or
“improve or explain his words: all dropped
“from him as clear and as rightly placed as
“in his printed books. His fund of anecdotes, alike from ancient lore and ‘modern
“‘instances,’ was inexhaustible and always
“ready at command; and though he could
“relate them with the raciest piquancy and
“point, he never told one for the anecdote’s
“sake—always to mark down some fallacy
“or illustrate a moral truth.”

CHAPTER VII.

BESIDES founding and endowing in Dublin a chair of Political Economy, which brought into prominence the names of Longfield, Butt, Cairns, Hancock, and Lawson,* the Archbishop's pen sped, with a view to incul-

* The name of Richard Hussey Walsh, LL.D., also merits a passing record. In 1847 he graduated with the highest honours in mathematics and physics at the University of Dublin, having surpassed others who subsequently obtained a fellowship. Dr. Walsh, being a Roman Catholic, was precluded from attaining the latter dignity, but he won the Whately Professorship of Political Economy, and wrote on the subject with a pith and point that evoked the cordial commendation of John Stuart Mill and Nassau Senior. In 1857 he commenced official life by accepting the appointment of Superintendent of Government Schools in the Mauritius, where he died prematurely, being aged only thirty-six, on the 30th January, 1862.

cate a more expansive appreciation of that great principle. To simplify and expedite this formidable labour, he dropped the seed, in the first instance, on the impressionable minds of children. This was the object of his "Easy Lessons on Money Matters," which put all the leading doctrines of political economy into a nutshell, and ran through many editions. He was once heard to say in reference to the early education of children, "Speak to their reason; you can always make them comprehend what is fit for them to know; my children know nothing they do not understand."

These views, it is right to add, did not always receive prompt endorsement from contemporary thinkers. One, by way of retort to the foregoing remarks, said,—“Your argument is disposed of by the simple question, ‘Do these young people understand the solidification of water as soon as they feel the difference between hail and rain upon their cheeks?’”

Dr. Whately's reply has not been preserved—partly, perhaps, because the above respondent is the recorder—but we have no doubt he

could have turned it inside out with a fillip.

The Archbishop always said that "Introductory Lessons on Christian Evidence," written for young persons and the less educated class, cost him more labour than anything he ever wrote, from the difficulty of adapting the subject to young and uneducated minds.* In his writings he never appealed to the heart—his sole effort was to convince the intellect. This little book ran through fifteen editions, and has been translated into five different languages, but on influential interposition, with the sanction of the majority of the Commissioners in 1853, its use was re-

* We doubt if the following elaborated version of this idea which appears in one of his published works is as good as the unpremeditated utterance elsewhere given, that we ought not to make children swallow their food first and digest it afterwards :—"The natural, hearty, fervent prayer of a child cannot but be childish; so that to teach children prayers they cannot understand, while neglecting to teach them other prayers suitable to their age, is to supply them with a promise of strong meat, which they may *hereafter* be able to bear, while withholding the necessary *immediate* nourishment of milk."

linquished by the Roman Catholic children of the National Schools. Dr. Whately published companions to the foregoing, entitled, “Lessons on the British Constitution,” “Lessons on Religious Worship,” which latter was subsequently amplified into “The Rise, Progress, and Decline of Christianity,” published in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Dr. Whately also published “Easy Lessons on Mind and Morals.”

In answer to an objection which had been made—namely, that a little learning was dangerous—Dr. Whately once made the remark in conversation,—“It is useful for a child to know that nettles sting; but he need not therefore be a learned botanist.” The same remark applies to cherries and to the berries of the deadly nightshade. A little knowledge of chemistry is very useful so far as to be able to distinguish Epsom salts from the deadly poison oxalic acid, to which it is so similar. “Why, sir,” he went on, following up his advantage, “you might make the same objection to twilight on the ground that it is insufficient light; but who denies that it is not a wise economy

“ of the Creator to have this intermediate
“ stage, instead of plunging us from the
“ full blaze of noon to Cimerian dark-
“ ness ? ”

His wealth of illustration and art of varying the same thought and expression were certainly very ample. In a lecture delivered at Cork in 1852, he said,—“ A little light is
“ only dangerous to those who walk boldly
“ on in the twilight—to those who do not
“ see where they tread. But I would say,
“ seek not to remedy the danger by blinding
“ the eyes.”

On another occasion of a lecture at Cork, the Archbishop said, in reference to the objection that “ A little learning is a dangerous thing,”
“ Yet it is what *all* must attain before
“ they can arrive at great learning ; it is the
“ utmost acquisition of those who know the
“ most, in comparison of what they do *not*
“ know. The field of science may be com-
“ pared to an American forest, in which the
“ more trees a man cuts down, the greater
“ is the expanse of wood he sees around
“ him.”

We think the Archbishop conclusively

showed that a little learning was not dangerous. "I am a very unpretending writer," he mused, "for my best works are the little "ones." He was never so happy as when working for children, who he said were the To-morrow of Society; and he even did not disdain to amend and improve "Tales of the Genii," for their edification. Indeed, it was objected to him by some greyheaded clerics that he gave too literal an interpretation to "Suffer little children to come to "me."* Since the Archbishop's death several letters have appeared, bitterly complaining that "beardless boys received paternal promotion, to the exclusion of Masters "in Israel!"

But exceptions might be cited. Addressing a recently-promoted "Master," somewhat given to obesity, the Archbishop said, "Well, Mr. —, you are quite stout now;

* One of Dr. Whately's cleverest chapters is—"The Example of Children proposed to Christians," where, from this analogy, he deduces the threefold duty of humility, docility, and obedience, as indispensable requisites to Christian perfection.

“ your people don’t complain of their pulpit
“ not being well filled.”

It was said of Bishop Blomfield that he had “an ungovernable passion for business.” The remark is not quite applicable to Dr. Whately, who, although often anxious to work out a great principle, shrank from the attention to and mastery of detail necessary to make that principle a complete success. He could grasp an oak, and tear it up root and branch; but ask him to pull up and push aside a tuft of nettles, and he would nervously shrink from the effort. “Though
“ we have often observed at public boards,” remarks the Rev. H. Dickinson, “his quick-
“ ness in seizing the salient point of the
“ question under discussion, it was never-
“ theless plain that the bias of his mind lay
“ rather toward the working out of leading
“ general principles than to the observations
“ of minute details.”

Dr. Whately had the tact to see the points in which his own power was weakest; and from the first day that he entered upon the arduous and teasing duties of his office, it was his care to secure the services of inde-

fatigable men who possessed the talent in which he was deficient. His first private secretary was the Rev. Samuel Hinds, his late Vice-Principal at Oriel, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich, who, on being appointed by Dr. Whately Incumbent of Castleknock and Prebendary of St. Patrick's, was succeeded in the secretarial duty, in 1833, by Dr. Dickinson, subsequently Bishop of Meath. The Rev. John West, now Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, became private secretary in 1840, and continued to fill the office for many years. Dr. Fitzgerald, the present Bishop of Killaloe, has also acted with much efficiency in the same capacity. This learned divine and writer, from his inseparable attendance on the Archbishop, and his extreme attenuation of person, was generally known by the *sobriquet* of "*the Archbishop's shadow*;" and so closely did he imitate Dr. Whately in thought and style, that it is almost impossible to detect any difference between the portions which they jointly contributed to the serial *Cautions for the Times*, intended as a reply to the *Oxford Tracts for the Times*.

Dr. Whately entertained a high opinion of and cordial friendship for Dr. Fitzgerald, and more than once expressed an anxious desire that he should become his successor. Both divines, however, had arrayed themselves in hostility to all strait-laced Calvinism; and on the death of Dr. Whately, the Evangelical organs protested with all their might against a possible appointment which they characterised as deplorable. A beneficed clergyman, addressing the *Evening Mail*, says:—

“ Do all in your power to save the Church
“ in Ireland from the infliction of having the
“ Bishop of Killaloe raised to Dublin.

“ I understand the Lord-Lieutenant has
“ gone over to make interest for the Bishop.
“ Such an appointment I feel would be
“ disastrous, and most distasteful to the
“ clergy and laity of the Protestant Church
“ in Ireland—though, doubtless, it would
“ gratify the Church of Rome, whose news-
“ papers so strongly recommended Dr. Fitz-
“ gerald for the Primacy.”*

* Another Protestant journal, the *Daily Express*, says:—“The experiment was tried in Cork, and the result
“ fully bore out their predictions. Almost immediately,

Dr. Whately was the founder of a new school of theology and political liberalism. The effects of his teaching may be traced in the writings of the divines we have named, as well as in works of others not necessary to particularise.

“ What most people most readily and most cordially approve,” he once said, “ is the echo of their own sentiments ; and whatever effect this may produce, if any, must be short-lived. We hear of volcanic islands thrown up in a few days to a formidable size, and, in a few weeks or months, sinking down

“ he came into hostile collision with the Evangelical life of the Church in that city. So great was the mutual repugnance between Bishop Fitzgerald and his clergy, with whom the laity fully sympathized, that they experienced an inexpressible relief when he was promoted to Killaloe ; and we are informed that his clergy in that diocese would be equally glad to see him enjoying the benefit of another translation.

“ Now, the Bishop of Killaloe would have to encounter in Dublin, on a large scale, the same sort of influences exactly as those which repelled him in Cork. He would put sand instead of oil upon the wheels of all the religious machinery by which the Church has made such wonderful progress during the last 30 years. The only arguments advanced in favour of the

“ again or washed away ; while other islands,
“ which are the summits of banks covered
“ with weed and drift-sand, continue slowly
“ increasing year after year, century after
“ century. The man that is in a hurry to see
“ the full effects of his own tillage, should
“ cultivate annuals and not forest trees.”

The reader will gather from some of the paragraphs we have quoted that no indisposition was manifested to hunt down the Archbishop in his lifetime. But he was of tough composition ; and the tusks of his retorts sank deep into the flesh of his persecutors.

“ appointment are that it was recommended by the late
“ Archbishop, and that Dr. Fitzgerald is a learned
“ theologian and a logical reasoner. The partiality of
“ the great master for such a devoted disciple is natural
“ enough, but it should have no effect with the Govern-
“ ment. Wanting the noble qualities of the original,
“ the copy would exaggerate its most objectionable
“ features, and perpetuate, with intolerable aggravations,
“ grievances which the clergy bore with resignation.
“ They waited patiently until Providence should relieve
“ them by the natural termination of the rule by which
“ they were excluded from merited preferment and
“ reasonable encouragement for a whole generation.
“ They would not be so patient under Archbishop
“ Fitzgerald.”

“Pray, sir,” he said to a loquacious prebendary who had made himself active in talking at the Archbishop’s expense when his back was turned,—“pray, sir, why are you “like the bell of your own church-steeple?” “Because,” replied the other, “I am always “ready to sound the alarm when the Church “is in danger!” “By no means,” replied the Archbishop; “it is because you have an “empty head and a long tongue.”

By some he was voted a bore; by others, a bear; and, with formidable co-operation, they baited him as cruel people sometimes bait a bear or a boar.* Whatever worry the Archbishop may have privately felt, he did not permit it to betray any outward evidences of its existence. His general manner was marked by a stolid indifference to the lash of his pursuers; something like a smile of scorn played across his features; exuberant jokes found utterance; and Mr. Grant, describing his appearance in 1835, remarks that no pea-

* The reader is referred to the unbrotherly epigram made upon the Archbishop by one of his brother Commissioners, in which it was said that he combined the zoological phenomenon of being both a bear and a *bore*.

sant from the bracing breeze of the fields could be more rosy and healthful.* Even his hair refused to silver beneath the potent wand of worry. "His hair is dark," adds Mr. Grant, "and he has a profusion of it. He " has entered his sixty-second year, but most " persons would conclude, from his general " appearance, that he was at least eight years " younger." This powerful effect was mainly produced by art. The persecution, as he assured his chaplain, Hercules Dickinson, ate into his very life, and shortened it. This we can readily believe. It is worry, not work, which kills men. Man is born to labour, and work is healthful, but worry is rust upon the blade.

Yet even this he would try and rub off by the secret application of his vigorous philosophy and the flow of his unctuous humour. "If all our wishes were gratified," he would say, "most of our pleasures would be destroyed."

As a wit, he was never so strong as when making a pun. Most of them are broadly

* "Random Recollections of the House of Lords," p. 382.

humorous. In allusion to Lord Macaulay, who observed that "there was but one country in the world that presented the spectacle of a population of 8,000,000, with a Church richly endowed for only 800,000 of that population," Dr. Whately said, that "the Irish Protestant Episcopacy was the poorest body of men, because they had only one *bob daily* amongst them." Dr. Robert Daly, Bishop of Cashel, one of the most prominent polemics of his day, suggested this play upon his name. Addressing a blue-stocking who had produced quite as many babes as books, he said, "Pray, Mrs. A——, what is the difference between you and me?" "You puzzle me," she replied; "what is it?" "I can't conceive," responded the Archbishop. A lady had the very bad taste to enter the Castle drawing-room in such ultra full dress, or rather undress, that more bust than barège was visible. "Did you ever see anything so unblushing?" whispered a Custodian of the Great Seal whose sense of decorum was outraged by the exhibition. "Never since I was weaned," replied Dr. Whately.

Dr. Whately's inexhaustible stock of puns

and conundrums has been classed by his friends under two heads—the sublime and the ridiculous.

When Lord Gough returned to Ireland wreathed with laurels by the subjugation of Runjeet Singh and the Sikhs, Dr. Whately asked him what had been the proportion of the belligerent parties. Lord Gough was proceeding to enter into an elaborate numerical statement, when the Archbishop cut it short by saying, “They were Sikhs (six), “and we won (one)!”*

A man directed the Archbishop’s attention to a valuable draught horse, as sagacious as he was powerful. “There is nothing,” said the horse-dealer, “which he cannot draw.” “Can he draw an inference?” inquired Dr. Whately.

A friend had been to visit Madame Tussaud’s, and expressed pleasure at beholding the many heroes and heroines made of wax.

* This joke is a tolerably good companion to another, not by Whately. It was said of Sir C. Napier that, when announcing the capture of Scinde, instead of saying with Cæsar, “Veni, vidi,” he ought to have said, “Peccavi—I have *sinned*.”

“What was Joan of Arc made of?” inquired a lady. “She wasn’t there,” replied the sight-seer; “but I have seen her generally in “plaster-of-paris.” “Joan of Arc was made “(maid) of Orleans,” sang out the Archbishop, with a hearty laugh; but whether the laugh proved, in this particular instance, contagious, has not been recorded. “From the “silence which prevails,” said Sheridan on entering a room, “I conclude that Lauderdale “has been making a joke.”

To give the Archbishop his due, his wit could soar when he chose.

In hastening, with a young clergyman, to officiate at some religious ceremony in a neighbouring diocese, the chaplain, glancing at his watch, fell into a state of nervous agitation, at their being so late. “My good young “friend,” said the Archbishop, “I can only “say to you what the criminal going to be “hanged said to those around, who were “hurrying him—‘Let us take our time: they “‘can’t begin without us.’”

In the course of a conversation or disquisition on Satan he once startled his listeners by asking—“If the devil lost his tail, where

should he go to find a new one?" and without giving much time for reflection replied, "To a gin-palace, for *bad spirits* are *retailed* there." Other jokes in which his Satanic Majesty occupied a prominent position might be cited; but probably the specimen given will suffice—especially as the next hour to that in which they were uttered, often found the Archbishop powerfully denouncing the species of wit of which he had himself just given pleasant samples.

"It is well known how common it is to find Satan and his angels, and everything connected with them, including the 'everlasting fire prepared' for them, and for those who are seduced by them, considered as something ludicrous, as something that can hardly be mentioned or alluded to with gravity, as something that not only excites mirth when incidentally referred to, but is even frequently forced in, for the joke's sake, and made to furnish a subject for pleasantry.

"Now surely this is a remarkable and a strange thing; for, generally speaking, right-minded persons—all who have any

“ pure sentiments and delicacy of taste—are
“ accustomed to regard wickedness and
“ misery as most unfit subjects for jesting.
“ They would be shocked at any one who
“ should find *amusement* in the ravages and
“ slaughter perpetrated by a licentious
“ soldiery in a conquered country ; or in the
“ lingering tortures inflicted by wild Indians
“ on their prisoners ; or in the burning of
“ heretics under the Inquisition. Nay, the
“ very Inquisitors themselves, who have
“ thought it their duty to practise such
“ cruelties, would have been ashamed to be
“ thought so brutal as to regard the sufferings
“ of their victims as a subject of mirth. And
“ any one who should treat as a jest the
“ crimes and cruelties of the French Revolu-
“ tion, would generally be deemed more
“ depraved than even the perpetrators them-
“ selves.

“ Yet so it is, that the wickedness, and the
“ misery, past and future, of evil spirits, and
“ of such of our fellow-creatures as are
“ seduced by them, are commonly treated as
“ a jest !

“ Now suppose a rational being—an inha-

“ bitant of some other planet—could visit
“ this our earth, and witness the gaiety of
“ heart with which Satan and his agents, and
“ his victims, and the dreadful doom reserved
“ for them, and everything relating to the
“ subject, are, by many persons, talked of
“ and laughed at, and resorted to as a source
“ of amusement, what inference would he be
“ likely to draw?

“ Doubtless he would, at first, conclude
“ that no one *believed* anything of all this,
“ but that we regarded the whole as a string
“ of fables, like the heathen mythology, or
“ the nursery-tales of fairies and enchanters,
“ which are told to amuse children. But
“ when he came to learn that these things
“ are not only *true*, but are actually *believed*
“ by the far greater part of those who, never-
“ theless, treat them as a subject of *mirth*,
“ what would he think of us then? He
“ would surely regard this as a most astound-
“ ing proof of the great art and of the great
“ influence of that Evil Being who can have
“ so far blinded men’s understandings, and
“ so depraved their moral sentiments, and so
“ hardened their hearts, as to lead them, not

“ merely to regard with careless apathy their
“ spiritual enemy, and the dangers they are
“ exposed to from him, and the final ruin of
“ his victims, but even to find *amusement*
“ in a subject of such surpassing horror,
“ and to introduce allusions to it by way of
“ a jest ! ”

But to return to the Archbishop's jokes. His fluency for playing on words may have been first contracted by a perusal of the sermons of Latimer and Adams, which contain quite as many puns as parables. Had Dr. Whately lived in those days, the Primacy of England would doubtless have been his reward. It is recorded in the sixty-first number of Addison's "Spectator," that James the First "made very few bishops or
“ privy councillors that had not some time or
“ other signalized themselves by a pun or a
“ conundrum.”

At the conclusion of the following homily, we have an illustration of Dr. Whately's fondness for introducing a pun even on the most serious subjects and occasions.

“ When a Christian moralist is called on
“ for a direct *scriptural precept* against

“ suicide, instead of replying that the Bible
“ is not meant for a complete code of *laws*,
“ but for a system of *motives* and *principles*,
“ the answer frequently given is, ‘Thou
“ ‘ shalt do no *murder*,’ and it is assumed in
“ the arguments drawn from reason, as well
“ as in those from revelation, that suicide is
“ a species of murder—viz., because it is
“ called *self-murder*; and thus, deluded by a
“ name, many are led to rest on an unsound
“ argument, which, like all other fallacies,
“ does more harm than good, in the end, to
“ the cause of truth. Suicide, if any one
“ considers the nature and not the name of
“ it, evidently wants the most essential cha-
“ racteristic of murder—viz., the *hurt and*
“ *injury* done to one’s neighbour, in de-
“ priving him of life, as well as to others,
“ by the *insecurity* they are in consequence
“ liable to feel. And since no one can,
“ strictly speaking, do *injustice* to himself,
“ he cannot, in the literal and primary
“ acceptation of the words, be said either
“ to rob or to murder himself. He who
“ deserts the post to which he is appointed

“ by his Great Master, and presumptuously
“ cuts short the state of probation graciously
“ allowed him for ‘working out his salva-
“ ‘tion’ (whether by action or by patient
“ endurance), is guilty indeed of a grievous
“ sin, but of one not the least analogous in
“ its character to murder. It implies no
“ inhumanity. It is much more closely
“ allied to the sin of wasting life in indolence,
“ or in trifling pursuits,—that life which is
“ bestowed as a seed time for the harvest of
“ immortality. What is called, in familiar
“ phrase, ‘killing time,’ is, in truth, an
“ approach, as far as it goes, to the destruc-
“ tion of one’s own life; for ‘Time is the
“ ‘stuff life is made of.’ ”*

For strength of style, Whately has been

* Dr. Whately’s argument against duels was, that
“ they confer a character of daring spirit, which all in
“ some degree admire, on such conduct as would other-
“ wise degrade a man. If one gives another the lie, he
“ would be cut as an unmannerly brute, but for the rule
“ which allows you to ‘call him out.’ He is ready to
“ give satisfaction, and is somewhat admired for his
“ courage. But for duelling, he could give no satisfaction
“ for such an offence to society, which would accordingly
“ send him to ‘Coventry.’ ”

compared to Swift; but in no point did they more closely resemble each other than in the inveterate habit of riddling and punning. Dull people are fond of decrying both, and attributing to Dr. Johnson a saying which he never uttered, that "he who would make
" a pun would pick a pocket." "The knack
" of punning," said Swift, "no man ever
" despised who possessed it." "Swift composing riddles," said Lord Orrery, in his remarks on his life and writings, "is
" Titian painting draft-boards; which must
" have been inexcusable while there remained
" a signpost-painter in the world."

Dean Delany deemed it necessary to vindicate the memory of his friend from this and other cavils expressed by Lord Orrery, and in reply to the above, submitted, "A riddle
" may be as fine painting as any other in the
" world. It requires as strong an imagination as fine colouring, and as exact a proportion and keeping as any other historical
" painting. The only difference is (and that
" surely is difference enough), that it is not
" always employed upon subjects so interesting and important. And yet Swift hath

“ made his Pethox the Great a piece truly
 “ historical and learned ; with as many fine
 “ and strong strokes of satire as in any of
 “ Hogarth’s. I only wish the subject had
 “ been less disagreeable, and the colouring
 “ in some places less strong.

“ Riddles, my Lord, are not the daub of
 “ dulness ; they are strictly and properly the
 “ play of wit ; as innocent, mirthful, and
 “ inoffensive, as any other play (but perhaps
 “ too youthful in some characters), and may,
 “ for aught I know, like some exercises in
 “ the academy, contribute not only to recrea-
 “ tion, but also to health and strength, and
 “ be proper preparatives to serious and im-
 “ portant action.”*

Whately could make Latin puns as happily as Swift, who, seeing a lady sweep down and break, by the accidental contact of her hoops, a fine violin, exclaimed—

“ Mantua ve miseræ nimium

“ Vicina cremonæ.”

* Observations on Lord Orrery’s Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift ; London, 1756, p. 223 (published anonymously, but known to be from the pen of Patrick Delany).

A Canadian clergyman, with a mingled air of French polish and Yankee confidence, had the kindness to offer, unsolicited, to Dr. Whately his opinion of ecclesiastic education, and how it ought to be improved. "What do the people want," he said, "with tall men versed in astronomy, geology, geometry, and botany, and other lofty studies? It is not by such aids that the popular mind is to be enlightened." "Do tell me, pray, what is your *modus operandi* in Canada?" inquired Dr. Whately. "When I meet a native," replied the missionary, "I pat him on the head, sometimes on the back; and while I administer to him a soothing plug of tobacco, I gently instil the truths of Revelation." "Yes," replied the Archbishop, aptly quoting from the "Art of Poetry" of Horace, — "Ex fumo dare lucem."

Among his diversions were all sorts of logical questions, with which he loved to ply or probe the men amongst whom he moved. These were often started at the most unexpected and, as some thought, unseasonable times.

At a meeting of the Irish College of Physicians, in 1836, the assembled doctors, after having heard an able paper read by the late Sir Henry Marsh, were very much surprised to see the Archbishop rise, and in the gravest manner ask, "Mr. President, I wish to hear
" some satisfactory proof given that you, and
" I, and every person in this room are not in
" a dream."

Sir Henry Marsh essayed an erudite explanation, but completely broke down; Dr. Montgomery jumped to the rescue, but was glad to jump back again with his nose singed. "The doctors," writes our informant, "were
" all dumb-founded, and the Archbishop
" pronounced it too bad that the entire College of Physicians had failed to answer so
" simple a physiological query."

Soon after the introduction of the convict system to Ireland, a gentleman known and respected as an ardent advocate of reformatories boasted to a friend who occupied a responsible office in the Irish government that he held the system in such high estimation, that he employed no servants in his house but those who had passed some

time in a reformatory. The party so addressed was much struck by the information and its significance, and with suitable impressiveness he communicated both to the Archbishop. His Grace listened attentively to the recital, and at length quietly observed, “Your friend will waken some fine morning and find himself the only *spoon* left in the house.”*

Solemn noodles, who could not understand a joke, confidentially whispered to each other that Whately was a clever fool. He would seem to have had this cavil in his eye, or in his nose, or perhaps in both, when he said,—

“Weak men having been warned that wisdom and wit are not the same thing, and that ridicule is not the test of truth, distrust everything that can possibly be regarded as witty; not having judgment to perceive the combination, when it occurs, of wit with sound reasoning. The ivy-wreath

* This joke went the rounds of the Dublin clubs some time ago, attributing it with injustice to another party, who himself was nothing loth to admit the pleasant impeachment. The sole merit of the joke belongs to Dr. Whately.

“conceals from their view the point of the
“Thyrsus. He that can laugh at what is
“ludicrous, and at the same time preserve
“a clear discernment of sound and unsound
“reasoning, is no ordinary man.

“Many are sometimes scandalized when
“some folly that has been forced into con-
“nection with religion is laughed at as if
“religion itself were ridiculed. It is true,
“indeed, that to attack even error in religion
“with mere ridicule is no wise act, because
“good things may be ridiculed as well as
“bad. But it surely cannot be our duty to
“abstain from showing plainly that absurd
“things *are* absurd, merely because people
“cannot help smiling at them. If so, the
“more directly absurd anything is, the more
“secure it is from refutation; since it is
“impossible to refute such things, without
“placing them in a ludicrous point of view.
“A tree is not impaired by being cleared of
“mosses and lichens, nor truth by having
“folly or sophistry torn away from around
“it.”

“He never told an anecdote for its sake
“alone,” says one who knew him well—

“always to walk down some fallacy, or
“illustrate a moral truth,”

Some of the witticisms related of him appear so small in the telling, that, from the peculiar powers of the man, it is impossible to doubt but that they originally found expression as felicitous illustrations, intended to ridicule some vulnerable positions. For instance, it is told of him that he on one occasion asked a learned professor to state the vocative of cat. The professor, in reply, exclaimed, “O cat.” But Dr. Whately explained that inasmuch as the vocative case is that in which you address a person or thing, “pussey” must, therefore, be the vocative of cat. Turning to a junior clergyman, he asked, “What is the difference between a form and a ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same, yet there is a very nice distinction.” Various answers were given. “Well,” he said, “it lies in this: you sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony.”

A remarkable conundrum of his was—
“Why can a man never starve in the Great
“Desert? Because he can eat the *sand*

“ *which* is (sandwiches) there. But what
“ brought the sandwiches there? Noah
“ sent Ham, and his descendants mustered
“ and bred (mustard and bread).”

This conundrum has had such a run, that it is by no means improbable the reader may have already heard it.

The answer to the following—one of the last given forth by him—he withheld:—

“ When from the ark’s capacious round
“ The world came forth in pairs,
“ Who was the first to hear the sound
“ Of boots upon the stairs?”

He once asked a roomful of divines why white sheep eat so very much more than black sheep. One person advanced it as his opinion, that black being a warmer colour than white, and one which never fails forcibly to attract the sun, black sheep could do with less nutriment than their white contemporaries. At all these profound speculations Dr. Whately shook his head gravely, and then proceeded with imperturbable gravity to explain, “White
“ sheep eat more because there are more of
“ them.”

“ The essence of a jest,” said Dr. Whately, “ is its mimic sophistry—a sophistry so palpable as not to be likely to deceive any one, but yet bearing just that resemblance of argument which is calculated to amuse by the contrast; in the same manner that a parody does, by the contrast of its levity with the serious production which it imitates. There is, indeed, something laughable even in fallacies which are intended for serious conviction, when they are thoroughly exposed.

“ There are several different kinds of joke and raillery which will be found to correspond with the different kinds of fallacy. The pun (to take the simplest and most obvious case) is evidently, in most instances, a mock argument founded on a palpable equivocation of the middle-term. It is probable, indeed, that all jests, sports, or games, properly so called, will be found, on examination, to be *imitative* of serious transactions, as of war or commerce.”

Much of the extravagant humour peculiar to Dr. Whately was a stimulant deliberately applied to elicit laughter, which he considered

a wholesome exercise, tending to renovate the nerves relaxed in the progress of his often jaded life. There can be no doubt that laughter promotes a free respiration, quickens the circulation, and consumes, to some extent, the splenetic humours. Old medical writers attribute laughter to the fifth pair of nerves, which sending branches to the ear, eye, lips, tongue, palate, and muscles of the cheek, mouth, and præcordia, a pleasant sympathy is awakened between all those parts. "Cultivate not only the corn-fields of the mind, but the pleasure-grounds also," was a motto of Dr. Whately's.

This cultivation was often a labour rather than a luxury. His hilarity was not always the result of happiness. "Gay spirits," he once said, "are always spoken of as a sign of happiness, though every one knows to the contrary. A cockchafer is never so lively as when a pin is stuck through his tail; and a hot floor makes Bruin dance."

Often when the old Archbishop seemed most exuberant with drollery, stab after stab was making sad havoc in his heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSIDERABLE noise was occasioned about this time by the fact that the Rev. L. J. Nolan, a Roman Catholic priest, and teacher at a diocesan seminary in Meath, where he is still remembered by the familiar sobriquet of "Larry O'Gaff," had conformed to Protestantism. Mr. Nolan solicited and obtained an interview with Dr. Whately, who, as appears from a document which we shall presently use, gave him no encouragement. The Very Rev. Thomas Percival Magee, however, who had received the Archdeaconry of Dublin from his father, Archbishop Magee, and imbibed from his lips the very decided views which his son long continued to represent, and, as far as practicable, carry out, took by the hand the man whom Dr. Whately

had inhibited, and placed at his disposal the pulpit of St. John's Church in Dublin. Great anxiety was manifested by the Evangelical Protestants to hear Mr. Nolan preach. Archdeacon Magee tried to keep the matter out of the newspapers, and was much mortified to find that some zealot had inserted in *Saunders's News-letter* a prominent advertisement of the forthcoming treat.

The following correspondence explains itself:—

“17th November, 1836.

“DEAR ARCHDEACON,—

“The Archbishop has received information that the Rev. Mr. Nolan has been asked to preach at St. John's next Sunday. His Grace wishes to see you to-day, or at ten o'clock to-morrow, in reference to this. Mr. Nolan has been refused permission to preach in this diocese.

“I am, dear Archdeacon,

“Yours very truly,

“CHARLES DICKINSON,

“*Domestic Chaplain to the*
“*Archbishop.*

“Archdeacon Magee.”

To this the following answer, or excuse, was sent:—

“17th November, 1836.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“I have got a cold, and am thereby
 “prevented attending this day on his Grace.
 “Mr. Nolan has had my full permission to
 “preach on next Sunday, in John’s
 “parish.* I must state, however, that I
 “inquired of Mr. Nolan whether he had
 “received any direct prohibition from the
 “Archbishop of Dublin, to which he replied
 “in the negative. I next inquired whether
 “he was the curate of the Primate; to which
 “he replied in the affirmative, and shewed
 “me the enclosed document. Of course, I
 “could have no objection in permitting the
 “Primate’s own curate to preach in my
 “church; but if the Archbishop of Dublin
 “thinks differently, and from personal know-

* “Sir Walter observed that it seemed to be a piece
 “of Protestantism in Dublin to drop the saintly titles of
 “the Catholic Church: they call St. Patrick’s, Patrick’s;
 “and St. Stephen’s Green has been Orangeized into
 “Stephen’s. He said you might trace the Puritans in
 “the plain *Powles* (for St. Paul’s) of the old English
 “comedians.”—Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*, c. lxiii.

“ ledge prohibits Mr. Nolan from preaching in
 “ this diocese, I offer no factious opposition,
 “ and shall forthwith intimate his Grace’s
 “ decision to Mr. Nolan; at the same time I
 “ must candidly add, that while, in this
 “ instance, I yield my own private opinion in
 “ deference to that of my diocesan, I must
 “ always maintain the principle of every rector
 “ having an unqualified and unrestricted right
 “ over his own pulpit.

“ Believe me, yours truly,

“ T. P. MAGEE.

“ Rev. Mr. Dickinson.”

“ 18th November.

“ MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—

“ Rev. Mr. Nolan was examined by the
 “ Archbishop, was *found miserably ignorant*
 “ *of the Scriptures*, and was consequently re-
 “ fused leave to preach. *This refusal was*
 “ *repeated within the last three weeks.* Mr.
 “ *Nolan was so entirely aware of this* that he
 “ called on me to expostulate on the matter,
 “ at which interview with me Dr. Wilson was
 “ present. In consequence of Mr. Nolan’s
 “ denial, as your note reports, that such leave
 “ was refused, the Archbishop has felt it his

“ duty to direct that a formal inhibition shall
 “ be served on him,—a step which his Grace
 “ was anxious to avoid as long as it was
 “ possible to avoid it.

“ I shall transcribe for you now a quotation
 “ from a letter of the Primate’s to the Arch-
 “ bishop, and I am ready to show you the
 “ original letter on any morning you may
 “ please to call on me.

“ ‘ Rev. Mr. Nolan is not licensed in my
 “ ‘ diocese ; if he were under my jurisdiction,
 “ ‘ I should certainly signify to him my dis-
 “ ‘ approval of his preaching in any church
 “ ‘ within your diocese, unless he first obtained
 “ ‘ your permission for that purpose.’

“ I believe you will find it a correct assertion
 “ that Mr. Nolan is not licensed by any
 “ bishop.

“ Believe me, yours very truly,

“ CHARLES DICKINSON,

“ *Domestic Chaplain to the*
 “ *Archbishop.*

“ Archdeacon Magee.”

“ *November 18th.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—

“ I am quite surprised at reading your
 “ letter, particularly the Primate’s extract,

“ *and consider it altogether satisfactory ;*
 “ *the more so, as the principle of pulpit*
 “ *jurisdiction is not infringed. Had I been*
 “ *fully aware of all the circumstances, I should*
 “ *never have asked Mr. Nolan to preach.*

“ Believe me, yours very truly,

“ T. P. MAGEE.

“ Dr. Dickinson.”

Dr. Whately was not the man to do things by halves, and he accordingly drew up and had formally served this

“ INHIBITION.

“ Richard, by Divine Providence, Arch-
 “ bishop of Dublin, Primate and Metropolitan
 “ of Ireland, and Bishop of Glandelagh, to
 “ all and singular clerks and literate persons
 “ within our diocese of Dublin and Glandelagh
 “ greeting : Whereas the Rev. L. J. Nolan
 “ *hath taken upon himself to officiate in per-*
 “ *forming divine offices in the parish churches*
 “ *of Lucan and Saint John, within our said*
 “ *diocese and jurisdiction, without our license*
 “ *or authority, contrary to the laws and canons*
 “ *of the Church of Ireland, in that case made*
 “ *and provided ; We, therefore, by these*

“ presents, strictly charge and command
 “ you, that you *inhibit peremptorily the said*
 “ *L. J. Nolan*, whom we also, by the tenor
 “ of these presents, inhibit that he presume
 “ *not to preach, or perform any other clerical*
 “ *office* within our said dioceses and juris-
 “ diction, without our special license and
 “ authority first had and obtained, under
 “ pain of the law, and contempt thereof;
 “ and that you certify to us, or our Vicar-
 “ General, or some other judge competent
 “ in this behalf, what you shall do in the
 “ premises, together with these presents.—
 “ Dated under our Archiepiscopal Seal, the
 “ eighteenth day of November, in the year
 “ of our Lord One thousand eight hundred
 “ and thirty-six.

(Seal)

“ RICHARD DUBLIN.

“ JOHN SAMUELS,

“ *Deputy-Registrar.*”

Archdeacon Magee, somewhat scared at this formidable document, writes:—

“ *Saturday Evening.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—

“ I told Mr. Samuels this day *I never*
 “ *authorised the publishing in the public press*

“ *relating to Mr. Nolan preaching to-morrow*
 “ *in John’s Church.* I write this to you lest
 “ he omitted mentioning it, and beg to say
 “ I am even now totally ignorant of the person.
 “ who inserted it, or the means employed.

“ Yours, in haste,

“ T. P. MAGEE.

“ N.B.—I have received the inhibition.”

“ MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—

“ I have not seen Mr. Samuels to-day.
 “ I shall take care to mention to the Arch-
 “ bishop that you *were not instrumental in*
 “ *advertising Mr. Nolan.* I fear the publicity
 “ given to his preaching may lead to calumny
 “ and misstatement. I wish you had from
 “ the first asked the Archbishop the questions
 “ which you put to Mr. Nolan. I am sure
 “ you are persuaded you would have received
 “ from his Grace true answers.

“ Believe me, yours very truly,

“ C. DICKINSON.

“ Archdeacon Magee.”

The *Dublin Record*, a strong Evangelical organ, of Monday, 21st November, thus describes the scene at St. John’s Church on the

morning that Mr. Nolan had expressed his intention of preaching :—

“ A very strong sensation was excited in
“ the congregation assembled in St. John’s
“ Church at the morning service of yesterday,
“ by an announcement that his Grace the
“ Archbishop of Dublin had issued an in-
“ hibition to prevent the Rev. L. J. Nolan
“ from preaching therein, after notice had
“ been given that he would do so on
“ this day. This notice was given on the
“ preceding Sunday. It was then intimated
“ to the congregation that on next Sabbath
“ (yesterday, the 20th instant) the Rev.
“ Mr. Nolan, late a Roman Catholic priest,
“ but now a clergyman of the Established
“ Church, and curate to his Grace the Lord
“ Primate, in the parish of Athboy, diocese
“ of Meath, would preach in St. John’s
“ Church, *on the errors of Romanism*, and
“ very great interest was excited by the
“ circumstance. The consequence was, that,
“ on yesterday morning, the church was
“ crowded to excess by a concourse of re-
“ spectable Protestants and Roman Catholics,
“ and many had to go away from the im-

“ possibility of finding room. All this anxiety,
“ however, was destined to meet with dis-
“ appointment; for, just previously to the
“ sermon, the Venerable Archdeacon Magee,
“ who is the rector of the parish, proceeded
“ to inform the congregation from the com-
“ munion table, that the Rev. Mr. Nolan
“ could not preach on this day, as they had
“ expected, as the Archbishop of Dublin
“ had issued an inhibition to prevent his
“ doing so.

“ We are compelled, for the sake of verity,”
adds the *Record*, “ to admit that an audible
“ murmur arose from the congregation when
“ the reading of his Grace’s inhibition had
“ concluded; *but no disturbance took place*,
“ and the majority of the congregation re-
“ mained. Neither our space nor our time
“ will permit us to indulge in any lengthened
“ comment on *this new stretch of archiepis-*
“ *copal authority*. But it is quite of a piece
“ with all the rest of our present Archbishop’s
“ public acts; and we do say, that if a Jesuit
“ in disguise were filling the office, he could
“ not labour more assiduously in his voca-
“ tion, more decidedly for the honour and

“ exaltation of his master the Pope, than does
“ Dr. Whately, our Protestant Archbishop.”

From the same faithful exponent of Evangelicism we gather some further interesting facts, and learn that Dr. Whately had a few days previously “ sent for the committee of
“ the Protestant Protection Society, which
“ consists chiefly of ministers of our Church.
“ This society has for its object the support
“ of converted priests from the Church of
“ Rome; and he thereupon took occasion
“ to inveigh against the society, and the
“ clergy especially who had presumed to join
“ in such an impolitic association without
“ his leave! We must say that he has closed
“ the week consistently enough, by prohibit-
“ ing the Rev. Mr. Nolan from preaching in
“ St. John’s Church.”

Mr. Nolan, who had rebelled against the Catholic bishop of his own diocese, was not the man to succumb, without resistance, to Dr. Whately’s energetic effort to snuff him out, or to the Primate’s declaration that no licenses had ever been extended to him in Armagh. Mr. Nolan flourished the following letter in the face of both prelates, and de-

clared that in spite of their teeth—and the old Primate had very few—he would preach where he liked:—

“ATHBOY, *October 28th*, 1836.

“MY DEAR NOLAN,—

“As I find some persons have attempted
“to throw discredit upon your assertion,
“that you are ‘Curate of Athboy, and Curate
“‘to his Grace the Lord Primate,’ I write
“this, which you may show to whom you
“please, assuring you that you have a full
“right to those titles. You were appointed
“Curate of Athboy by the Primate, in his
“capacity as rector of this parish, of which
“I am only vicar, and you are recognized
“and authorized as such by the bishop of
“this diocese—the Bishop of Meath.

“I only regret that the necessity of
“your personally superintending the several
“editions of your last pamphlet, and also
“your need of further medical advice, has
“caused your temporary absence; and I hope
“that the complete re-establishment of your
“health will enable you soon to return to
“your curacy, and to join in the work and

“labour of love, of convincing, rebuking,
“exhorting, with all long-suffering and
“scripture doctrine, with your fellow-
“labourer in the vineyard of the Lord
“Jesus.

“ROBERT NOBLE,
“*Vicar of Athboy.*”

“Evil communications corrupt good man-
“ners ;” and it would seem that Mr. Nolan
had meanwhile inoculated his friend the
Archdeacon with some portion of his own
spirit of uncanonical contumacy.

Dr. Dickinson, writing to Archdeacon
Magee, expressed his opinion that “the
“publicity of advertising Mr. Nolan would
“lead to calumny and misstatement.” Dr.
Dickinson added : “I wish you had thought
“of asking the Archbishop,” &c., &c. “Now,
“my Lord,” proceeds the Archdeacon, “I
“wish to guard against ‘calumny and mis-
“‘statement’ on my side also ; and that
“your Grace shall not be led to conclude,
“because I have yielded my own private
“opinion in deference to that of my diocesan
“in this instance, that such conduct of mine

“ will be adduced against me as a precedent
“ in future ; for I conceive (as I have already
“ expressed to your chaplain, and which,
“ perhaps, you have not seen, as I have
“ received no reply on that point) that
“ every rector has an *un-qualified* juris-
“ diction over his own pulpit, and I am
“ totally ignorant of any canon giving the
“ bishop that restrictive power. I know the
“ point is disputed ; but your Grace, perhaps,
“ is fully aware that in England it has been
“ decided in favour of the rector. True, I
“ might ‘ask permission from the Arch-
“ ‘bishop,’ for courtesy’ sake, for a clergy-
“ man not licensed in this diocese to preach ;
“ but, my Lord, in these revolutionary times,
“ principle ought not to yield to courtesy ;
“ and, moreover, I feel it would be un-
“ courteous in many instances for me to
“ apply at the palace for such permission,
“ *differing as we do so essentially in doctrine,*
“ *in church polity, and politics.* This is not
“ mere assertion. You are opposed to all
“ Socinian discussion in the Dublin pulpits,
“ as in the case of the Rev. Mr. Bagot and
“ the Dean of St. Patrick’s. You are likewise

“ opposed to Popish controversial discussion ;
“ this I conclude, not from the prohibition
“ of Mr. Nolan, but from being a member
“ of that* board called National
“ Education, where so many passages bear-
“ ing upon Popish doctrinal errors are care-
“ fully omitted in the scripture extracts.

“ Why should I go through the mortifying
“ form of ‘ asking the Archbishop for leave
“ ‘ to preach ’ against Socinians, Popery,
“ and the Education Board ? No, my Lord,
“ I purpose exercising my undoubted right
“ of my own pulpit, and also the Protestant
“ principle of my right of private judgment
“ as to a selection of preachers, provided
“ they have been duly licensed by other
“ bishops, and preach the truth ‘ as it is in
“ ‘ Jesus.’ My Lord, I write these hurried
“ lines in no spirit of defiance, or any factious
“ opposition to episcopal authority ; I write
“ it in the spirit of candour, and disdain
“ acting underhand or evasively, nor will I
“ act on that principle of expediency or
“ conciliation, as now practised at the palace,

* The blank occurs in the original.—Ed.

“ of issuing a diocesan mandate against
 “ extempore prayers and religious meeting,
 “ while your own chaplain, Dr. Singer,
 “ openly, and to your own knowledge, prac-
 “ tises both. I really cannot see how I can
 “ be called upon to pay canonical obedience
 “ to this mandate of your Grace’s, under
 “ such circumstances, and which circular I
 “ received from your Grace by the post.—I
 “ have the honour to remain, my Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s obedient,

“ Humble servant,

“ T. P. MAGEE.

“ P.S.—It is right to add, that I have, in
 “ accordance with my own principles, invited
 “ Mr. Trail, *a licensed rector in the diocese of*
 “ *Cork*, to preach to my naturally discon-
 “ tented congregation at St. John’s this day,
 “ as a substitute for Mr. Nolan.”

The manner and matter of this letter must have annoyed Dr. Whately. First, as to the manner, Dr. Magee does not address his Diocesan as “ My Lord Archbishop,” but as “ My Lord ”—and “ Differing as *we* do,” not “ as your Grace and I do.” There were no more uncompromising sticklers for “ the title,

“ the whole title, and nothing but the title,” than the family of Archbishop Magee. One anecdote, which we find related in a letter of Mr. Wm. Saxon’s, exhibits to the full that silly vanity which rejoiced in the brilliancy of a feather.

“ A lady of high rank, in company with Archbishop Magee, soon after his translation to Dublin, observed that the Archbishop was annoyed as often as the lady addressed him. The cause occurred to her : she had, as heretofore, called him, ‘ My Lord.’ During the remainder of the evening the lady addressed him as ‘ Your Grace,’ and was listened to with pleasure.”

Dr. Whately gave no reply to the letter of his Archdeacon, but took some credit to himself for an amount of forbearance which would not be shown if such a letter had been addressed by a captain to the Duke of Wellington during a campaign. Dr. Magee’s ire meanwhile having tolerably cooled, he expressed a willingness to withdraw the least creditable expressions in his letter, and addressed the following missive to Dr. Whately, who returned it unread. The letter is en-

dorsed in his Grace's hand: "*Not opened, R. D.*"

"12, *Merrion Square North.*

"MY LORD,—

"Having just been informed by ———
 "that your Grace considers I have written
 "in a disrespectful style, I must distinctly
 "repudiate any such intention, and hereby
 "make acknowledgment to that effect, and
 "so far from intending to give offence *per-*
 "*sonally* to the Archbishop of Dublin, I
 "conceive myself particularly bound to obey
 "episcopal authority, *while I honestly main-*
 "*tain my own principles*, and can have no
 "hesitation in promptly expressing my regret
 "if in the hurry of writing I expressed my-
 "self in any way grating to your feelings.

"I have the honour to remain, my Lord,
 "respectfully and faithfully, your Lordship's
 "obedient humble servant,

"T. P. MAGEE."

Archdeacon Magee, stung by the rebuff of a returned letter, prepared, as he supposed, a formidable indictment against his Metropolitan, and inserted copies of it in the public papers.

“ First, the Rev. Mr. Bagot was prohibited
“ preaching by the Archbishop of Dublin in
“ St. Patrick’s Cathedral, on the Socinian
“ controversy, but was *successfully* opposed
“ by the Dean of St. Patrick’s. *Secondly*,
“ the Archdeacon of Derry was silenced in
“ the Archdeaconry of Dublin, for preaching
“ in St. Stephen’s Chapel against the Educa-
“ tion Board. And, *thirdly*, Rev. Mr. Nolan,
“ a Roman Catholic convert, was inhibited for
“ preaching against the errors of Popery.”

Archdeacon Magee, with considerable warmth, declared that the time had come for the diocese of Dublin to resist the authority of its Bishop. He was very firm in supporting that no prelate had a right to inhibit any cleric from using any pulpit—seemingly forgetting that his late father, Archbishop Magee, had inhibited the Rev. R. Taylor !

Mr. Nolan—or, as his intimate friends continued to style him, “Larry O’Gaff”—resolved that he should not be wholly baulked or gagged, even by the muscular arm of Dr. Whately, and addressed an extraordinary letter to his Grace, of which we transcribe the chief parts :—

“ *To his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.*

“ DUBLIN, Nov. 25th, 1836.

“ MY LORD,—

“ Being anxious to convey to Roman
 “ Catholics, *by my private instruction*, that
 “ knowledge which your Grace has endea-
 “ voured to prevent me from imparting by my
 “ public preaching, I went upon last Tuesday
 “ (according to invitation) to the Rev. Mr.
 “ Stuart, rector of Lucan, and being accom-
 “ panied by that truly exemplary individual
 “ in visiting through his parish some Roman
 “ Catholics, who were anxious to converse
 “ with me on the subject of religion, I was
 “ detained until yesterday, which circum-
 “ stance prevented me from noticing until
 “ now Dr. Dickinson’s letter, which, I un-
 “ derstand, was partly concocted, and
 “ wholly approved of, by your Grace, and
 “ contains most unfounded accusations
 “ against my character.

“ * * * * * The first accusation of Dr.
 “ Dickinson is of a direct nature, for it
 “ arraigns me as ‘ *being miserably ignorant* of
 “ ‘ the Scriptures,’ when I had been examined

“ before your Grace, which examination took
“ place nearly three years ago, and imme-
“ diately after my leaving the Roman Catholic
“ Church. The second charge is of an in-
“ direct nature, insinuating that I told a
“ falsehood to Archdeacon Magee, by my
“ mentioning to him that I received no *direct*
“ inhibition from your Grace against my
“ preaching. The third charge accuses me
“ of the assumption of an unjust title, by
“ calling myself a curate, whereas Dr. Dickin-
“ son would wish to show that I had no
“ claim to such an appellation. In handling
“ these subjects, I shall endeavour (under
“ God’s blessing) to refrain from the mani-
“ festation of any acrimonious feeling which
“ the injustice of such accusations might be
“ calculated to awake in my mind.

* * * * *

“ Two years and seven months have now
“ elapsed since my open disavowal of the
“ Romish errors. At that time I had an
“ interview with your Grace—it was the only
“ one I ever had with you in my life, and will,
“ I think, be the last, from *the harsh and un-*
“ *courteous treatment then manifested by your*

“ *Grace*, and which left an impression on my
“ mind that your Grace would prefer my
“ remaining in my former errors and super-
“ stitions to the circumstance of my *be-*
“ *coming a Christian*. After I explained to
“ your Grace my interview with the Roman
“ Catholic bishop, upon my leaving the
“ Church of Rome, you then commenced
“ your examination. In what did this exami-
“ nation consist? Was it an inquiry as to
“ my general knowledge of the Scriptures?
“ No such thing. Was it as to an historical
“ ecclesiastical knowledge? No such thing.
“ Was it as to a scriptural knowledge of the
“ truth *as it is in Jesus*? No such thing.
“ Was it as to the motives that influenced my
“ religious change in life? No such thing.
“ In what, then, did this examination con-
“ sist? In your Grace putting forth a few
“ quibbles upon the pretended infallibility of
“ the Romish Church, and then placing in
“ my hands a Greek Testament, which, in
“ my opinion, was contracted, and then after
“ examining me *in a passage in the Epistles*,
“ and when I came to a word in the transla-
“ tion, the meaning of which I forgot, your

“ Grace instantly exclaimed, as if in triumph,
“ ‘ O, Maynooth ! Maynooth !! ’ * Such is
“ the examination for which the Rev. Mr.
“ Dickinson, your Grace’s chaplain, applies to
“ me the severe epithet of ‘ being found
“ ‘ miserably ignorant of the Scriptures.’
“ This was the only interview I ever had with
“ your Grace. Your Grace may therefore
“ recollect, that it was for a want of Greek,
“ and not of Scriptures, I was then dis-
“ countenanced. Dr. Dickinson told several
“ clergymen, whose names I shall mention if
“ required, that it was for my deficiency in
“ Greek I was not patronised by his Grace.
“ How, therefore, can all these facts agree
“ with the assertion of Dr. Dickinson’s letter,

* It is asserted in the *British and Irish Magazine* for March, 1837, p. 303, that Mr. Nolan was rejected in Maynooth, and that to avoid expulsion he left it, and although a number of friends interested themselves with the Right Rev. Dr. Logan, R.C. Bishop of Meath, he repeatedly refused to ordain Mr. Nolan, “ as he was considered a volatile, unsteady character ” (p. 190) ; but having appeared to grow more serious he was at last ordained priest at Kells in 1826, “ on the earnest solicitation of the then parish priest of Mullingar.”—ED.

“ ‘That I was found miserably deficient in
“ ‘the Scriptures, and consequently refused
“ ‘to preach’? As to my knowledge of the
“ Greek, I shall now remind your Grace of
“ what I mentioned on the occasion of our
“ interview. I told you I went through an
“ extensive course of Greek—that I was
“ distinguished for its study, both in the
“ Academy of Navan as well as in the College
“ of Maynooth—that I was pressed by the
“ Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath to pro-
“ fess the Greek at the Academy of Navan,
“ with an independent salary to be attached;
“ and it being then a long time from the
“ period of my interview with your Grace to
“ the time of my reading a classical author,
“ I could not consequently be acquainted
“ with the strict minutiae of every Greek
“ word. When I was about departing from
“ your presence, and that I was forced to
“ exclaim, in language of the most abject
“ grief, ‘*what was to become of me?*’ the
“ only consolation I received was a recom-
“ mendation from Dr. Dickinson, who, in the
“ hardened feeling of a stoic, bid me ‘go to
“ ‘Canada.’ Such is the interview I had

“ with your Grace upon my leaving the
“ Church of Rome, and such are the state-
“ ments, for which I now challenge contra-
“ diction. And now, supposing for a mo-
“ ment, what I do not intend to concede,
“ that during my examination by your Grace
“ I had evinced an ignorance of the Scrip-
“ tures, could your Grace be justified in
“ asserting that the same ignorance yet pre-
“ vails, especially as I had no direct or
“ indirect communication with your Grace for
“ nearly three years back ; and as, for aught
“ you know, I might have applied myself
“ during that time to a *prayerful and diligent*
“ *perusal of the Scriptures* ? Has your Grace,
“ during the long period of three years’
“ silence between us, ever looked to my
“ writings, which during that time have ema-
“ nated from the press, and which (thanks
“ to a Christian public !) have been more
“ extensively circulated than any others of the
“ description within your Grace’s memory,
“ and which also the Lord seems to have
“ blessed with some success to our Roman
“ Catholic friends ? Has not your Grace re-
“ ceived, from time to time, many testimonials

“ from various quarters as to my capability
“ of preaching to Roman Catholics the truth
“ *as it is in Jesus?* At my interview with
“ your Grace did I not tell you, and were you
“ not perfectly aware of the circumstance,
“ *that it was by comparing the Scriptures*
“ *with the superstitious errors of Romanism I*
“ *was induced* (under the grace of God) *to*
“ *leave that Church?* And with all these facts
“ before your Grace, could you still persevere
“ in the assertion of my being miserably
“ ignorant of the Scriptures? Such is only
“ a part of the defence I could adduce against
“ Dr. Dickinson’s first accusation.

“ As to the second charge, with regard to
“ my mentioning to Archdeacon Magee that
“ I never received a direct prohibition from
“ your Grace as to my preaching, I now fear-
“ lessly repeat the same assertion—for, in
“ order that a prohibition may be called
“ direct, I should have it either personally
“ from yourself, or by your direct letter sent
“ to me; but neither was the fact. Now,
“ in the first place, I had but one interview
“ with your Grace, and at that interview I
“ never asked your permission to preach.

“ The Rev. Mr. Stuart, at my solicitation,
“ pressed this subject on your Grace, and you
“ did not deny its truth.

“ Second, as to any direct prohibition by
“ letter, you know your Grace never sent me
“ one, except the late direct inhibition with
“ regard to my preaching in John’s Church,
“ and hence I was perfectly justified in telling
“ Archdeacon Magee that I had no direct
“ prohibition from your Grace as to my
“ preaching. And now, with regard to
“ your Grace’s inhibition, I must say it
“ was nugatory and irregular, it being
“ served upon me not subject to your
“ authority.

“ In reply to the last charge of Dr. Dick-
“ inson’s letter, I must first beg leave to
“ submit two documents, one from the Rev.
“ Mr. Noble, and the other from the Rev.
“ Mr. Egan, chaplains to the Bishop of
“ Meath. Both the documents were directed
“ to the Rev. Mr. Stuart, and given for
“ inspection to your Grace *a few days after*
“ *my having preached in Lucan*, and conse-
“ quently previous to your Grace’s inhibition
“ against my preaching in John’s Church.

“ The first is from the Rev. Mr. Noble to the
“ Rev. Mr. Stuart :—

“ ‘ *ATHBOY, Oct. 28th, 1836.*

“ ‘ MY DEAR SIR,—

“ ‘ The Rev. L. J. Nolan has been ap-
“ ‘ pointed and is now one of the curates of
“ ‘ Athboy, in the diocese of Meath, having
“ ‘ been appointed and paid by the Lord Pri-
“ ‘ mate, in his capacity as rector of Athboy,
“ ‘ of which I am only vicar. He has, there-
“ ‘ fore, full right to style himself curate of
“ ‘ the Primate and curate of Athboy. He
“ ‘ has not, certainly, taken out a license from
“ ‘ the Bishop of Meath, but neither has my
“ ‘ own curate, Mr. Harmon, nor half the
“ ‘ curates in this diocese.

“ ‘ Of his sincerity in abjuring the errors
“ ‘ of Romanism there cannot be the slightest
“ ‘ doubt, for he has been tried by the
“ ‘ severest tests to which a man could be
“ ‘ subjected. He has forsaken all—mother,
“ ‘ sister, friends, and actual influence in the
“ ‘ Church of Rome—to follow Christ. His
“ ‘ mother and cousin visited him at my
“ ‘ house. He was adjured by all a mother’s
“ ‘ fondness to return to her house. He was

“ ‘told by his mother that she had seen the
 “ ‘Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath, and
 “ ‘that he authorised her to tell him, that,
 “ ‘should he return to the Romish Church,
 “ ‘Dr. Cantwell would confer on him any
 “ ‘favour he might require.* The Rev. Mr.
 “ ‘Nolan stood a severer test still; for he
 “ ‘burst a blood-vessel in his lungs in my
 “ ‘house. It opened three or four times, and

* The writer of these pages, having submitted to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath the foregoing letter with a view to test its accuracy, received the following reply :—

“MULLINGAR, *May 9th*, 1864.

“ DEAR MR. FITZPATRICK,—

“ I have received your letter enclosing another
 “ from the Rev. Mr. Noble. The Rev. Lawrence Nolan
 “ was suspended at Fore, in August, 1834, while Roman
 “ Catholic Curate of Collinstown, and the statements in
 “ Rev. Mr. Noble’s letter in reference to me have not
 “ even the shadow of truth. The exemplary piety of
 “ Nolan’s mother and family induced me to forbear
 “ having recourse to any extreme measures, as long as
 “ his conduct was in any way *tolerable*. At no time did
 “ I ever indulge even the most distant hope of being
 “ able to restore him to the exercise of his priestly
 “ functions. As to the pathetic visits of his mother,
 “ and the crowded congregations of Catholics to hear his
 “ addresses, I believe such stories to be without founda-

“ ‘was in such imminent danger that his
“ ‘physician told him he could not answer
“ ‘for his life for half an hour. If there
“ ‘had been a lingering of Popery then, he
“ ‘would have sent for the priest. But he
“ ‘stood that test. Dare we then doubt his
“ ‘sincerity? Ought we not much sooner
“ ‘to doubt the sincerity of his adversaries?
“ ‘He preached on several occasions in my
“ ‘church. Crowds of Roman Catholics
“ ‘attended; and so great was their anxiety
“ ‘to hear him, that they collected round
“ ‘the windows outside, when there was no
“ ‘further room inside. He addressed them
“ ‘in a powerful, persuasive, and effectual
“ ‘manner. He told them the truth without
“ ‘offence. I could relate a vast number of
“ ‘positive conversions from Popery which
“ ‘have taken place through his in-
“ ‘strumentality. I consider him most
“ ‘eminently adapted to convince, rebuke,

“ ‘tion. Should you deem it useful to make inquiry on
“ ‘that point, I beg to refer you to Rev. Mr. Gogerty,
“ ‘who is C.C. in Athboy.

“ Believe me to remain most faithfully yours,

“ ✠ JOHN CANTWELL.”

“ ‘with all long-suffering and patience, his
“ ‘poor benighted Roman Catholic country-
“ ‘men.

“ ‘I remain, dear Sir,
“ ‘Your faithful brother in Christ,

“ ‘ROBERT NOBLE,
“ ‘*Vicar of Athboy.*’

“ Now, your Grace, my allusion to such
“ letters is rather painful, and I consider
“ myself totally unworthy of such eulogium ;
“ however, such were the documents sub-
“ mitted to your Grace’s inspection previous
“ to my preaching at John’s Church, and
“ such were the testimonials whose authority
“ you slighted, whilst your Grace hurled a
“ Popish anathema against me on the mere
“ pretence of my being found, nearly three
“ years ago, ‘miserably ignorant of the
“ ‘Scriptures.’ ”

“ But now to the Primate’s extract in Dr.
“ Dickinson’s letter. In fact, I might not
“ refer to this subject, as the Rev. Mr. Noble’s
“ letter has already explained the matter.
“ The extract says—‘The Rev. Mr. Nolan is
“ ‘not a licensed curate in my (that is, the

“ Primate’s) diocese.’ But we all know
“ there are licensed curates as well as un-
“ licensed, and that the one has as equal a
“ claim to the title of a curate as the other,
“ when either is appointed to a cure. Now,
“ allow me to tell your Grace that it was
“ with the approbation of the Primate, and
“ the particular sanction of the Bishop of
“ Meath, I had been appointed one of the
“ curates of Athboy. As to my not being
“ subject to the Primate’s jurisdiction, this
“ is also evident, for as Athboy is in the
“ diocese of Meath, and not in the Primate’s,
“ I am, consequently, *not subject to the*
“ *Primate’s jurisdiction*. Such are the accu-
“ sations that have been brought against
“ me; I will not call them malicious, but I
“ really cannot conceive how they are con-
“ sistent with the character of a Christian.

“ In conclusion, allow me to say, that
“ if in my writings or my sermons I
“ broached any heterodox doctrines *against*
“ *the Christian Church*,—if in my writings or
“ my sermons I displayed a want of charity
“ towards Roman Catholics, *by abusing their*
“ *tenets*, or misrepresenting their doctrines,—

“ if in my writings or sermons I unfurled
“ the standard of wild or enthusiastic notions,
“ or propagated principles inconsistent with
“ gospel truth,—if in my writings or sermons
“ I endeavoured to establish the principles of
“ a blasphemous Socinianism, then might
“ there be some apology for abridging the
“ sphere of my exertions ; but when your
“ Grace well knows that my writings and
“ sermons have been approved of by all truly
“ Christian individuals,—when the Lord has
“ blessed them with such marked success,—
“ and that I am neither afraid nor ashamed
“ to preach that gospel *as it is in Jesus*,—is
“ it not a cause of much sorrow to the
“ Christian world to reflect, that, notwith-
“ standing the great anxiety of Roman
“ Catholics to hear me—so that our churches
“ are not capable of containing the one-half
“ of those who would anxiously attend my
“ preaching—that still your Grace should
“ endeavour to prevent me from announcing
“ *the gospel truth which the grace of God*
“ *revealed to my mind ?*—I remain your
“ Grace’s very humble servant,

“ L. J. NOLAN.”

The blood of Archdeacon Magee was up with a vengeance; and he published several inflammatory letters speaking of the coming struggle. Dr. Sadleir, subsequently Provost of Trinity College, entered the lists with him, and startled Dublin by saying that “money
“ had been offered to Archdeacon Magee to
“ carry on the contest.” To this charge Dr. Magee retorted with what he styled a “formal
“ refutation,” casually adding in a foot-note:
“ Though I may be sorry that the person
“ who told my informant should have stated
“ what was not the fact, I have since been
“ informed who this ‘person’ you allude to
“ is: I know him personally—and believe
“ him to be incapable of making any asser-
“ tion intentionally erroneous. I stated to
“ him in a long conversation that £1,000
“ was in readiness to try the legal question
“ with the Archbishop by those persons
“ who agreed with me as to pulpit jurisdic-
“ tion, and that I knew myself of one indivi-
“ dual who had subscribed *One Hundred*
“ *Pounds*, but I did not state that *I was to*
“ *receive any money*—as I always intended
“ to defend my own principle, independent of

“any party either in the Church or out of it.”

The “great struggle” at length degenerated into a by-battle between Drs. Magee and Sadleir, in which some of the tiniest of strokes were interchanged. “And,” writes the Archdeacon, “while you present to our view an extraordinary illustration of his Grace being compared to a ‘dwarf or a ‘*negro*,’ and then give a ridiculous refutation of the supposed insult, by ‘the ‘obvious reply of — *look at him*,’ you must permit me, in the same ironical strain, to exclaim, ‘*O formose puer nimium ne crede Colori*.’”

Mr. Nolan’s subsequent career was brief and inglorious. The redoubtable Father Tom Maguire, goaded by sundry taunts from itinerant biblicals, published a controversial challenge, in which he stipulated that his opponent in disputation should not be “an apostate.” Mr. Nolan, with a considerable flourish of defiant words, addressed a public letter to Father Maguire accepting the challenge! “Being tutored in the same college,” he writes, “and once ordained a priest of the

“ same order as yourself, I consider it my
“ bounden duty to answer your swaggering,
“ abusive, unchristian-like, and nonsensical
“ production.”

One of Mr. Nolan’s last public acts was a letter labouring to prove that “Transubstantiation tended more than anything else to impoverish Ireland,” because—but let Mr. Nolan speak in his own person. He is describing “Station Dinners:”—“Now, let us look to the expenses of a dinner on the poor farmer. Fresh meats and fowl, a bottle of wine for the priest, and an abundance of whisky punch for the guests, constitute the materials of the entertainment. I will leave the public to judge what must be the expense of a sufficient supply of food for eighteen or twenty individuals whose craving appetites had been well sharpened with the exercise of laborious duty. Add to this, that if the farmer’s wife be tinged with the least share of Roman piety, she frequently pays for one or two private masses in the year, each of which costs her two and sixpence. But now let me suppose a member of the farmer’s family to be

“ seized with sickness. The priest is sent
“ for ; transubstantiation or the mass is gone
“ through ; the priest, together with some of
“ the neighbouring people, are well break-
“ fasted on the occasion ; nor is the priest’s
“ horse forgot, but strictly attended to.”

Sixteen years before Mr. Nolan wrote this letter, “ Station Dinners ” and similar entertainments were abolished by Bishop Doyle, who was a steady reformer of ecclesiastical discipline in his diocese. They are now quite exceptional in Ireland.

Ireland possessed some belligerent archdeacons in those days, in comparison with whom the contumacious Archdeacon Magee was quite an exemplary character. One episode is perhaps sufficiently curious to claim insertion in pages which profess to notice Dr. Whately’s times.

“ A certain archdeacon, the member of a
“ powerful family, with an earl and an arch-
“ bishop at its head, which had zealously
“ devoted itself to the proselytism of the
“ Irish peasantry, published a notice that
“ none of the tenants over whom he had
“ control had any favour to expect who did

“ not send their children to his school, and
“ procure certificates from two Evangelical
“ ladies mentioned in the notice.

“ Heney swore that having, in obedience to
“ the priest, refused to send her five children
“ to the Archdeacon’s school, she was ejected
“ from her cabin, and when razed to the
“ ground, was obliged to seek refuge in a
“ pigsty, where she lay upon heaps of filth
“ in a fever, surrounded by the wretched
“ offspring for whom she was no longer able
“ to procure the necessaries of life. This
“ affidavit was sustained by a vast number
“ of similar depositions. The struggle con-
“ tinued for some time—the parson menacing
“ all who manifested a conscientious contu-
“ macy with the terrors of this world, the
“ priest threatening retribution in the next.
“ The gentry took part in the contest, and
“ meetings were held with a view to check
“ the Archdeacon’s terrible zeal. The Bible
“ Society convened a meeting, which Mr.
“ Eneas M’Donnell, a Catholic barrister,
• “ attended, and moved an amendment which
“ the chairman, Lord Dunlo, put from the
“ chair. ‘ The moment the doors were

“ ‘ opened on the third day,’ observes Mr.
“ Sheil, ‘ the Archdeacon placed himself at
“ ‘ the entrance, and under his direction a
“ ‘ number of Protestants of the lowest class,
“ ‘ with, as it is alleged, arms under their
“ ‘ great-coats, were specially admitted, and
“ ‘ stationed by the doctor’s orders in the
“ ‘ assembly. He felt the importance of
“ ‘ carrying the day. For this purpose the
“ ‘ room was filled with police, and the Arch-
“ ‘ deacon stood with an attitude, looked
“ ‘ with an air, and spoke with an intonation
“ ‘ of command.’ Mr. M’Donnell was in-
“ formed that he had no right to open his
“ lips. The chairman proposed a series of
“ resolutions favourable to the objects of the
“ society, and left the chair. Mr. M’Donnell
“ moved that the Hon. Gonville Ffrench, a
“ magistrate, and the son of a peer, should
“ take it. Mr. Ffrench advanced, but the
“ Archdeacon, turning to the police, ex-
“ claimed, ‘ Do your duty.’ The police
“ rushed upon the people; another body,
“ which had been stationed outside as a
“ reserve corps, charged upstairs with swords
“ drawn and bayonets fixed. The people

“ fled : the open windows afforded shelter to
“ many of them, and women precipitated
“ themselves upon the adjoining roofs. The
“ Roman Catholics assembled four days after-
“ wards, when Mr. M'Donnell reminded his
“ hearers that the Archdeacon had been a
“ soldier, and in the barrack-yard of Cork
“ had presided over the torturing of a
“ woman named Winifred Hynes ; and that,
“ in the absence of the common executioner,
“ when the sentence of whipping was to be
“ executed upon two culprits, the Arch-
“ deacon proposed that he should take the
“ lash into those hands which had so often
“ distributed the sacramental bread, and
“ whip the malefactors through the principal
“ streets of the town. The Archdeacon's
“ exploits with the cat-o'-nine-tails in the
“ public streets were circumstantially de-
“ scribed in an affidavit of the sheriff who
“ officially witnessed the performance. The
“ Archdeacon, smarting under Mr. M'Don-
“ nell's scourge, sought to file a criminal
“ information against his castigator, who
“ now made the Archdeacon's case if pos-
“ sible worse, by causing to be read in court

“ innumerable affidavits, the first of which
“ detailed how Winifred Hynes, having
“ stolen a brass candlestick, was ordered by
“ the Archdeacon, then an adjutant, to
“ be brought out, and in presence of the
“ regiment she was tied up hands and feet
“ to the triangle, preparatory to receiving
“ fifty lashes. The woman vehemently re-
“ sisted the effort to remove her clothing.
“ ‘ The said adjutant,’ records the affidavit,
“ ‘ went up to the drum-major, cursed and
“ ‘ damned him for not tearing off her
“ ‘ clothes, and in a great passion, giving
“ ‘ him a blow with a stick, ordered him to
“ ‘ tear and cut them off,’ which was done.”
“ ‘ Her quivering flesh was then scourged
“ ‘ mercilessly. That during the said hor-
“ ‘ rible exhibition,’ proceeds the affidavit,
“ ‘ Mr. Davis went up to the said adjutant,
“ ‘ and told him, in the hearing of deponent,
“ ‘ that Peter Hynes, the husband, was abso-
“ ‘ lutely fainting in the ranks, at seeing
“ ‘ his wife exposed in such a manner, and
“ ‘ begged of said adjutant to allow Hynes
“ ‘ to retire to his room, upon which he
“ ‘ replied that he might go where he

“ ‘pleased.’ Notwithstanding these affi-
“ davits, the court made the conditional
“ rule absolute, and afterwards sentenced
“ Mr. M‘Donnell to twelve months’ imprison-
“ ment; but the Government interfered, and
“ liberated him several months before the
“ expiration of his sentence.” *

* See “Life, Times, and Correspondence of Bishop
“ Doyle.”

CHAPTER IX.

DR. WHATELY was not of the number of those who, from the study of things gone by, derive merely a knowledge of what is past and no wisdom for the future, and which in his "Thoughts on the Evangelical Alliance" he compares to a ship carrying a lantern in the stern, which illuminates the vessel's wake, but leaves in darkness all that is ahead.

Dr. Whately avoided the mistakes of his archiepiscopal predecessor in other and very different ways from those to which we have already in detail referred. Dr. Magee, who had mounted the ladder of life from its lowest rung, accomplished the ascent at the cost of great and exhausting mental effort. The sinewy vigour of his muscular mind had been stretched to the uttermost. His life

was all work and worry, plot and counter-plot. At last the entire cerebral machinery fell in, and the once strong dome of his brilliant mind became bathed in the same black night which had already overtaken the noonday splendour of Swift's intellect. For three years before his death, Archbishop Magee groped in dark and helpless infancy. From the penalties of an overtasked mind Dr. Whately kept clear by constantly tearing himself from sedentary fascinations, and plunging into the midst of healthful rural labour.

“The first occasion on which I ever saw “Dr. Whately,” observes a correspondent, “was under curious circumstances. I accompanied my late friend Dr. Field to visit “professionally some members of the Archbishop’s household, at Redesdale, Still-organ.* The ground was covered by two “feet of snow, and the thermometer was

* So called from its having been the residence of John Mitford, Lord Redesdale, during the short period that he occupied the Irish Woolsack. He is chiefly remembered in connection with a joke which he undesignedly drew from Mr., afterwards Lord, Plunket. Lord Redesdale

“ down almost to zero. Knowing the Arch-
 “ bishop’s character for humanity, I ex-
 “ pressed much surprise to see an old
 “ labouring man in his shirt-sleeves felling
 “ a tree ‘ after hours ’ in the demesne, while
 “ a heavy shower of sleet drifted pitilessly
 “ on his wrinkled face. ‘ That labourer,’
 “ replied Dr. Field, ‘ whom you think the
 “ ‘ victim of prelatical despotism, is no other
 “ ‘ than the Archbishop curing himself of a
 “ ‘ headache. When his Grace has been
 “ ‘ reading and writing more than ordinarily,

had filled the office of Attorney-General for England ;
 and Irish manners seemed strange—often unintelligible—
 to him.

“ I never saw Lord Redesdale more puzzled than at
 “ one of Plunket’s best *jeux d’esprit*,” says Charles
 Phillips. “ A cause was argued in Chancery, wherein
 “ the plaintiff prayed that the defendant should be
 “ restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange,
 “ as they were nothing but *kites*. ‘ Kites,’ exclaimed
 “ Lord Redesdale ; ‘ kites, Mr. Plunket ? Kites never
 “ ‘ could amount to the value of those securities ! I
 “ ‘ don’t understand this statement at all, Mr. Plunket.’
 “ ‘ It is not to be expected that you should, my lord,’
 “ answered Plunket. ‘ In England and in Ireland,
 “ ‘ kites are quite different things. In England, the
 “ ‘ *wind* raises the *kites* ; but, in Ireland, the *kites* raise
 “ ‘ the *wind*.’ ”

“ ‘ and finds any pain or confusion about the
“ ‘ cerebral organization, he puts both to
“ ‘ flight by rushing out with an axe, and
“ ‘ slashing away at some ponderous trunk.
“ ‘ As soon as he finds himself in a profuse
“ ‘ perspiration he gets into bed, wraps
“ ‘ himself in Limerick blankets, falls into a
“ ‘ sound slumber, and gets up buoyant.’ ”

Dr. Whately avowed a scepticism as regards drugs, and was very much of opinion with Dryden, that—

“ Better to seek the fields for health unbought
“ Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.”

“ The physic from the fields and draughts
“ of vital air,” of which the Archbishop partook copiously, carried in his own face an advertisement of their potency, quite as effective, and perhaps more truthful than the ubiquitous credentials of the Methuselah Pill.

Mr. Grant, in his “Random Recollections of the House of Lords,” published in 1836, speaking of Dr. Whately, says,—“His complexion is fresh; if you met him in the street you would at once infer that he must be newly arrived in town, either after

“ a long sea-voyage, or from some part of
“ the United Kingdom in which he had
“ been for months enjoying the bracing
“ breezes of the open fields.”

Dr. Whately was further in the habit of making two daily circuits of his demesne, attended by a ponderous walking-stick, with a steel blade at the end, whereby he served both his own health and that of the trees and vegetation around by lopping off decayed branches, pruning unwholesome redundancies of foliage, or in annihilating, with the strong sweep of a dragoon, the indomitably propagative weeds which, in irregular squares, nodded defiance at him. He was also especially fond of grafting; and his late demesne of Redesdale contains a thousand standing specimens of the art, straight from his Grace's hands.* In all this he illustrated, perhaps unconsciously, his own system of

* When engaged in the occupation of cutting down trees, or grafting, Dr. Whately wore an apron—a veritable bishop's apron—which had been worn out in episcopal service, or at least had become too shabby to wear in ordinary. He was most economical in his dress; hated all luxuries—loved frugality. In dispensing charity he was nobly lavish.

mental culture. He loved to lop off the obsolete thoughts of bygone strength and beauty; to prune the redundancies which weakened sound sense and stunted healthy growth; and, as in agriculture, probably these defunct excrescences of thought promoted the fertility of his mind. "He does not," says Dr. Arnold, "leave the intellectual part of his nature, like the Evangelicals, a fallow field, for all unsightly weeds to flourish in." "If any of the mental faculties be overgrown," writes Whately, "it is well to amputate it, in order to save the rest. It should be banished by a kind of ostracism, as the best of the Athenian citizens were, for the benefit of the community."

Dr. Whately had also, while residing at Stillorgan, a complete set of garden utensils, with which he used to work constantly, and often stripping himself to his shirt-sleeves during the operation.* He was specially

* When the Archbishop was one day engaged in his gardening operations, a companion referred, among other matters, to the great revolution in the medical treatment of lunatics, introduced by Pinel, who, instead of the strait-waistcoat and other maddening goods,

fond of horticulture.* And here ends all illustration of his system of self-culture, which discouraged gaudy flowers, then so fashionable in Ireland, under the leadership of Mr. Shiel, the Brummel of modern Irish oratory. Whately's brain was a nursery of young oaks, albeit they often grew up gnarled and knotty.

Dr. Whately in his writings has let us into the secret of much of his mental system.

“ In combating deep-rooted prejudices, and
 “ maintaining unpopular and paradoxical
 “ truths, the point to be aimed at should
 “ be, to adduce what is sufficient, and *not*
 “ *much more* than is sufficient, to prove your

awarded to each patient healthful and agreeable occupation, including agriculture and gardening. “ I think
 “ gardening would be a dangerous indulgence for lunatics,”
 observed Dr. Whately. “ How so ? ” said his friend,
 surprised. “ Because they might *grow madder*,” was
 the witty rejoinder.

* It may be objected that some of these details
 peep too much into the every-day life of the Archbishop,
 who has himself said,—“ Geologists complain that when
 “ they want specimens of the *common* rocks of a country,
 “ they receive curious spars ; just so, historians give us
 “ the *extraordinary* events, and omit just what we
 “ want—the every-day life.”

“ conclusion. If you can but satisfy men
“ that your opinion is decidedly more pro-
“ bable than the opposite, you will have
“ carried your point more effectually than if
“ you go on, much beyond this, to demon-
“ strate, by a multitude of the most forcible
“ arguments, the extreme absurdity of think-
“ ing differently, till you have affronted the
“ self-esteem of some, and awakened the dis-
“ trust of others. Some will be stung by a
“ feeling of shame passing off into resentment,
“ which stops their ears against argument.
“ They would be so *sorry to think* they had
“ been blinded to such an excess, and are so
“ angry with him who is endeavouring to
“ persuade them to think so, that these feel-
“ ings determine them *not* to think it. They
“ try (and it is an attempt which few persons
“ ever make in vain) to shut their eyes
“ against a humiliating conviction; and
“ thus the very triumphant force of the
“ reasoning adduced serves to harden them
“ against admitting the conclusion: much as
“ one may conceive Roman soldiers des-
“ perately holding out an untenable fortress
“ to the last extremity, from apprehension of

“ being made to pass *under the yoke* by the
“ victors, should they surrender. Others,
“ again, perhaps comparatively strangers to
“ the question and not prejudiced against the
“ conclusion set forth too strongly, will some-
“ times have their suspicions roused by this
“ very circumstance. ‘Can it be possible,’
“ they will say, ‘that such a conclusion, so
“ ‘very obvious as this is made to appear,
“ ‘should not have been admitted long ago ?
“ ‘Is it conceivable that such and such
“ ‘eminent philosophers, divines, statesmen,
“ ‘&c., should have been all their lives under
“ ‘delusions so gross ?’ Hence, they are apt
“ to infer, either that the author has mistaken
“ the opinions of those he imagines opposed
“ to him ; or else that there is some subtle
“ fallacy in his arguments. A distrust that
“ reminds one of the story related by a
“ French writer, M. Say, of some one who,
“ for a wager, stood a whole day on one of
“ the bridges in Paris, offering to sell a five-
“ franc piece for one franc, and (naturally)
“ not finding a purchaser. In this way, the
“ very clearness and force of the demonstra-
“ tion will, with some minds, have an opposite

“ tendency to the one desired. Labourers
“ who are employed in *driving wedges* into a
“ block of wood, are careful to use blows of
“ no greater force than is just sufficient. If
“ they strike too hard, the elasticity of the
“ wood will *throw out the wedge*.”

Dr. Whately's style was his own; but some critics were of opinion that he moulded it on Bacon. The same pith and point, the same subtle thought and analysis, the same luminous and aphoristic beauties characterized both; but in powerful severity of argument Dr. Whately far eclipsed Bacon. His *Essay on Habits* is eminently Baconian. It is spangled by innumerable aphorisms, including, “ We
“ should watch as if everything depended
“ upon ourselves, and pray as if nothing
“ depended on ourselves.”

That Dr. Whately very diligently studied Bacon, we have evidence in the fact that he edited, with vigilance and ability, the writings of that great master. The many apt and felicitous illustrations with which Dr. Whately annotatingly overlaid the strong sound sense of Bacon's page will not soon be forgotten by those who read them. The treat was too

rich. To use an Irishism, which no one would have pardoned more readily than Dr. Whately himself, it was “Butter upon Bacon”—it was plating with gold an already precious metal.

Bacon’s views on many important points—Church Reform not excepted—were adopted and echoed by Whately. “I would only ask,” says Bacon, “why the civil state should be purged and restored by good and wholesome laws, made every third or fourth year in Parliament assembled, devising remedies as fast as time breedeth mischief, while, contrariwise, the ecclesiastical state should still continue upon the dregs of time, and receive no alteration.”

The resemblance of some of Dr. Whately’s apothegms to those of Bacon is more than striking.

“Men imagine,” says Bacon, “that their minds have the command of language; but it often happens that language bears rule over the mind.”

“Many a speaker,” says Whately, “is lauded as ‘having a fine command of language,’ of whom it might better be said,

“ that ‘ his language has a command of him.’
 “ He has the same ‘ command of language’
 “ that a rider has of a horse that is running
 “ away with him.”

Notwithstanding that Dr. Whately's style was, as we have said, his own, the late eminent critic, John Gibson Lockhart, committed the monstrous blunder of mistaking a paper of the Archbishop's, in the *Quarterly Review*, for the composition of Sir Walter Scott, to which the prelate's style bore no manner of resemblance. The paper is devoted to a reviewal of Miss Austen's novels, and appears at full length among Scott's remains.

The Archbishop rather plumed himself upon realizing his ideal of a wise man, and avoiding the mistakes into which some persons, wise in their own conceit, fall.

“ There is a kind of man,” says Dr. Whately, “ that may be called the *mirror*
 “ of a wise man ; which gives a perfect re-
 “ presentation, only *left-handed*. He knows
 “ that a wise man is neither too hasty nor
 “ too slow—too trustful nor too distrustful—
 “ keeps the mean between timidity and rash-
 “ ness, &c. ; and so he resolves to have just

“ enough, and not too much, of each quality ;
“ —only he takes the wrong occasions for
“ each ; cautious where he ought to be bold,
“ and daring where he ought to be cautious ;
“ distrusting those worthy of confidence, and
“ trusting those who are not ; dilatory
“ where promptitude is called for, and hasty
“ where he should take time ; obstinate
“ where concession would be right, and
“ yielding where firmness is needed ; in
“ short, acting like Hans with Grettel, who
“ stuck a knife in his sleeve, because that
“ was the proper place for the needle ; and
“ put a kid in his pocket, because that was
“ the place for a knife, &c. Such is the
“ left-handed representation of a wise man.”

Of Dr. Whately, it cannot be said that he was niggardly in communicating to the admiring students of his style the arts whereby he attained perfection. The various editions of his “ Logic ” simplified to old and young the mazes of that science which he had so long and so rapidly trod alone. The “ Rhetoric ” made every man his own Bampton lecturer. His able work on “ Synonyms,” and others of a kindred cha-

racter, taught how English might be written with purity and force. Talleyrand used to say that language was employed to disguise one's thoughts; and others, going into the opposite extreme, and adopting the metaphysical theory of ideas, consider the use of language to be merely the "conveying our meaning to others;" but Dr. Whately adhered to the opposite, or *nominalist* view, which he set forth in the Introduction to the "Logic," § 8, and regarded words as an indispensable instrument of thought, where a process of *reasoning* takes place. During the period that the work on "English Synonyms" was much spoken of, Dr. Whately amused himself one evening by asking a learned auditory to explain the difference between an "idea and an ocean" (a notion). His learned hearers jumped at the conclusion that *notion*, and not "ocean," was the word meant. The Archbishop listened attentively to the elaborate definitions made by those skilled in English synonyms, and then, after shaking his head at all, proceeded, with infinite gravity, to explain, that an "idea," called by logicians

“perception,” implies the attention of the understanding to the objects acting on it, while an “ocean” signifies the vast body of water which covers more than three-fifths of the surface of the globe !

On another occasion, when drawing the delicate distinction between “your wife” and “your lady,” the Archbishop told a good story in illustration. “Mrs. Whately,” said he, “attracted by some goods in a haberdasher’s window, went in, and ordered them to be sent home. The trader, who was a more surly customer than the most petulant of his patrons, declined to do so. ‘Sir, I am the Archbishop’s lady,’ said Mrs. Whately, much hurt and surprised. ‘I didn’t care if you were his wife,’ retorted the hero of *counter* irritation.”

He was singularly susceptible of flattery. Praise his books, note them, or quote them, and the Archbishop fell captive into the hands of his eulogists. On the other hand, seem unacquainted with them, and the victim of this ignorance incurred his eternal hostility.

In sitting on one occasion beside the Irish Master of the Rolls at dinner, whom O’Connell

loved to designate "Alphabet Smith," in allusion to the number of initial letters he was in the habit of prefixing to his surname, Dr. Whately, in illustrating a remark, referred to the fallacy of Achilles and the tortoise,* which Mr. Smith failed to recognize as a quotation from the Archbishop's celebrated work on Logic. "I have never read it," replied Mr. Smith. Dr. Whately opened his eyes wide, cut short the conversation, opened his mouth, and resumed eating. Turning to his neighbour on the other side,

* As an explanation of the above we may remark that Zeno of Elea (born B.C. 463), to whom is attributed the invention of logic, pretended to prove that the swift-footed Achilles could never overtake a tortoise, if they set out at the same time, and the tortoise be any distance at starting before Achilles. "If," said the philosopher, "the tortoise at setting out be a furlong before Achilles, though the latter runs 100 times faster than the tortoise crawls, yet when he has run a furlong, the tortoise will be the 100th part of a furlong before him; and when Achilles has advanced that small space, the tortoise will still be before him by the 100th part of it, and so on *ad infinitum*."

This reasoning is only apparently true. Mr. J. W. Kavanagh, in his able "Arithmetic," exposes the sophism, and states that Achilles and the tortoise meet after the latter has gone $\frac{1}{99}$ th of a furlong.

Dr. Whately, giving him a poke of his elbow, said, "Mr. Smith may be a man of letters, " but he is not a literary man." And making the criticism still more epigrammatic, he went on muttering to himself, "Yes! yes! a " man of more letters than literature."

"Talking of letters," he went on to say, at length turning the conversation, "what is " the laziest letter in the alphabet?" His neighbour swam his eyes over the ceiling in the wildness of despair, and then responded stereotypically, "Give it up!" — "The " letter G" (lethargy), explained Dr. Whately.

The peculiar disposition of the Master, quite as much as the number of letters prefixed to his name, seemed to make him good game for hitting. He was well known by the appellation of the "Vinegar Cruet on two legs," and there can be no impropriety in recording a title which is applied to him in the public speeches of O'Connell and in the pages of *Punch*. The latter one week devoted its leading picture to a representation of the Tribune and Mr. T. B. C. Smith, one equipped as a burly mustard-pot, the other

squaring at him in the garb of a vinegar-vial. Mr. Smith, as Attorney-General for Ireland, prosecuted O'Connell to conviction, in 1844; but the Liberator having, on a reversion of the judgment by the House of Lords, regained his liberty, he was assumed by a squib of the day to be thus addressed by Mr. Smith:—

“ ‘ Musha, Dan, who let you out ? ’

“ Says the T. B. C.

“ ‘ We supposed you up the spout, ’

“ Says the T. B. C.

“ ‘ Shure I thought I locked you in,

“ ‘ You contrariest of min,

“ ‘ And what brings you here agin ? ’

“ Says the T. B. C.”

A long dialogue followed, but we remember only one stanza of O'Connell's reply. The verses, we may observe, are a parody on the revolutionary song of “The Shan Van Voght:”—

“ ‘ No, I didn't scale the wall, ’

“ Says the Dan, Van, Voght ;

“ ‘ Through the flues I didn't crawl, ’

“ Says the Dan, Van, Voght.

“ ‘ My cause was on a rock ;

“ ‘ 'Twas the law that picked the lock,

“ ‘ And I'm free, my bantam cock, ’

“ Says the Dan, Van, Voght.”

During the progress of the State Trials, Mr. Smith lost temper, and challenged to mortal combat the present Master Fitz-Gibbon, who, as counsel on the Repeal side, abused the Attorney-General. Having said thus much of him, we may conclude by observing, that Mr. Smith is a sound judge, and in his person represents a family who have adorned the bench during three successive generations.

The general tone of Dr. Whately's charge, delivered at the Primary Visitation of the Clergy, in June, 1834, affords a fine specimen of Christian kindliness.*

“ I am the last,” he says, “ who would
“ recommend the practice of deducing doc-
“ trines or rules of conduct from insulated
“ texts, interpreted without reference to the
“ general tone of Scripture. But the sacred
“ writings contain sundry precepts, which,
“ after having been first carefully studied,
“ and the true sense of them ascertained,
“ and the spirit of them imbibed from com-

* Primary Charge delivered to the clergy of Dublin and Glendalagh, in June, 1834, pp. 17-18.

“ parison with the context, may afterwards
“ be most profitably applied in the manner I
“ have alluded to.

“ Apply *e. g.* as a test to anything that
“ has been written, by yourself or by another,
“ such precepts of Scripture as involve
“ a description of the Christian temper.
“ ‘Blessed are the meek:—blessed are the
“ ‘peace-makers:—blessed are the pure in
“ ‘heart:—the minister of the Lord must
“ ‘not strive, but be gentle unto all men:
“ ‘in meekness instructing them that oppose
“ ‘themselves:—Let this mind be in you
“ ‘which was also in Christ Jesus, who when
“ ‘He was reviled, reviled not again; when
“ ‘He suffered, He threatened not; but
“ ‘submitted himself to Him that judgeth
“ ‘righteously:—Let all bitterness, and
“ ‘wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-
“ ‘speaking, be put away from you, with all
“ ‘malice; and be ye kind one to another,
“ ‘tender-hearted, forgiving one another,
“ ‘even as God in Christ hath forgiven
“ ‘you.’”

Dr. Arnold writes to congratulate him upon this charge. “It is delightful,” he

adds, "to read a charge without any folly
" in it, and written so heartily in the spirit
" of a Christian Episcopacy." He speaks
of going over with his family on a visit to
the Whatelys that summer, and bringing
with him the MS. of "The State and the
" Church " to con over.

The Archbishop's "Essays on the Dangers
" to Christian Faith which may arise from
" the Teaching or the Conduct of its Pro-
" fessors," seemed specially levelled at
certain prominent divines. "Thinking, as
" I do," observes the Archbishop, "that
" parties the most opposed to each other
" have, in different ways, contributed to
" bring danger and discredit to the Faith,
" I should have felt it to be a sacrifice of
" duty if I had, for the sake of conciliating
" one class, confined my attention to the
" faults of another, and had thus left un-
" noticed some portion of the errors which
" appear to me to be, in the present day,
" the most prevalent and the most im-
" portant."

CHAPTER X.

THE first Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland appeared on the 31st of December, 1833. From that volume we learn that the number of schools then in actual operation was 789, and the number of children on the rolls 107,042. The second Report was published on the 31st March, 1835. The number of schools had increased by 317, and the scholars by 38,479. A third Report appeared in the following year, and another in 1837, when the number of children attending the schools was announced to have swollen into 166,929.

In innumerable quarters, however, the system met with considerable opposition, chiefly from Protestants. In 1837, the outcry against it ran so high, that a par-

liamentary commission was granted to investigate the system thoroughly. To this inquiry we have already, at some length, adverted.* Dr. Whately was examined;† and among other curious matter, it transpired that the great bulk of the Protestant clergy regarded the system of national education “as a scheme for subverting the Protestant “Establishment in Ireland.”‡

The effect of the inquiry was, on the whole, favourable to the system. The number of schools in operation and children on the rolls went on steadily increasing, until in 1845 the former had reached 3,426, and the latter 432,844. In 1850 the progress made was still more rapid and striking.

In March, 1837, the laity of Dr. Whately’s flock, to the number of 3,000, addressed a remonstrance to him against “certain novel-

* See *ante*.

† The Rev. Charles Dickinson, his secretary, writing from London during the progress of this examination, says:—“The more I see of the world, the more convinced I am that place and rank do not contribute to “real happiness.”

‡ Report, Q. 4899.

“ties of discipline, recently promulgated.” Dr. Dickinson, his secretary and chaplain, generally answered such documents of this sort as were pervaded by tolerable courtesy; but in the present instance, and almost contrary to all precedent, the Archbishop replied directly in his own person. He began by requesting that the original document, with the signatures attached, should be left at the palace.

“It may also, I think, be fairly required, that persons coming forward so solemnly to express their sentiments on important subjects deeply concerning their happiness, as members of the Church,’ should be *adults*, and should be persons who are capable of forming, and who profess, at least, to have formed, a deliberate judgment on those subjects, from a careful perusal both of the memorial they sign, and of any documents it may relate to.

“I cannot but think it needful, therefore, that those who draw up any memorial should take some precautions to prevent, as far as possible, its receiving indiscriminate signatures.

“ I regret that no such precautions appear
“ to have been taken in the present case ; on
“ the contrary, it is well known that the
“ memorial was not only left publicly exposed
“ to obtain indiscriminately the signatures of
“ any who chose, but was carried to political
“ meetings ; was signed by Dissenters, and
“ by many persons who did not even pretend
“ to have read it or to know anything—or
“ anything beyond vague hearsay—of the
“ papers to which it refers ; and that it even
“ had the names of children attached to it.

“ Under these circumstances you cannot
“ wonder that I can only receive it as the
“ memorial of that small proportion of the
“ persons whose names are attached to it of
“ whom I have some knowledge ; of the rest,
“ there may perhaps be several whose decla-
“ ration of their opinions would be entitled to
“ respect, and who deplore perhaps, in com-
“ mon with yourself, the unseemly way in
“ which so solemn a matter has been brought
“ before the public. But I have no means of
“ distinguishing these amidst the promiscuous
“ mass of signatures which, for the reasons
“ just mentioned, must go for nothing. If

“ instead of three thousand they were thirty
“ thousand, nay, if they amounted to a
“ majority of the whole population of the
“ united diocese, this would make no differ-
“ ence. Much as I might lament the wide
“ spread of the spirit which tends to mix up
“ religion with party politics, of the rashness
“ which leads men to affix their names to
“ they know not what, and of the delusions
“ produced and fostered by those who labour
“ to propagate unjust prejudices, my own
“ conduct would not be in any degree
“ influenced, and you must be sensible it
“ ought not to be influenced, by any amount
“ of promiscuous signatures thus obtained.”

At the meetings of the Board of National Education there was no attendant so punctual, or no worker so energetic, as Archbishop Whately. All the books, all the teachers, all the pupils, drew their inspiration directly from him. The school books, which shall be more fully analyzed hereafter, were many of them his own composition; all underwent his supervision. Even the copy-heads came from Dr. Whately's pen.

“ His Grace,” writes Professor Sullivan,

“ having heard it stated that some foolish
“ and objectionable *copy-lines* had been found
“ in one of the country schools, suggested,
“ as a remedy, that a set of Proverbs and
“ Moral Precepts should be compiled and
“ engraved for the purpose of being used
“ as regular COPY-PIECES in all the schools.
“ With this view, his Grace, in a short time
“ after, sent the following PROVERBS and
“ ANNOTATIONS as ‘rough stones’ or ‘ma-
“ terials’ for the purpose.”

These copy-lines, from which we select a few, are thoroughly characteristic, and unmistakably Whatelian. An explanatory note is occasionally added to each. A little personal feeling, or pique, sometimes peeps out, but always prettily. It only needs, perhaps, “Hard words break no bones,” to make it a complete Whatelian code.

“ *A man will never change his mind, if he*
“ *has no mind to change.*”

“ *The brighter the moon shines, the more the*
“ *dogs howl.*”

“ Some say ‘the moon does not regard
“ ‘the barking of dogs.’ It is a curious

“ propensity in most dogs to howl at the
“ moon, especially when shining brightest.
“ In the same manner it may be observed,
“ that any eminent person who is striving
“ to enlighten the world, is sure to be as-
“ sailed by the furious clamour and abuse
“ of the bigoted and envious. This is a
“ thing disgusting in itself (as the howling
“ of dogs is an unpleasant sound); but it is
“ a sign and accompaniment of a man’s
“ success in doing service to the public.
“ And if he is a truly wise man, he will take
“ no more notice of it than the moon does
“ of the howling of the dogs. Her only
“ answer to them is, ‘to shine on.’ ”

“ *A proverb is the wisdom of many and the*
“ *wit of one.* ”

“ *If you will not take pains, pains will take*
“ *you.* ”

“ *Be old when young, that you may be young*
“ *when old—or, Old young, and old long.* ”

“ Those who take great liberties with their
“ constitution while young, and do not hus-
“ band their health and strength, are likely

“ to break down early and rapidly ; while
“ those who, in their younger days, practise
“ some of the caution of the old, are likely
“ to live the longer, and have a better chance
“ of a vigorous and comfortable old age”

“ Better to wear out shoes than sheets.”

“ That is, to go about your business
“ actively, than to lie a-bed. Some say,
“ ‘ *Better wear out than rust out.*’ A knife,
“ or other iron tool, will wear out by constant
“ use ; but if laid by useless, the rust will
“ consume it.”

*“ Lose an hour in the morning, and you will
“ be all the day hunting it.”*

*“ The tree roots more fast,
“ That has stood a tough blast.”*

“ This is literally true ; for it is always
“ found, that winds which do not blow a
“ tree down make it root the better. It is
“ also found, figuratively, that a rebellion,
“ when put down, strengthens a government ;
“ and that any violent attacks made on
“ any one, and repelled, fix his credit the
“ firmer.”

“ As the fool thinketh so the bell clinketh.”

“ When a weak man is strongly biassed
“ in favour of any opinion, scheme, &c.,
“ everything seems to confirm it; the very
“ bells seem to say the words that his head
“ is full of.”

“ A man is one knave, but a fool is many.”

“ A weak man in a place of authority will
“ often do more mischief than a bad man.
“ For an intelligent but dishonest man will
“ only do as much hurt as serves his *own*
“ purpose; but a weak man is likely to
“ be made the *tool* of several dishonest men.
“ A lion only kills as many as will supply
“ him with food; but a horse, if ridden by
“ several warlike horsemen, may prove the
“ death of more than ten lions would kill.”

“ The last straw breaks a horse's back.”

“ When a man is loaded with as much
“ work, or as much injury, as he can bear,
“ a very trifling addition (in itself trifling)
“ will be just as much beyond what he can
“ bear.”

“ *A glutton lives to eat ; a wise man eats to live.*”

Henry of Exeter brought a formidable indictment against the National system of education in Ireland. He declared that “ the service of the Mass had been, for more than two years, celebrated in a national school at Esker ;” * that “ a sum of £100, granted for the purposes of a school, had been applied towards building a Roman Catholic chapel ;” and that the grant made for fitting up another school had been applied in discharge of the expenses for building a nunnery. † These charges the Commissioners met and explained.

The diocese of Exeter had no high claim on Dr. Whately ; yet we find him solicited to subscribe to a testimonial in commemoration of some synodical proceedings in Exeter. The Archbishop’s reply is characteristic.

“ REVEREND SIR,—

“ I have to acknowledge a letter of appli-

* “ Reports of the Commissioners of National Education,” vol. i. p. 49, Report III.

† *Ibid.* p. 55, Report III.

“ cation from you relative to a proposed
“ memorial of a synod held in the diocese
“ of Exeter. But I do not understand (nor
“ have I met with any one who could ex-
“ plain to me) the character and objects of
“ the memorial and of the synod. Whether
“ it is designed to commemorate a meeting
“ held once for all, or the commencement
“ of a series of such meetings; and, again,
“ whether the resolutions passed at that
“ meeting are to be understood as merely
“ the expression of the opinions claiming
“ just whatever degree of deference may be
“ thought due to those individuals per-
“ sonally; or whether these decisions
“ claim to have a binding force, like that
“ of Acts of Parliament or bylaws of a cor-
“ poration, on those who were not parties
“ to them; and, on this latter supposition,
“ whether such claim is extended to the
“ whole Church, or is limited to one diocese,
“ leaving (and by example encouraging) the
“ bishop and clergy of any other diocese to
“ meet, if they shall think fit, and pass reso-
“ lutions—perhaps very different ones—on
“ the same, and on other points;—on all

“ these, and many other important particulars, I am wholly uninformed.

“ I remain, &c.,

“ RD. DUBLIN.”

As one of the most important events in the career of Dr. Whately was his connection with the Irish Board of National Education, any anecdotes, however trivial, illustrative of the Archbishop's life at Tyrone House will be read with interest.

The county of Clare is the most Catholic county in Ireland, and the population is in the proportion of thirty Roman Catholics to one Protestant. The National Schools dotted the county; but, of course, not the ghost of a Protestant was to be found haunting them. Mr. B——d, a Protestant, was permanently stationed in Clare as inspector of National Schools. He lived entirely amongst the priests, who used to drive him from district to district in their gigs; and it appears that they uniformly treated him with a *cead mille a failthe*.* He liked *them*, and the priests got fond of the Protestant inspector. But,

* Anglicè—“ A hundred thousand welcomes.”

alas ! the days of this genial intercourse were numbered. In an evil hour, Mr. B——r, a head inspector, was appointed, and, charged with the importance of his mission, went down to Clare to report. He visited the schools, and saw a sight which well-nigh made his hair stand on end. At one of the doors a holy-water pot, filled to repletion, was placed ! Another building, used as a school, had been the Roman Catholic chapel of the parish until the erection of a new church had supplanted its purpose. A number of Catholic emblems, however, had never been removed, including several crosses and a picture of the blessed Virgin Mary. It has been even stated that Mr. B——r found some of the pupils telling their beads. The head inspector, who was a Catholic, reported, and Mr. B——d, the Protestant inspector, was served with a summons to Dublin. Thither he repaired, with eyes doubtless bedimmed with tears, and casting one longing, lingering look behind at visions of old port, roast turkeys, and poteen punch, of which he had a painful presentiment were never again to be realized. Archbishop Whately

was in the chair, and all Mr. B——d had ever read of Rhadamanthus failed to impress him more awfully. “Well, Mr. B——d,” he said, “this is a serious charge. What “have you to say in reply to it?”

The inspector proceeded to make his defence, which he supplemented by tendering in evidence a round-robin, signed by all the parish priests in Clare, and rendered still more pregnant by the weight of the name of the late Roman Catholic Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Kennedy, who was a highly influential Whig. The priests were loud in their praise of the Protestant inspector. “Eh, Mr. “B——d,” said the Archbishop, twisting about the round-robin in his fingers, “what “does this prove? Now, what should you “think of the rats signing a round-robin “testifying to the efficiency of the cat?”

Dr. Whately dealt leniently with the man, but strongly condemned the irregularity into which he had been led. He was accustomed to say, that “tenderness towards the faulty “is charity ; tenderness towards the fault, “is indifference about right and wrong.”

Besides constant attendance at the meet-

ings of the Board, he visited the central Model Schools very frequently, often spending hours together there, familiarly gossiping with the head teachers, and occasionally taking part in the examination of the classes. Many are the traditional jests, *bon-mots*, and conundrums that have been handed down as having been proposed by his Grace. Nor was he always very sparing of the feelings of the members of the staff upon those occasions. Addressing a talented professor one day, he said, quite abruptly, “*Mr. —, you are one of the first men of the age.*” “Really, your Grace,” replied the flattered Professor, bowing lowly, “you are too kind, too complimentary. You over-estimate the value of my services and of my little publications, which owe their chief merit to the liberal use that I make in them of your Grace’s eminent works.” “I assert, sir, as a *fact*, that you *are*,” replied the Archbishop, “*one of the first men of the age;*” but while the elated gentleman was bowing his thanks, the heartless primatial punster added, “I understand you were born January, 1801,” and, turning

his back, walked off, unmindful of the height to which he first raised, and from which he then so unceremoniously hurled the professor. Sometimes his Grace was retorted on with ready spirit, against which he manifested no disapprobation, provided it was done respectfully. The head master of one of the Model Schools complained that some of the officers intrusted with the inspection of the schools were unduly officious, and not qualified for the duty. "Surely," said the Archbishop, "one can judge plum-pudding without being a cook." "True, your Grace," retorted the head master, "but one is not, on that account, qualified to go into the kitchen and take the cook's place."

"Between him and the Right Hon. Alexander Macdonnell, the Resident or Stipendiary Commissioner of National Education," observes a correspondent, "a feud subsisted so long, so warmly, and, in fact, so publicly, that there can be no impropriety in adverting to it. The Archbishop always seemed to go out of his way to annoy him; and he sometimes stooped to almost puerile acts of retaliation. Whenever official duty

rendered it imperative for Dr. Whately to address Mr. Macdonnell by letter, he invariably affected not only to forget his Christian name, but that the Commissioner was a Privy Councillor as well as himself. Many were the letters which came to Marlborough Street superscribed as follows, and many were the laughs which they occasioned, quite as much at the Archbishop's expense as at 'The 'Lord of the Isles'—a sobriquet bestowed upon Mr. Macdonnell in allusion to the proud Scottish pedigree of his ancestry, who, emigrating to Ireland, became *ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*.

‘—— M'DONNELL, Esq.,
Model School,
Marlborough Street.'

Another would have addressed him,

The Right Hon.
 ALEXANDER MACDONNELL,
Tyrone House,
Dublin.'

But Dr. Whately was an eccentric man, and the hostility of his attitude to Mr. Mac-

donnell he wished to preserve with inexorable consistency. In the evidence delivered by Dr. Whately before the Parliamentary Commission in 1854, he went out of his way to attack the resident commissioner, simply on the ground that a strong diversity of opinion subsisted between them on one or two points connected with education.”*

The presence of the Duke of Leinster, Lord Plunket, the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Baron Greene, and other great guns at the Board, was often not sufficient to prevent Dr. Whately indulging the odd habit of placing his legs on the very table round which they sat.

Throwing his chair backwards, and making it rest entirely on the two hind legs, he used to counterbalance the sedentary occupation of a diligent attendance by creating the exercise incidental to making his body oscillate like a pendulum. For many years after his Grace's retirement from the Board, a

* We give the above anecdote as given to us ; but we have not seen the letters said to have been so superscribed.—ED.

breach in the carpet used to be pointed out as the result of this extraordinary chair exercise. The contrast which Dr. Whately's attitudes presented to the calm and graceful dignity of Archbishop Murray was often the subject of remark. This prelate was the Fenelon of the Roman Catholic episcopacy; and Sir Robert Peel declared that his person and manner completely realized his ideal of a Christian bishop.

From the intercourse and intimacy which so long subsisted between Drs. Murray and Whately, the following remarks of the late Right Hon. Richard Lalor Shiel, descriptive of the former prelate, are not without interest:—

“ Dr. Murray is meek, composed, and
“ placid, and has an expression of patience, of
“ sweetness, and benignity, united with strong
“ intellectual intimations, which would fix
“ the attention of any ordinary observer who
“ chanced to see him in the public way. He
“ has great dignity and simplicity of deport-
“ ment, and has a bearing befitting his rank,
“ without the least touch of arrogance. His
“ voice is singularly soft and harmonious; and

“ even in reproof itself, he does not put his
“ Christian gentleness aside. His preaching
“ is of the first order. It is difficult to
“ hear his sermons upon charity without
“ tears, and there is, independently of the
“ charms of diction and the graces of elo-
“ cution, of which he is a master, an internal
“ evidence of his own profound conviction of
“ what he utters, that makes its way to the
“ heart. When he stands in the pulpit, it
“ is no exaggeration to say, that he diffuses
“ a kind of piety about him.”

Dr. Whately devoted a large share of the time spent by him at the Board meetings to scrutinizing, generally with a supercilious expression, the phrenological development of his colleagues around. In the science of craniology Dr. Whately, we may observe, was a devout believer. His comments and conclusions, seldom complimentary to those whom he examined, were for the most part—happily for their peace of mind—confined to his own cranium; but the late Provost Sadleir’s head—which happened to be directly under Dr. Whately’s eye, on the occasion of one of the memorable Board meetings—afforded

too tempting an opportunity to miss making a joke.

Dr. Sadleir's head, we may premise, was peculiarly flat on the top. "Did you hear
"of the new phrenological test, gentlemen?" inquired the Archbishop, glancing significantly at the Provost. "Take a handful of
"peas, drop them on the head of the patient;
"the amount of the man's dishonesty will
"depend on the number which may remain
"there. If a large number remain, tell the
"butler to lock up the plate."*

Both in joke and earnest he loved to avow his incredulity. The late Provost Sadleir having detailed a novel occurrence in botanical science—added, "Indeed, your
"Grace, I should not have believed it if I
"had not seen it with my own eyes."
"Mr. Provost," rejoined the prelate, "every
"sensible man here and elsewhere will ex-

* One of Dr. Whately's favourite chaplains tells us that this and other brusque remarks should be read, like the Hebrew, of which he was master—backwards! So far as the late Provost Sadleir is concerned, we can well believe that Dr. Whately did not mean to impugn the rectitude of that highly estimable member of society.

“ claim, ‘ No more will I believe it till I see
“ ‘ it with my own eyes.’ ”

Judging by the ordinary principles of human nature, Dr. Whately could have had no bitter feeling towards Dr. Sadleir, for the latter had repeatedly gone out of his way to vindicate the Archbishop’s policy, and to diminish the number of his enemies. The following extract from an interesting letter addressed by Dr. Sadleir to Dr. Daly, the present Bishop of Cashel, illustrates our remark :—

“ You do me the honour of saying you
“ saw me as one of his Grace’s councillors—
“ a distinction I should be proud of if I
“ really possessed it, and if his conduct had
“ in any degree resulted from my advice.
“ But I believe he has no councillor except
“ his own strong understanding and Chris-
“ tian dispositions. Were I to give him
“ advice, it would be, what I trust would
“ be superfluous—namely, to persist in his
“ present conduct; to be, as he is, unremit-
“ ting in his attention to his episcopal duties;
“ to dispose of his patronage, as he does, to

“ those whom he knows, by his own obser-
“ vation, to be deserving of promotion, and
“ qualified for the offices into which he puts
“ them—not to the recommendations of the
“ great or powerful, or to his own personal
“ connections; to associate, as he does, with
“ his younger clergy, that he may have the
“ opportunity of judging for himself of their
“ dispositions, their capabilities, and their
“ merits, with the frankness and sincerity of
“ a Christian clergyman—not with the mere
“ affectation of kindness, or the ostentation
“ of condescension. I would advise him to
“ exert, as he does, his talents, his good
“ sense, and his influence, for the protection
“ and settlement of the secular interests of
“ the Church at this present fearful crisis;
“ and while he is doing so, to regard the
“ insinuations which the violence and folly of
“ party spirit may throw out against him
“ with perfect contempt—to regard them as
“ little as the racer does the flies which buzz
“ round him in his course, which, though
“ they may make a momentary noise and
“ give a transient sting, are soon left behind

“ by his speed, and forgotten in his victory.
“ Though it is said that advice unasked is
“ never much valued, yet I will venture to
“ offer a little to you yourself:—It is, that
“ you should study the character and con-
“ duct of the Archbishop, and, as far as
“ opportunity allows you, cultivate his ac-
“ quaintance. There are few men of whom
“ I think so highly as I do of you; you will,
“ perhaps, be the more inclined to give me
“ credit for sincerity in this declaration,
“ when you consider, that even if you were
“ a bishop you could offer me no preferment
“ which I could, in prudence, accept of. I
“ believe you to be a sincere and honest man
“ —a conscientious and zealous Christian—
“ of great and unwearied activity in the
“ cause and service of religion—of frankness
“ and humility—of talent and industrious
“ acquirements—and, as such, I consider
“ you and the Archbishop as two individuals
“ who, above the generality of mankind,
“ would enjoy and be happy in each other’s
“ friendship, and profit from mutual inter-
“ course. I am wholly mistaken in either
“ your character or his Grace’s if you be not

“just the kind of persons who would like
“each other.

“Believe me, my dear Sir,

“Yours very faithfully,

“FRANK SADLEIR.”

A puffy parson from Donegal, with more hat than head, one day swaggered into the model school, and in loud and pompous accents requested that a teacher of unexceptionable acquirements should be trotted out before him. “In addition to his duties,” he added, “he should act as parish clerk, “assist the sexton, care the registries, and “be capable of leading the chorus in my “church.” An inspector inquired, “What “amount of salary the rev. gentleman would “consider equitable for these varied services?” “Five pounds a year,” he replied, “in addition, of course, to his pay “from the Board.” “Here is the Archbishop himself,” proceeded the inspector, “and you had better tell him the exact sort “of person you require.” Dr. Whately heard the litany of accomplishments recited, with the remuneration proposed. “You can

“get beer at any price, sir,” said his Grace; “small price, small beer—but I tell you, sir, “you disgrace the cloth you wear and the “diocese from which you come.”

An influential personage connected with the Board was not a little mortified to find that, whenever he opened his lips officially, Dr. Whately at once began addressing some one else, looking out of the window, or otherwise indicating an absence of attention.

Coupling this with the fact that the Archbishop, when entering the board-room, uniformly failed to salute the personage in question, no doubt was left upon the mind of the latter that a studied slight was meant. The gentleman to whom we allude lost, on one occasion, all patience, and passionately flinging down a pen and seizing his hat to leave, exclaimed, “I can stand this man’s “arrogance no longer!” The Archbishop made no reply, but quietly asked Dr. Sadleir to push him over the pen, with which he began a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant, thus:—

“MY LORD,—

“I beg leave to direct the attention of “your Excellency to a grossly irregular pro-

“ceeding, which on this day,” &c., and then proceeded to detail the circumstance. The letter was never, we believe, sent.

The circumstance in question seems to have been no special slight. The late Dean Meyler mentioned to us, that often as he and Dr. Whately met as brother commissioners, his Grace never greeted him by the slightest sign of recognition. One who knew the Archbishop well (Dr. Dickinson), is of opinion that this inattention to courtesies arose from a preoccupied mind. It is further due to the Archbishop to say that people superficially acquainted with him often supposed that he was treating with supercilious indifference or inattention important matter under discussion, when in reality he was critically measuring its length and breadth, height and depth.

“It is a fact, and a very curious one,” writes Dr. Whately himself, “that many
“people find they can best attend to any
“serious matter, when they are occupied
“with something else, that requires a little,
“and but a little, attention; such as, work-
“ing with the needle (which, by the bye,

“ gives the woman a great advantage over
“ men), cutting open paper-leaves, or for
“ want of some such employment fiddling
“ anyhow with the fingers (which most are
“ prone to when earnestly engaged). Now,
“ as the best philosophers are agreed, that
“ the mind cannot actually attend to more
“ than one thing at a time, but when it so
“ appears, is, in reality, shifting with pro-
“ digious rapidity, backwards and forwards
“ from one to the other, it seems strange
“ that attention to one train of ideas should
“ be aided by this continual, though unper-
“ ceived, distraction to another. The truth
“ is, I conceive that it is next to impossible
“ to keep the mind closely fixed to any one
“ train of thought, *except for a very short*
“ *time*; and that, when we suppose this to
“ be the case, there are, in reality, continual
“ little digressions; which frequently do not
“ (often do) leave a trace on the memory;
“ which are excited, either by some casual
“ association with one of the ideas of the
“ train, or by bodily sensations, and from
“ which the attention is continually returning
“ to its former course. If any one first

“ attends to any subject, as he thinks, exclu-
“ sively, and afterwards beginning to cut
“ open paper-leaves, finds that he attends
“ no worse than before, it seems quite evident
“ that he did not before attend *more exclu-*
“ *sively* than after; and consequently that he
“ had then, though he knew it not, his atten-
“ tion as much drawn off by extraneous
“ objects. Taking it then for granted, that
“ we seldom, or never, can prevent entirely
“ those occasional wanderings of attention,
“ and never can wholly confine our thoughts
“ to the main object, the best way, therefore,
“ must be to present to them some subordi-
“ nate object, which shall be just interesting
“ enough to withhold our attention from
“ those objects, which our roving senses are
“ perpetually apt to present to us, and yet
“ not enough to draw off much of our atten-
“ tion (such as needlework, to one who is
“ familiar with it, but not to a child who is
“ just learning it); and this subordinate object
“ will not only draw off our attention from
“ the surrounding objects of sense, but will
“ also check those wandering thoughts which
“ are suggested by the principal train of

“ ideas ; for being associated with this principal train, it will form a sort of topical memory, and will thus perpetually recall us to what we are about. Hence the great advantage of some such employment as needlework, turning, &c. *Hence, too, though it is reckoned uncivil, when another is reading or speaking to you, to look out of the window or play with a dog, as implying inattention, yet we should be aware that it does not necessarily imply any such thing.* Hence, too, the chief advantage of meditating on paper ; the act of writing withholds the attention ; and the words written are more even than the above topical kind of memory, for they present to you the past part of the trains—first, in regular order ; secondly, connected with them, not by an extemporaneous association, as above, but by an established and habitual one.”

An illustration of the soundness of Dr. Whately's idea is, perhaps, afforded by the fact that the writing-desk of Napoleon Buonaparte is deeply notched by his pen-knife.

Dr. Whately took up the Bible on one of the extra formal occasions that he presided at Tyrone House; pupils and pedagogues surrounded him on every side. "The book which I hold in my hand," he said, twirling it about in his fingers, "is commonly called the Bible—a name which will do well enough, so long as it is not liable to misapprehension; but, although infallible in the original, it has been translated by fallible men, who pretended to no infallibility. The translation, nevertheless, is an excellent one; and I am bound to add that the Douay is also an admirable version, which, I trust, I may never hear any one, in this place, attempt to bring into disrepute, for by attempting to degrade it, they only degrade our common Christianity. Having said so much of the two great versions of the Scripture, I may add that these 'Scripture Lessons'" (here he took up a copy of them) "are, so far as they go, quite as good as either the authorized or the Douay versions."

Dr. Henry, who represented the Presbyterian interest, started to his feet, and, with

considerable firmness, protested against the spectacle of a Christian Bishop pronouncing a modern compilation to be as good as the Holy Bible.

“ I deny it,” exclaimed Dr. Whately.

“ Pardon me,” proceeded Dr. Henry, “ I, and every person in this room, heard your Grace pronounce the ‘ Scripture Lessons ’ to be as wholesome and as sound as the original Scripture themselves.”

“ I said *so far as they go*,” explained Dr. Whately.

Dr. Henry bowed, and resumed his seat.

From the printed preface to this long-since banished book, we learn that “ The plan pursued in this compilation has been to take the historical narrative of Scripture as the foundation, and to attach to it other portions of Scripture relating to the narrative, either from the Old or New Testament. Thus, after the narrative of the Creation, extracts from the book of Psalms referring to the Creation, have been introduced; and after the narrative of the Deluge, there have been inserted those comments on that event which are

“ to be found in the New Testament. This
“ method seems to be calculated at once to
“ teach the use of the sacred history and to
“ fix much of moral and religious instruction
“ on the heart, by associating with it a
“ recital of most interesting facts. The
“ translation has been made by a comparison
“ of the authorized and Douay versions with
“ the original. The language sometimes
“ of the one, and sometimes of the other,
“ has been adopted, and occasionally devia-
“ tions have been made from both. On this
“ point the translator feels that he would
“ require more indulgence than is likely to
“ be granted to him; but he was compelled
“ by the exigency of the case to undertake
“ the task; he has done his best to execute
“ it with fidelity, and he has been constantly
“ under the eye of persons perfectly com-
“ petent to correct any errors into which he
“ might inadvertently fall. This he avers,
“ that he has not been influenced in his
“ rendering of any passage by reference to
“ any peculiar religious views. A few notes,
“ chiefly explanatory and practical, have
“ been added.”

Dr. Whately, it may be added, was, in his capacity of Education Commissioner, a homœopathist in scriptural as well as in medicinal administration. But although he approved of administering Scripture in small doses to children, he liked to see men of a comprehensive grasp of judgment unravelling its perplexities. "The fact," he said, "that the Scriptures contain things hard to be understood, is no reason for laying them aside, but a very strong one for taking the more pains to understand them."

Dr. Whately, although he considered most translations of the Scriptures fallible, was not of opinion, with some sounder theologians, that they should be interpreted by the aid of tradition. "To found faith on an appeal to tradition," he said, "is to base it on the report of a report of a report of a report."

Notwithstanding some apparently disparaging remarks in reference to the sacred volume, which gave offence at Tyrone House, few knew better how to argue toughly in support of its authenticity.

"Some," writes Whately, "are apt to sup-

“ pose, from the elaborate arguments that have
“ been urged in defence of the authenticity
“ of the Christian Scriptures, that it is
“ harder to be established than that of
“ other supposed ancient books. But the
“ *importance* and the *difficulty of proving*
“ anything, are very apt to be confounded
“ together, though easily distinguishable.
“ We bar the doors carefully, not merely
“ when we expect an unusually *formidable*
“ *attack*, but when we have an unusual
“ *treasure* in the house.

“ The authority on which we rest our
“ conviction of the genuineness of the New
“ Testament Scriptures, is of the same *kind*
“ with that on which we acknowledge the
“ works of Cicero and other classical authors,
“ though incomparably *stronger in degree*.
“ For it is not to the Roman world, in its
“ widest acceptation, but to the *literary*
“ portion of it, that we appeal in respect
“ of any volume of the classics. On the
“ contrary, the Christian Scriptures were
“ addressed to all classes (the doctrine of
“ what is called ‘*Reserve*,’ of putting the
“ light of the Gospel under a bushel, being

“ no part of the apostolic system), so that
“ probably for *one* reader of Cicero or Livy,
“ there were more than fifty persons, even in
“ a very early period of the Church, anxious
“ to possess copies of the New Testament
“ Scriptures; and careful, in proportion to
“ the high importance of the subject, as to
“ the genuineness and accuracy of what they
“ read. There are not a few, who, being
“ accustomed to hear the authority of the
“ primitive church spoken of as that on
“ which we receive the New Testament
“ Scriptures, are led to fancy it the authority
“ of *some one society acting collectively*, and
“ in its corporate capacity; and thus they
“ lose sight of the very circumstance on
“ which the chief force of this testimony
“ depends; namely, that there never was a
“ decree or decision of any one society, but,
“ what has far more weight, the concurring
“ independent convictions of a great number
“ of distinct churches in various regions of
“ the world.”

“ The Scripture Lessons,” so frequently recommended by Dr. Whately, were drawn up by himself and Drs. Carlisle, Dickinson,

and, as has been alleged, Arnold. That the latter had in view a corrected version of the Protestant Bible, we gather from the following letter, addressed to Dr. Whately, and dated—

“ RUGBY, *November 8, 1833.*

“ Would any good be likely to come of it
“ if I were one day to send you a specimen
“ of such corrections in our authorized ver-
“ sion of the Scriptures, such as seem to me
“ desirable, and such as could shock no one?
“ I have had, and am having daily, so much
“ practice in translation, and am taking so
“ much pains to make the boys vary their
“ language and their phraseology, according
“ to the age and style of the writer whom
“ they are translating, that I think I may
“ be trusted for introducing no words or
“ idiom unsuited to the general style of the
“ present translation, nothing to lessen the
“ purity of its Saxon, or to betray a modern
“ interpolation. My object would be to
“ alter in the very language, as far as I
“ could guess it, which the translators them-
“ selves would have used, had they only
“ had our present knowledge of Greek. I

“ think, also, that the results of modern
“ criticism should so far be noticed as that
“ some little clauses, omitted in all the best
“ MSS., should be printed in italics, and im-
“ portant various readings, of equal or better
“ authority than the received text, should
“ be noticed in the margin. Above all, it
“ is most important that the division into
“ chapters should be mended, especially as
“ regards the public reading in the church ;
“ and that the choice of lessons from the
“ Old Testament should be improved, which
“ really could hardly have been worse, unless
“ it had been done on purpose.”

A work appeared anonymously in 1837, entitled “ Travels in New Holland,” which excited some attention. A later edition was published in 1849. From the following letter, written by the present Bishop of Killaloe, we find that no inconsiderable share of Dr. Whately’s masculine thought and sense was embodied in this book.

“ PALACE, *June 14, 1854.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—

“ The ‘ Travels in the Interior of New
“ ‘ Holland,’ about which you inquire, were

“ written partly by the Archbishop of Dublin,
“ and partly by some friends of his. But
“ the work of the various contributors is so
“ mixed, and, as it were, blended together,
“ that his Grace would find it difficult, if
“ not quite impossible, to discriminate the
“ shares of the different authors. The first
“ edition was edited by Lady Mary Fox.

“ I am, my dear Sir,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ W. FITZGERALD,

“ *Dom. Chaplain to the Archbishop of Dublin.*

“ E. R. PUREFOY COLLES, Esq.”

We have spoken of the fascination which often riveted the Archbishop to his desk or books. When duty called, no one knew better how to snap the links which bound him.

“ In the performance of all the duties of
“ his episcopal office,” an observant member
of his flock remarks, “ Dr. Whately was punctual and unfailing. His visitations, ordinations, and confirmations were held with the
“ utmost regularity, and he was ever ready to
“ fill the pulpit of any of the parochial clergy

“within whose reach he was, and who “desired his assistance.” To give Archbishop Whately his due, he was always ready for harness.

When referring to women, whether in his sermons or in conversation, the Archbishop was rarely complimentary. To the opinion that woman was an animal incapable of arguing rightly, and always poked the fire from the top, the reader has already been introduced. But when disposed to be unusually gracious, he would sometimes pay them such dubious compliments as, “Woman is like the reed, “which bends to every breeze, but breaks “not in the tempest.”

With such provocation, it is not surprising that Dr. Whately should have been no favourite with women, to whom, as Byron says, “revenge is sweet.” His congregations, therefore, contained more cloth than crinoline. “Ladies,” we are told, “did not “see in the common sense of his expressions “and the aptness of his illustrations, derived “from simple every-day surroundings, the “wisdom of a thoroughly great and original “thinker labouring to elevate his hearers.

“ He never preached to the nerves ; he
“ appealed to the understanding.”*

“ The peculiarities of women,” observes
Dr. Whately, “ dawn at so very early an age,
“ and are so much less variable than their
“ education, that I cannot believe them to
“ be entirely, or even chiefly, artificial.
“ Even their education itself is, in a great
“ degree, to be traced up to nature ; for,
“ if Eve had the education of her own
“ daughters, they would, of course, learn to
“ think, feel, and act as she had been taught
“ by *nature* ; and so on. It may be affirmed,
“ as a general rule, that women have much
“ less totality than men.”

He was of opinion that “ grammar, logic,
“ rhetoric, and metaphysics, or the philosophy
“ of mind, are studies of an elementary
“ nature, being concerned about the instru-
“ ments which we employ in effecting our
“ purposes ; and that ethics, which is, in
“ fact, a branch of metaphysics, may be
“ called the elements of conduct. Such
“ knowledge is far from showy,” he added ;

* *Saunders's News Letter*, No. 37,955.

“ elements do not much come into sight;
“ they are like that part of a bridge which is
“ under water, and is therefore least admired,
“ though it is not the work of least art and
“ difficulty. On this ground it is suitable
“ for females, as least leading to that pe-
“ dantry which learned ladies must ever
“ be peculiarly liable to, as well as least
“ exciting that jealousy to which they must
“ ever be exposed, while learning in them
“ continues to be a *distinction*. A woman
“ might, in this way, be very learned without
“ any one’s finding it out.”

A few years before his retirement from the Board of National Education, Dr. Whately was requested by a literary lady, who, however, wore petticoats long enough to conceal her “blue stockings,” to meet her by appointment at the Model School in Marlborough Street, and act as her cicerone in exploring it. The invitation was accepted, and two hours full of interest were passed. When the Archbishop and the lady, face to face, were going home in a cab, his Grace suddenly broke through a brown study by exclaiming, as he fixed his eyes steadfastly at Miss —,

“ I’m beginning to think you are a man ! ”
The lady was embarrassed. The Archbishop repeated the remark, adding, “ I never, in
“ the whole course of my life, knew a woman
“ keep an appointment before.”

On the whole, however, and notwithstanding his avowed admiration of the gifted woman who was his wife, it must be confessed that Whately held no very high opinion of ladies, intellectually considered, unless, indeed, it might have been Miss Austin, Miss Hack, and, at a later period, Mrs. Gore, who pronounces the woman of first-class intellect to be only equal to the third-rate man.* And such jokes as “ the difference between
“ a looking-glass and a lady consists in one
“ reflecting without speaking, and the other

* This extraordinary assertion is made by Mrs. Gore in her preface to “ Mrs. Armitage.” She excepts from the sweeping imputations on her sex Mrs. Somerville, of whom Lady Morgan, in her “ Memoirs ” (p. 393), writes :—
“ Mrs. Somerville struck me to be a simple little woman, middle-aged. Had she not been presented to me by name and reputation, I should say one of the respectable twaddling chaperones one meets with at every ball, dressed in a snug mulberry velvet gown and little cap with a red flower.”

“speaking without reflecting,” were always welcome at his fireside.

Even the writings of Miss Edgeworth, moral as they were, failed to please the Archbishop, because they “obviously and “notoriously contained no lessons of piety.”*

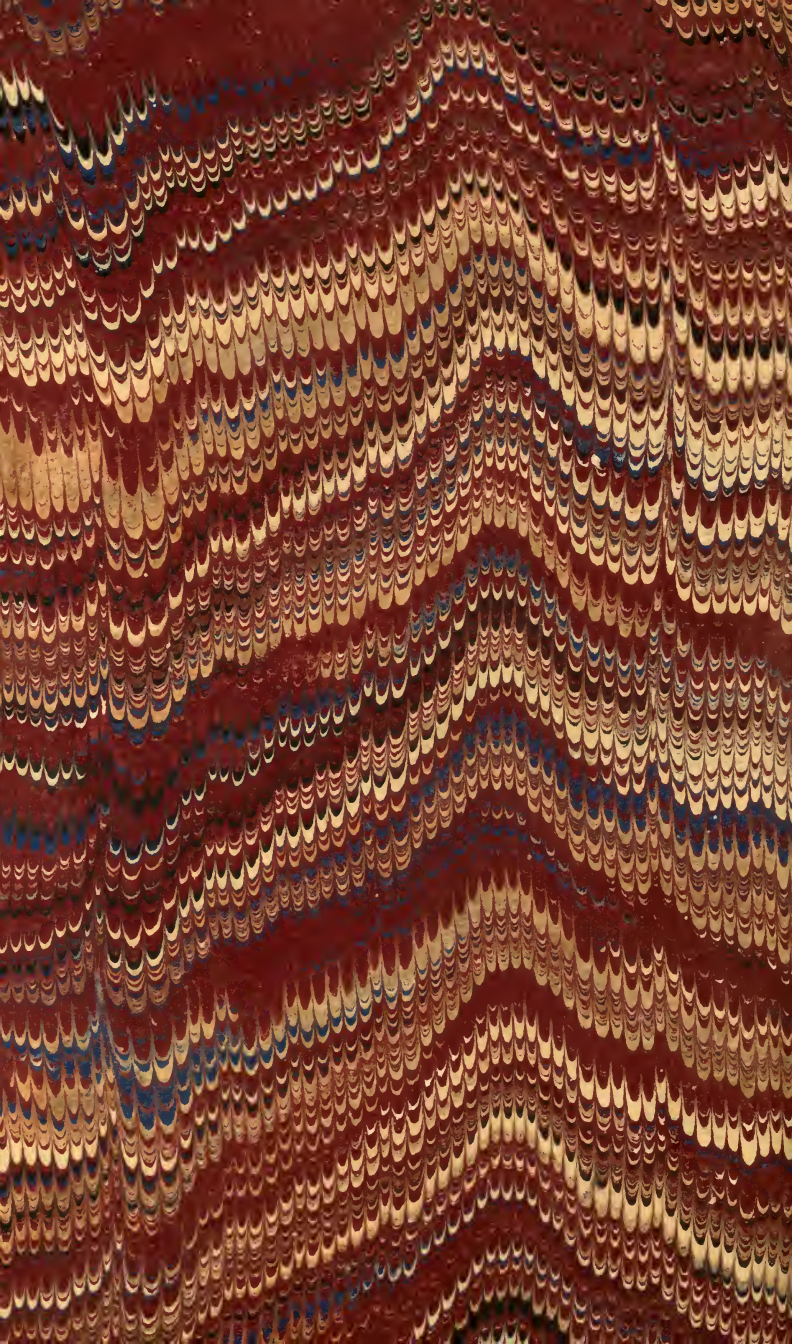
* “Lectures and Reviews,” p. 326.

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